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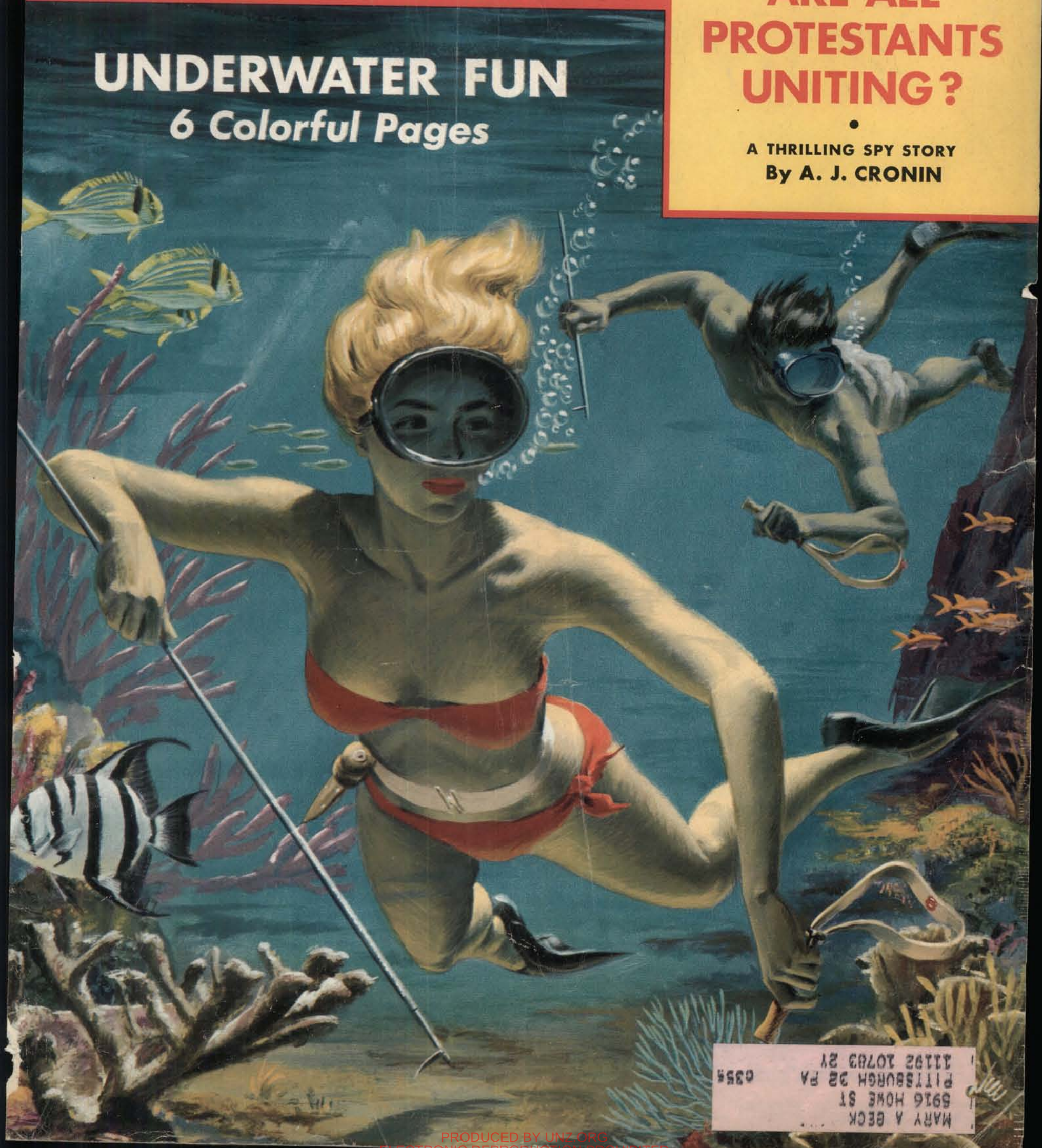

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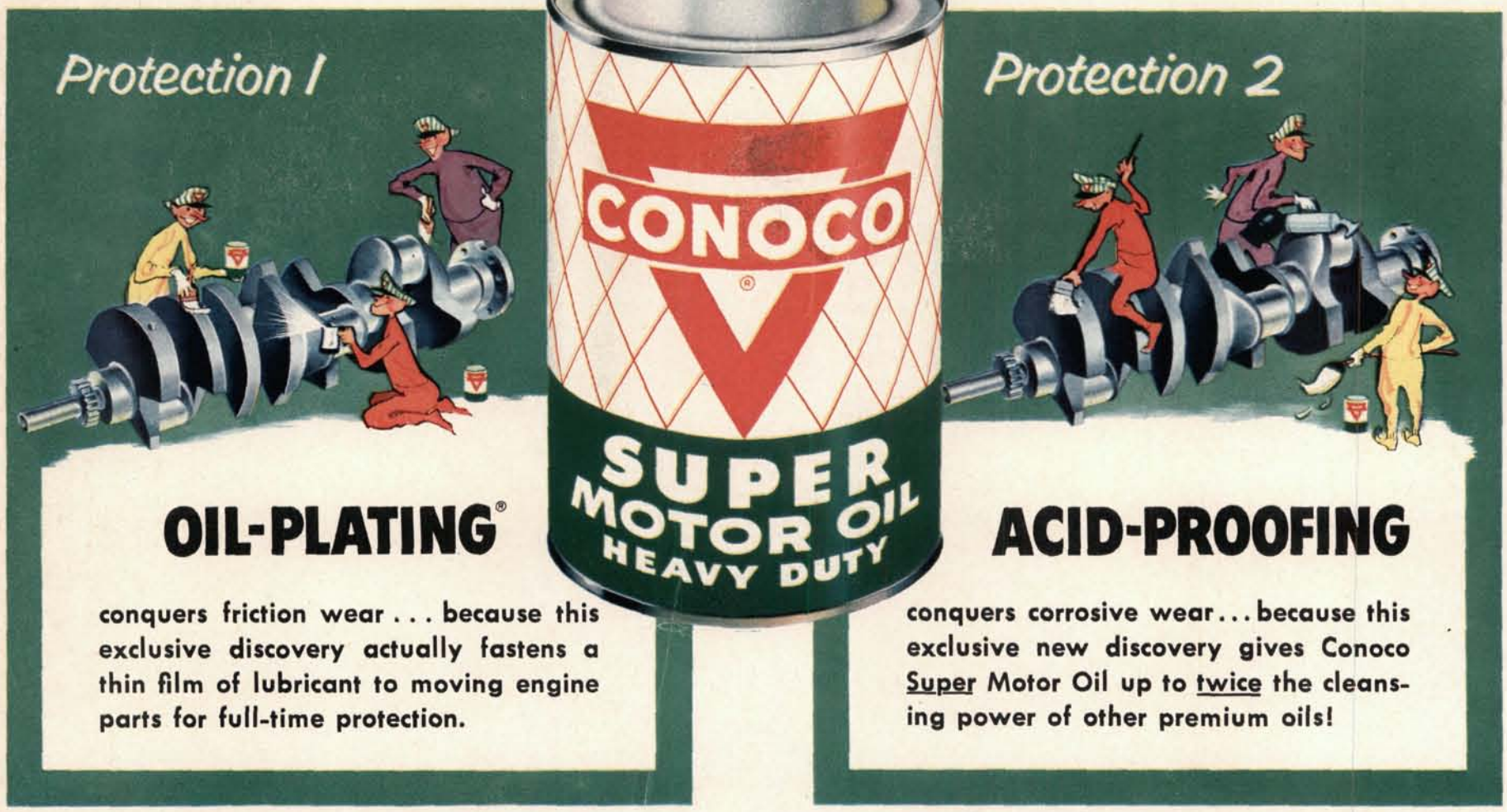

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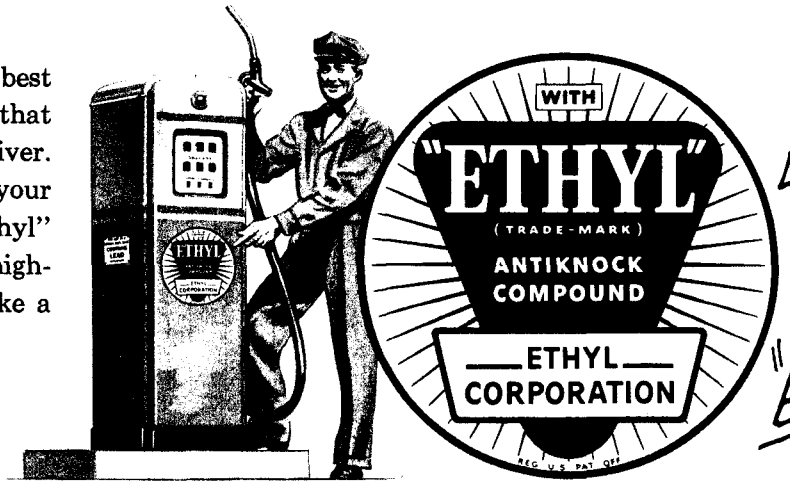

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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

A dream has come true! We wanted, we hoped, we watched for the famed Broadway musical stagehit "BRIGADOON" to come to the screen. It's here and thank you, M-G-M, for making a superb film entertainment out of it.

Now, inimitable, ingenious Gene Kelly is "The American in Scotland," we're glad to say. He's as fleet of foot, as free in fancy, among the heather hills and Highland vales, the tartan-clad lads and the dimpled-kneed lassies of "Brigadoon" village, as he was among the lovelies of Paris.

Gene's co-stars are Van Johnson (How that Van can dance!) as a free-wheeling sidekick; Cyd Charisse (How that Cyd can entrance!) as Fiona, in whom the secret charm and charming secret of "Brigadoon" both blend and bloom, and luscious Elaine Stewart, as the Manhattan play-girl Gene tries to leave behind him.

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Frederick Loewe's melodies are fresh and probably immortal. Your heart may already have memorized "Almost Like Being in Love," "There But for You Go I," "Come to Me, Bend to Me." And it will really take you to the Highlands when the irrepressible Gene and the oh-so-pressable Cyd sing and dance and devastate in the spectacular "Heather on the Hill" extravaganza.

The whirling sword dance, the skirling wedding bagpipes, the gathering of the clans, the battling of the sexes, the reckless roamin' in the gloamin' and kissin' in the glens—all wonderful in CinemaScope and all-luminous with color—make us sure you can't see "Brigadoon" a day too soon!

★ ★ ★

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Collier's

AUGUST 20, 1954

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THE COVER . . Bill Baker

You'll find skin-diving now from Maine to California, wherever there is enough water for a person to plunge into. Divers, like the spearfishing pair on our cover, have made it America's fastest-growing sport. A picture-story report starts on page 68

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Also ask for a Fitch shampoo at any Barber or Beauty Shop.

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or money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

I SUPPOSE everyone has his own favorite meteorologist, along with his favorite turf accountant, pedicurist, shepherd's horn player, phrenologist, and all the other specialists that go to ease the strain of this life. My own favorite meteorologist is Harold Arlen, who, I was happy to see, is well enough again to appear on TV. Harold is an old friend of mine, and when I heard he was in the hospital I wanted to go to see him, but then I read that a frequent visitor to his bedside was Marlene Dietrich. I asked myself: If I were in the hospital, whom would I rather have visit me? Dietrich, or—well, you know the answer. When I *was* in the hospital, a year ago, neither Dietrich nor Arlen visited me, so it wasn't a vexing problem.

If you wonder why I speak of Arlen as my favorite meteorologist, it is to avoid making any obvious statement about his ability as a composer. He certainly is a student of meteorological phenomena. I offer Stormy Weather, Ill Wind, Come Rain or Come Shine, Over the Rainbow and some less-apparent manifestations of his concern for the umbrella and galosh industries.

Whatever dough Harold has stashed away as a composer could have been doubled or tripled if he had also decided to sing to his own accompaniment. He has a personality and a style, and many's the happy hour I have spent listening to him at the home of his frequent lyric-writer, Ira Gershwin. Tell you somebody else who listened to him, with profit: Miss Judy Garland, whose style is at least partly Arlen. (She was also influenced by a man named Roger Eden, who is on the musical staff at M-G-M.) Arlen is a natural-born singer: his father was a cantor in upstate New York. But his own style is late-spot lament.

Practice those piano lessons, sonny, and maybe one day you will meet some interesting people. A friend of Arlen's and mine, who, you might say, used to turn the pages, had behind him a reputation as a Yale football player. Out of respect for his new career I will not mention his name. You see, about two years ago he became a Trappist monk.

At the moment Arlen is finishing the score of House of Flowers, a musical show for Broadway. His collaborator on *that* one? Truman Capote. The action takes place in an institution that I shall euphemize as a house of frolic.

My guess is that the opening-night tickets will fetch $200 a pair, and that's fetching, all right.

THIS DEPARTMENT has just sent a gold cigarette case, suitably inscribed, to Bat Fungo, the nonexistent baseball announcer. Bat's achievement is that he has gone this far this season without referring to that Chicago team as the Pale Hose.

★ ★ ★

AS A MAN who has spent considerable time living it up, may I caution you, Junior, that it is not always so easy to live it down.

★ ★ ★

THERE IS a story, which I'll probably garble in transmission, that when John Strachey first met Bertrand Russell, the two aristocrats faced each other, the young Strachey shy, the older earl at ease, and Russell is supposed to have said: "*I* had an unhappy childhood. Why are *you* a writer?" It is still all but inconceivable that any gentleman would choose to become an author, and one of the favorite questions of nonauthors is how you got that way. During my early, more flippant, years, I used to explain that I'd been kicked by a horse. (Kicked by a horse, like Senator Morse.) I also told people I had run away from home when I learned I was adopted. Now, in my mellowing, or brown, period, I am more likely to reply that I liked the hours. That's closer to the truth than most answers, although it's so far from the whole truth that it's almost a lie. However, one doesn't mind lying to people who feel free on first introduction to probe into writers' lives but who would consider it impertinent to ask Ben Fairless to justify his choice of career.

I'll admit that to outsiders we must seem a strange lot, and we seem so to one another. The five

AL HIRSCHFELD

Harold Arlen, Truman Capote are collaborating on a musical

local men I see the most of are a stockbroker, a man who runs a small industrial plant, a banker, an opinion researcher and another writer. Four Harvard men and a Yale man, incidentally, in the town of Princeton, New Jersey. They are men I have known from five to twenty-six years, so this is no sudden desertion of writing cronies. In New York, for instance, I will always go out of my way to put myself in the stimulating presence of John Steinbeck and Wolcott Gibbs, and in the summer I play a lot of golf with Chas. Addams, the cartoonist. But I happen to know that Steinbeck is happy in the company of medicos and scientists, Gibbs goes to prize fights with a clothing manufacturer, and Addams puts in a lot of time with the connecting-rod set.

So the next time you see two guys in a club car, obviously good friends, don't immediately decide they are a couple of Boston financiers. One of them may be John Marquand. (The other may be Charles Lindbergh, for Marquand and Lindbergh are friends.)

Speaking of club cars and the inhabitants thereof. You know those cocoabrown straw hats with the club hatbands? The new name for them is Madison Avenue Crash Helmets.

★ ★ ★

IN NEW YORK, Philadelphia and Boston I manage to get in a reasonable amount of walking, and I have made an interesting discovery. See if your own experience matches it. You are walking behind a young woman on Boylston Street, or Park Avenue or Chestnut Street. You have had no chance to look at her face. You wonder if she is pretty. Well, all you have to do is look beyond her to the men who are coming toward her. You get your answer from the expression on the men's faces. Try it. (But let it go at that; New York has some quite attractive female cops, and I imagine Boston and Philadelphia have too.)

★ ★ ★

I SEE WHERE Miss Elsa Maxwell has listed among great bores the man who talks about nothing but how much better the theater was in bygone days, and I think she has something. I am willing, for a starter, to forget a 1935 show called Jubilee, which had for one of its principal characters a character widely assumed to be based on Miss Maxwell. It was written and composed by two of her most intimate friends, Moss and Cole. I can't remember their last names. ▲▲▲

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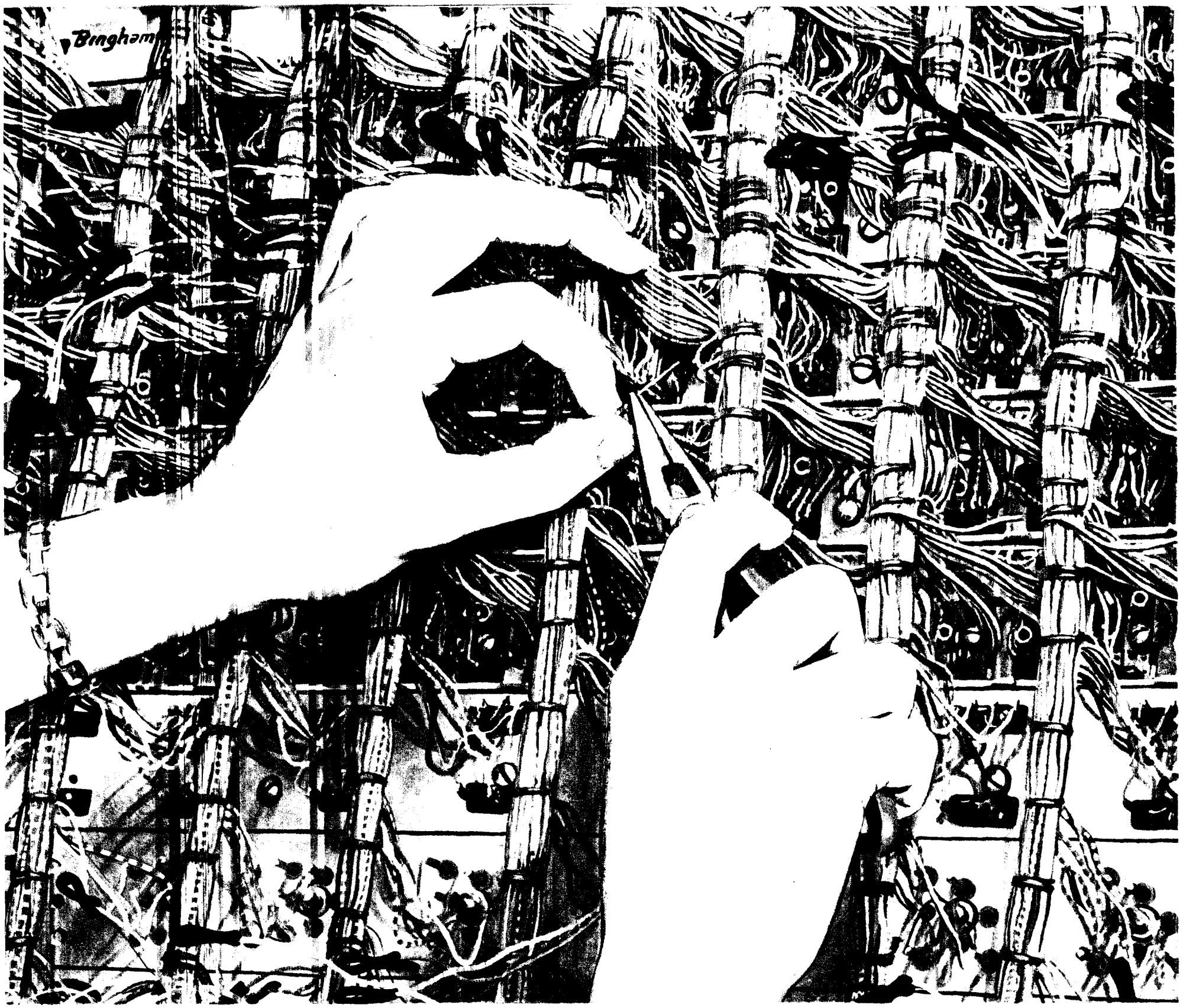

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

A. J. Cronin goes on a spree

WE WENT down to the boat in New York not long ago to wave good-by to A. J. Cronin and his wife on their umpteenth crossing of the Atlantic, and to tell him our spine tingled on reading his new suspense serial which starts in this issue.

The Cronins have with them, among other things, their car and their golf clubs. The car is for the tour of Spain, where Dr. Cronin will gather some background for his half-finished next novel. The other equipment is for a golfing spree and family reunion in Scotland, with three sons, two daughters-in-law and one granddaughter.

Each of his offspring seems to have inherited a different tendency from the Scottish-born doctor-turned-author. Vincent, the oldest, is a writer living in London with his French wife and their little girl. And his first book, The Golden Honeycomb, has just been published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. Patrick, a doctor who has just received his M.D., is now on his honeymoon in Europe with his Canadian wife. Sixteen-year-old Andrew, now in Europe with friends, is the scientist. He has a laboratory in the basement of the Cronin home in New Canaan, Connecticut. "So far Andrew hasn't set the house on fire," his mother points out.

If the Cronin boys are like their dad, and they set anything on fire, it'll most likely be the world, we think.

★ ★ ★

FORTY-YEAR-OLD Drew Middleton is chief of The New York Times London Bureau. We think you'll find this distinguished correspondent's article on the British and their foreign policy an eye opener.

★ ★ ★

ADVISING us on our underwater feature was Ben Holderness, a thirty-eight-year-old Yale graduate who has been below the surface much of the time since 1944.

"I was flying a plane for the Army from Texas to Africa with a dyed-in-the-wool spearfisherman named Bill McDougall as pilot. He told me we'd get along fine if I liked spearfishing. By the time we landed at Ascension Island in the South Atlantic I was sold. I put on a mask and fins, dove in, and it's been that way ever since."

Holderness has a business in Yonkers, New York, dealing in wholesale frogman equipment, including the spear gun he invented himself. He lives in nearby Bedford Village with his wife and four children.

"The kids are really too young to swim underwater," he reports, "but they all have masks and swim fins and walk all over the place in them. Gives the neighbors quite a fright sometimes."

★ ★ ★

CASPAR NANNES, religious news editor of the Washington (D.C.) Evening Star, was graduated from Rutgers University in 1931 as a Phi Beta Kappa and tennis-team captain. He played in the national tennis tournament in Forest Hills; taught English at the University of Illinois and Rutgers until, in 1943, he decided to be a reporter, walked into the Star and got the job. As a result of this background he is also tennis editor.

★ ★ ★

ART BUCHWALD says: "I live quietly in Paris writing about the lighter side of Europe for the New York Herald Tribune. A new book, Art Buchwald's Paris, will be out in November. I intended to write one on Rome, but after this pinching business my wife has vetoed the plan."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

July 4, 1953

July 3, 1954

Collier's for August 20, 1954

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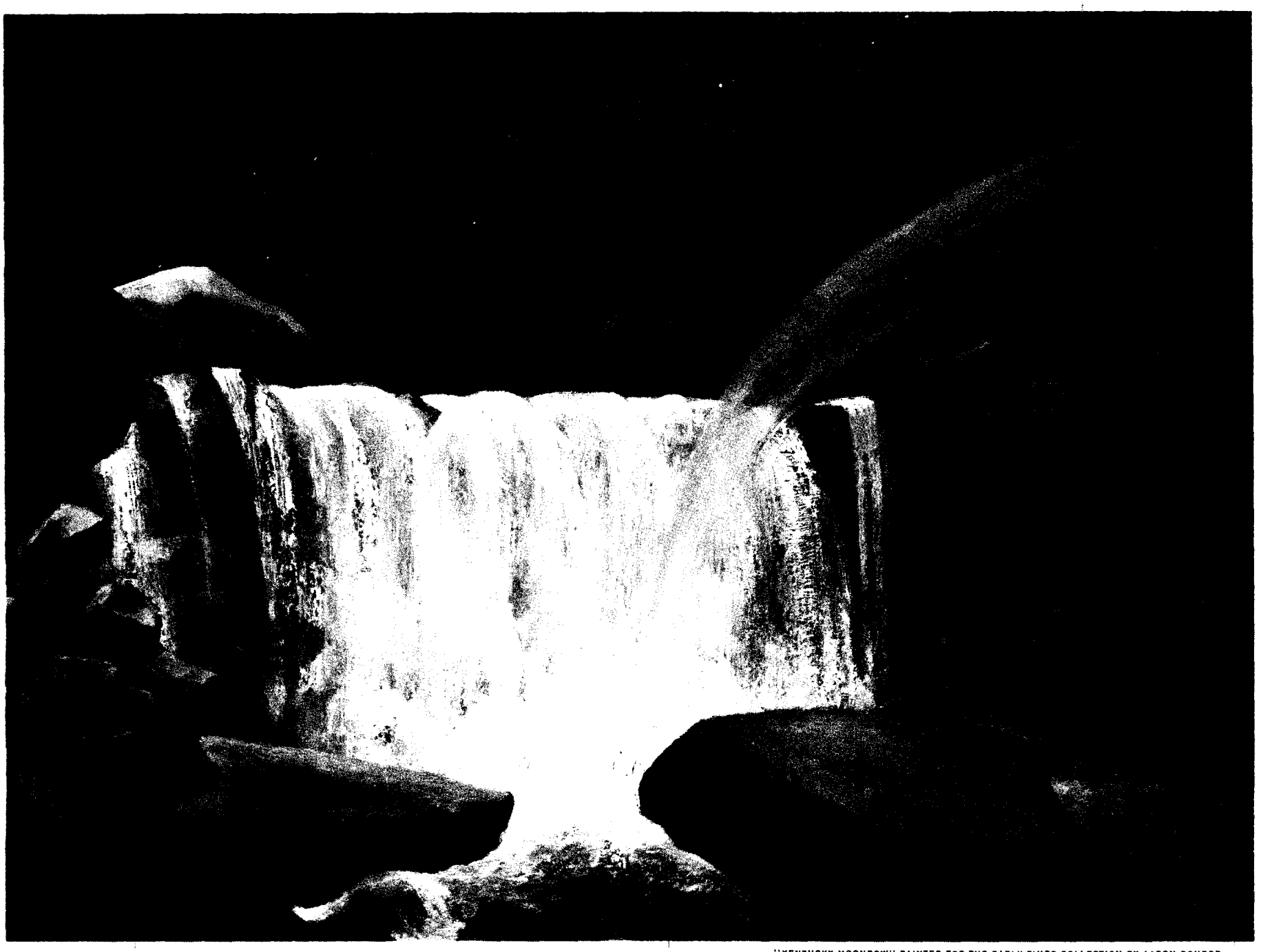

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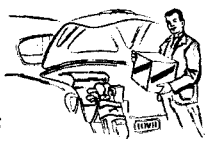

The most interesting places to visit all over America are listed in the 10 page Early Times "Going Places" Travel Guide—available in 9 editions covering the following regions: New England, Mid-Atlantic, Southeast, Lake, South Central, Plains, Southwest, Mountain and West Coast. Get your free copy from your retailer wherever legal, or send large self-addressed stamped envelope to Early Times, Box—1080, Louisville 1, Ky. Be sure to specify which editions you want.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY—EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KY.—86 PROOF

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It Could Happen to Anyone

By CHARLES MERGENDAHL

FROM the north window of the hospital's second-floor corridor, Mr. Willis could see a car swing sharply onto the slippery driveway. That would be Dr. Moody, a fine surgeon who'd do everything he could. "Everything possible," Mr. Willis said aloud. But his voice trailed away as he jerked back from the window and stumbled down the corridor past the operating room, where his wife lay white and broken.

Now he was at the south end again. There was a lake outside with rowboats to rent, and sometimes he had taken Bella for a row out there in the moonlight. It had been very quiet—except for the frogs sometimes, and the little trickle of water when Bella trailed her fingers. But it was wrong to think in the past. For he would take Bella for other rows, make other love in other nights to come, and—

Dr. Moody hurried up the stairs on his short legs. He was smiling as always. "Mr. Willis, I'll do everything I can, and in the meantime try not to think about it," he said. He shook Mr. Willis' hand, then turned on his stubby legs and waddled toward the operating room.

"Try not to think about it," the doctor had said. But what else was there to think, when it was printed there so clearly in his mind—how he'd taken his wife to the movies late this same afternoon, and how it had been dark when they'd finally turned into the driveway of their house. She had got out and taken mail from the box by the side of the road. She'd handed it to him and then walked on down the driveway while he'd sat in the car for a moment, looking over his mail by the dim light of the dashboard. He'd put the letters beside him and driven on down the incline that led to the garage, which was attached to the house by a breezeway. The incline was icy—for the first time he could remember.

And then the headlights had shown her at the back of the garage, waiting for him to come in with the key and open the door that led into the breezeway. The car was foreign and expensive—Mr. Willis' one indulgence—but the tires were worn, all the same. The car had skidded on the incline and had moved fast into the garage, going faster and faster, while his wife's face became suddenly twisted in horror—

"Something else," Dr. Moody had said. "Think about something else." Something pleasant, like the sound of the paddles dipped in water, Mr. Willis thought, and Bella's laugh and their secret words and the way she'd leaned back, with her throat so white in the darkness. He must think about these good moments, and not of his wife's limp form when he'd lifted her gently from the cold cement.

Hours went by—it seemed like hours—while Mr. Willis walked along the hospital corridor, noticing the design of the linoleum, stepping only on the brown squares, remembering suddenly how, when he was very small, he had avoided stepping on cracks in the sidewalk.

He was skipping from one square to another—a white, then a brown, then a white again—when Dr. Moody came out of the operating room. He was slapping a rubber glove against his thigh, but he was walking jerkily and he was not smiling any more. "If you'll come into my office, Mr. Willis," he said.

They walked down the corridor together, and Mr. Willis caught himself mixing up his squares, touching brown ones and white ones at the same time.

In the doctor's office Mr. Willis sat in a leather chair facing the desk, and Dr. Moody sat behind the desk and tapped a pencil on the glass top.

"Mr. Willis, perhaps the most difficult thing a doctor ever has to do—" He paused. The pencil stopped tapping, and then it began beating faster and faster until it became a hammer in Mr. Willis' head. And far away was Dr. Moody's voice saying, "You understand, Mr. Willis. It could happen to anyone. A very tragic accident."

The hammering began to fade. "Tragic accident," Mr. Willis said. "Yes, it could happen to anyone." He stood up, wavered, and sat down again.

"If there were only someone I could call for you. Some relative, perhaps."

"My wife's cousin. She lives here, but—" He shook his head slowly. "No, it might shock her too much to find out that way. I'll have to tell her myself, and—" He put his head into his hands. "I'll

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be all right. I'm trying. I'll be all right."

There was silence for a long time. Then, when Mr. Willis had gained control of himself, he stood up slowly and leaned against the arm of the leather chair. "Funny," he said. "It's a foreign car, you see. A sports car, but the tires are worn, and tonight's the only night it's ever been slippery. And I read my mail, you see, and forgot to give her the key to the breezeway." He was looking past the doctor's head, out the window toward the lake and the cold darkness. He had said the same words a hundred times, on the telephone when he'd called the hospital, in his own mind during the long drive, following the ambulance. He could not seem to stop saying it. "It was all right when we went to the movies. Just wet, you know. A good picture, too. Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck and—"

"Mr. Willis!"

"Yes, I mustn't think about it," he said. He stumbled toward the door, and the doctor walked beside him as they went back down the corridor.

"Your wife's cousin," Dr. Moody said. "She might be some comfort."

"No, I'll—I'll tell her later. Don't want to upset her."

"That's very considerate of you."

They were walking slowly along the corridor. Before them was the south window, the lake outside, bleak and cold with the frogs no longer there. "We used to rent a boat," Mr. Willis said. "She'd trail her fingers in the water and she'd look so white and—we will again, too. Only it will be even better, and—"

The doctor was worried. He said, "You've got to understand about your wife. You've got to realize it."

"There were always frogs, croaking all the time. And they will again, next summer and the summer after that." He started, laughed in one short burst and said, "All right, be all right." Then he turned and went down the stairs and out into the freezing night.

Outside he paused, listened, and heard the croak of a bullfrog. He shook his head and heard it again, louder now, and suddenly he began to run toward his car while the lone frog multiplied into a hundred, then a thousand, then a million frogs, all croaking, all taunting him together. "Bella," he said aloud. "I'm sorry, Bella, I'm sorry, darling." But the croaking frogs were not entirely gone until the hospital was far behind him, and he was driving the five long miles toward home.

MR. WILLIS had driven that five miles out from town to his house a thousand times, and the last time his wife had been beside him. She had said, "I don't like movies like that any more."

He had said, "I always like Audrey Hepburn."

"Why?"

"I don't know why."

"There must be some reason."

"Must there? Must there?" He was angry then. "Can't a man just like somebody—even *love* somebody—without a special reason?"

There had been silence, long and awkward, and he'd known then that he should never have been angry.

Mr. Willis decided once again that he must not think about it any more. He would try to figure out why he'd heard the croaking of frogs back there at the hospital. He had been remembering those beautiful nights, he supposed. And that, of course, was all he should ever remember now—Bella and the beautiful nights. So he thought of Bella and the beautiful nights. And he whispered, "Bella," into the windshield. Then louder, "Bella—Bella!" And he was nearly screaming toward the end. "I love you, Bella! I love you, Bella!"

And then suddenly the house loomed up before him, and suddenly he was turning into the driveway, shooting fast over the frozen ground, warning himself that the tires were smooth and it was still slippery as he made the final turn onto the incline that led to the garage. He felt the car skidding and slammed on the brakes. The headlights were pointing directly into the garage, and there before him was a strange man, standing exactly where his wife had stood those hours before. He was smoking a cigarette, looking straight into the headlights, with his back pressed flat against the wall.

Mr. Willis closed his eyes. He heard the skidding sound of rubber on concrete, felt the car jar—and stop. His breath came slow, clouding the windshield in the dark garage.

THEN a voice spoke beside him. It said, "Six feet to go. Had me worried there for a minute. But still six feet to go." The man was bulky. His face was white and looked carved out of stone. He smiled—a crack in a stone wall. "All right, Mr. Willis," he said.

Mr. Willis stepped out of the car and unlocked the door to the breezeway and walked beside the bulky man toward the house.

"Nice car," the man said pleasantly. "I always liked a foreign sports car." Then he said, "You understand, Mr. Willis? The skid marks stop exactly six feet from the spot where she was standing. After that, only tire marks from a rolling car, Mr. Willis. A *rolling* car." He paused and shivered in the cold. "A good try though, Mr. Willis. A very good try."

Mr. Willis started to answer. He had said the words before. "If I hadn't forgotten to give her the key," he began, "if I hadn't sat there reading my mail—" He talked on, and then suddenly he stopped. He knew now—finally he knew that she was dead and it was over. Everything was over. Everything was over. There'd be no more love in the long summer nights, no more softness of lips against his own. He spoke quietly, forming the words slowly: "Bella—I'm sorry, Bella."

The bulky man frowned. "Bella?" he said. "I thought your wife's name was Katherine. They told me Katherine, down at the station."

Mr. Willis smiled. "My wife's cousin," he said. "Her name is Bella." But of course it was useless to think of Bella now. Useless to think of the warm secret they had shared, useless to think of the flat-bottomed boat and Bella's trailing white fingers and the dream of the days to come.

He put Bella out of his mind, and then, far away, he heard the slow, mournful croaking of a frog. And he wondered whether that lonely sound would ever—even in that last shaking moment before death—would ever really go away.

—CHARLES MERGENDAHL

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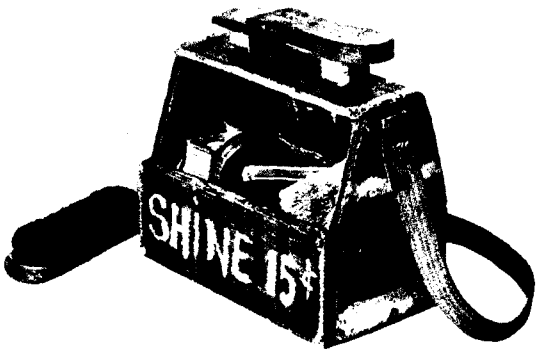

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Orange flashing . . . . . Rain
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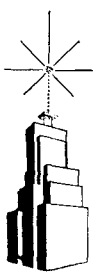

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
"FIRST IN AMERICA"

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WHO MAKES THE WHISKEY YOU BUY?

Look at the label! If it reads *Distilled and Bottled by,* you know *who* made it, *where* it was made, and *who* bottled it. This phrase is on every Glenmore label.

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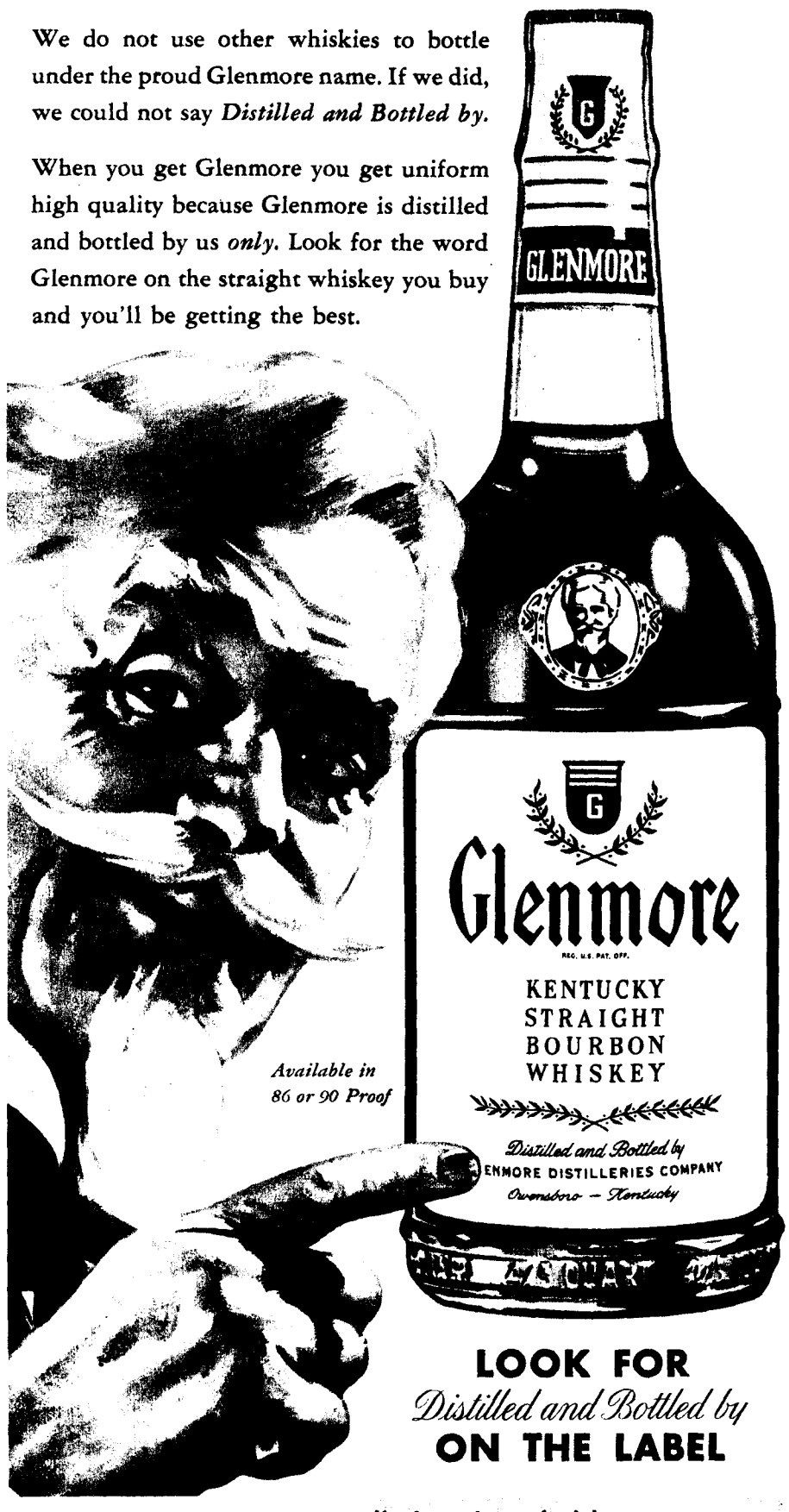
When you get Glenmore you get uniform high quality because Glenmore is distilled and bottled by us *only.* Look for the word Glenmore on the straight whiskey you buy and you'll be getting the best.



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48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Friends of Mr. Alfred Sweeney, in Indianapolis, Indiana, who may be wondering why he was scratching his head so frequently are hereby informed it was due to the news from Switzerland that Tenzing Norkay, the fellow who guided those British explorers up Mount Everest, planned to enter a school to study mountain climbing. "A feather," says Mr. Sweeney, "couldn't

have knocked me over any quicker if I'd heard that Arturo Toscanini had enrolled in Miss Blossie's Select Friday Afternoon Music Class for a refresher course in conducting."

★ ★ ★

We are occasionally alarmed by our fellow Americans' lack of understanding of the federal government. For example, Mr. Ford Ellerby, in Atlantic City, New Jersey, tries to tells us that a government bureau is something to keep taxpayers' shirts in.

★ ★ ★

It was in the Ouachita country in western Arkansas that Mr. Joe Frisch got to talking to a leisurely gentleman whose wife was chopping up a tree for stove wood. "Kinda hard work for a woman," observed Mr. Frisch. His host stopped rocking for a moment and said: "'Tain't so bad. She works in shifts. When she gets tired chopping, she comes in and shifts to housework. That way it ain't so wearying."

★ ★ ★

If Attorney General Brownell will look through his mail carefully, he will find a letter from a Kansas City, Missouri, lady who'd like to see baby sitters investigated for possible violation of the antitrust laws. Suddenly and universally they've boosted their price from 15 cents an hour to 45, with double pay for twins. (We're only putting down what the lady says.) Furthermore, they all wear out their employers' expensive phonograph records. The Kansas City lady threatens to stay home and do her own baby sitting and resign from her bridge club.

★ ★ ★

This gentleman in St. Paul, Minnesota, hopes there will be no more argument about his social status. "I am a bum," says he, with a frankness which might very well be adopted by quite a number of our fellow citizens. "But," adds he, "I am contributing to a Better America. I am my neighborhood's horrible example. Parents point me out as such to their children. I shall continue to be of such service, and serve with humility and pride."

★ ★ ★

In Wichita, Kansas, says the Beacon's Hal Conrad, a gentleman going through bankruptcy rode to court in a taxi, and invited the driver to come in with him and testify as a creditor.

★ ★ ★

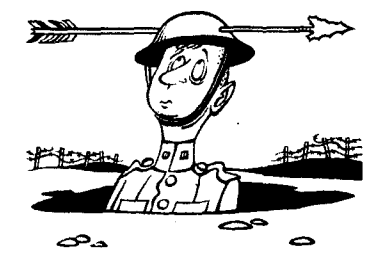
As if the political flap, national and international, weren't enough to keep him awake nights, Mr. Dan Mullens had to get an agricultural booklet telling him that the strawberry isn't a berry after all, but a pseudocarp or "false fruit." The shock put him to bed in Salt Lake City, Utah, for two days.

★ ★ ★

American men will spend about a billion dollars this year on their faces and scalps. This from the Master Barbers' Association. But in beauty shops, the ladies will spend only about $900,000,000. Chances are bright though, that the girls still will be prettier.

★ ★ ★

To this gentleman's home in Gary, Indiana, his son returned on leave from the Army. The lad had been in a couple of years and was full of science, a specialist in the use of the latest intri-



IRWIN CAPLAN

cate enemy destroyers. Nevertheless, the old man insisted on telling the boy all about his experiences in World War I. Presently the young fellow sighed and asked: "Wonderful, Dad. Did you save your bow and arrows?"

★ ★ ★

Should you be passing through Kentucky, maybe it would be safer not to ask what time it is. The natives can't be sure. Kentucky triple-times itself chronologically, says Mr. James Goble of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Some sections have Central time plus daylight time, some Central minus daylight. There are also towns on Eastern standard. It is possible to arrive at a town before you've left the place you started from. The state legislature had intended to do something about it at three o'clock one afternoon but the members couldn't agree on when it was three o'clock.

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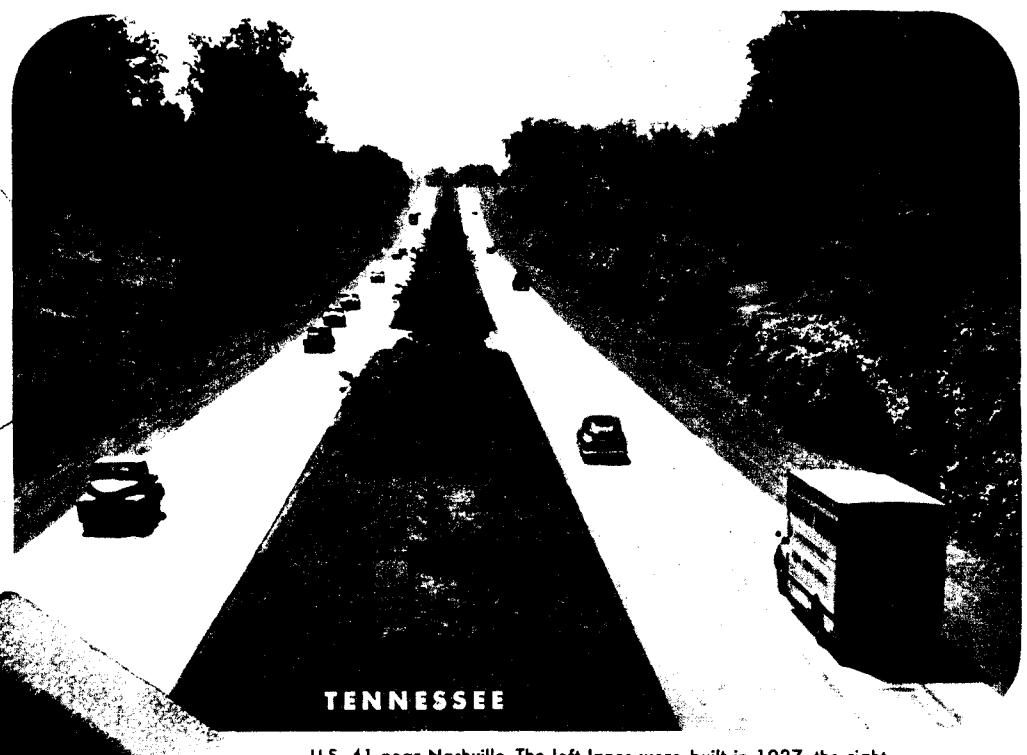

U.S. 41 near Nashville. The left lanes were built in 1927, the right lanes in 1941. Today the average daily traffic is 14,800 vehicles.

U.S. 90 near Houston. Built in 1927. Average traffic is 15,100 vehicles per day.

Examine the record—

Then Vote for Concrete Highways

Roads, like elected officials, should stand on their records. And now is the time for motorists, whose gasoline taxes pay for roads, to examine that record, for America is engaged in a gigantic highway construction program.

Many existing highways are concrete roads such as pictured here. Most were built in the 1920s. Though they carry much heavier loads and 2½ times the traffic they were designed for, they're still on the job.

These roads have served much longer terms than were expected of them. Their record is even more remarkable considering inadequate maintenance during the depression, when funds were lacking or often diverted, and during war, when highways were regarded as expendable. *This record merits a vote of confidence.*

Were it not for this amazing performance the highway crisis might be even more serious today. No other pavement could have taken such punishment so long.

Under such conditions these concrete roads took a beating. Many are resurfaced—*but it's the rigid, structurally-sound concrete that still carries the load!*

Further evidence of concrete's exceptional durability comes from engineering surveys. For example, practically all the concrete roads ever built in Tennessee and Washington and 96% of those in Missouri are still serving.

That's one reason concrete is chosen for the toughest jobs. Concrete carries the load on 92% of the mileage of the 25 most heavily-traveled rural road sections in America. Of the growing mileage of traffic-attracting turnpikes and toll roads nearly 80% is concrete.

Outstanding as this record is, it will be surpassed in the future. With improvements in engineering design, materials and construction methods engineers can build concrete roads today that will last 50 years and more.

The long life of concrete pavement, coupled with its low maintenance cost, stretches your tax money. Other pavements rarely cost less to build if designed for the same traffic conditions and their frequent and costly maintenance gobbles up funds that might otherwise be used for building desperately needed new mileage.

Help get good roads by campaigning for sound highway planning in your state. If such a plan exists, support it. Then urge your governor and state highway department to pave all main roads with concrete—and thereby cast your vote for the pavement whose outstanding record makes it the best investment for your tax dollars.

If you'd like more information on this subject write for the free, illustrated booklet, "*It's Concrete 11 to 1.*" It is distributed only in the U. S. and Canada.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION
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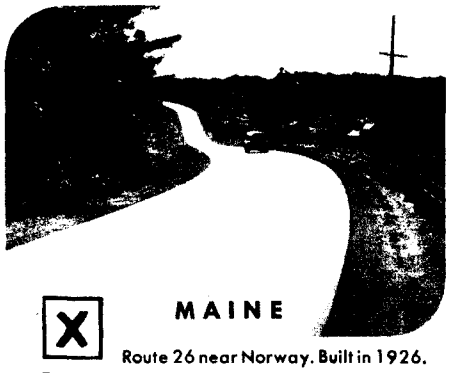
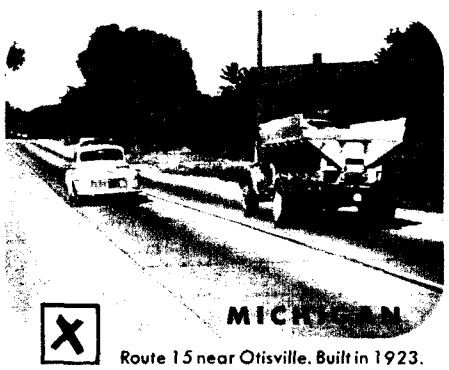
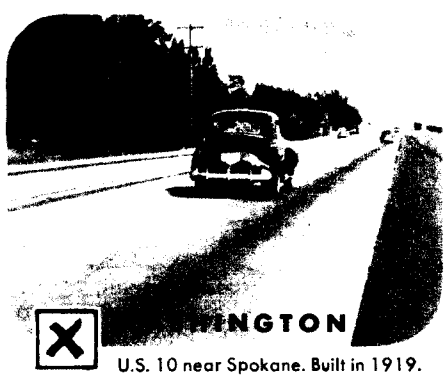


Route 26 near Norway. Built in 1926. The average daily traffic is 2,500 vehicles.

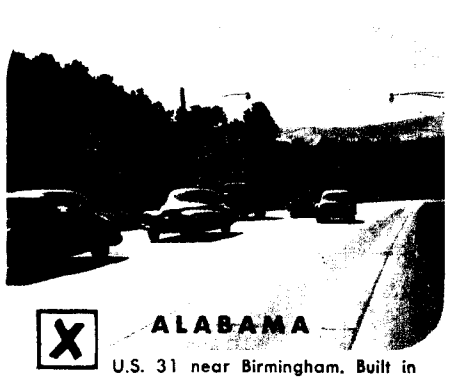


Route 15 near Otisville. Built in 1923. The average daily traffic is 4,100 vehicles.

Route 72 near Chicago. Built in 1924. The average daily traffic is 4,000 vehicles.



U.S. 10 near Spokane. Built in 1919. The average daily traffic is 5,000 vehicles.



U.S. 31 near Birmingham. Built in 1921; widened in 1935. Daily traffic 23,700.

U.S. 66 near Los Angeles. Built in 1927. Average daily traffic 26,800 vehicles.

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Letters...

Security & Danger

EDITOR: For Charlotte Knight's What Price Security? and your editorial Another Kind of Danger (July 9th) please accept appreciation.

These are two more and thrilling examples of a free press functioning without fear in behalf of democracy.

ETHEL AND ALBERT RICHARDS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . WHAT PRICE SECURITY? FINEST REPORTING I HAVE SEEN SINCE BULK OF AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS ABANDONED TRADITIONAL CRITICS' ROLE WHEN PRESENT ADMINISTRATION TOOK OFFICE. COLLIER'S DESERVES COMMENDATION FOR PUBLISHING THIS TYPE OF BLUNT, FACTUAL ARTICLE WHICH IS MORE CONCERNED WITH PRESENTING THE TRUTH THAN WITH COVERING UP.

MIKE LEON, Casper, Wyo.

. . . Congratulations to Collier's and Charlotte Knight for a job well done! You have crystallized the feelings and thoughts of many people close to State Department workings and have given an impelling report.

ELSIE FERBER FREEDMAN,
Latham, N.Y.

. . . There can be no reason for fear on the part of a genuinely loyal American in any department of government even if security is tightened severely.

What amazes a loyal citizen is that the identical people who are now so plagued by security measures obviously felt quite carefree and undisturbed when they were well aware of the fact that traitors and subversives were in their midst. HILDEGARD S. JONES,
Long Beach, Cal.

. . . Another Kind of Danger is a most intelligent and sound appraisal of the present Congressional investigation situation. It is worthy of the attention of all members of Congress.

W. M. CRAIG, Andersonville, Tenn.

. . . Reading about the same symptoms in Washington of the totalitarian government under Adolf Hitler created the notion at first to ask myself what, then, is the difference between a totalitarian state and the democratic regime?

This notion dissolved speedily upon reflecting that never in a thousand years could any magazine in a totalitarian state write as openly as Collier's. Under a dictatorship you have to find the truth about corruption and incompetence at your own risk and almost exclusively by reading reports of foreign correspondents writing in forbidden foreign journals. I know. As an employee of the German government, I learned the hard way.

WERNER ASENDORF, Portland, Ore.

. . . Your Security article and the accompanying editorial focus a sharp, clear beam of common sense on the nation's security program, an area too often occluded by headline-happy inquisitors and their "professional" ex-Communist allies.

MARTIN JACOBS, Cambridge, Mass.

"The Greatest"

EDITOR: After reading your issue of July 9th, I felt I must write and say "Orchids to John O'Hara" for his write-up about Marian McPartland.

I have a very large record collection with a complete collection of all McPartland recordings. I believe Miss McPartland is the *greatest* thing that has stepped into the world of jazz in a long, long time. EVANGELINE MILLER,
Saint Charles, Ill.

D-Day Relived

EDITOR: Congratulations and a thank you for the excellent article on Omaha Beach and Lieutenant Colonel Rudder, I Took My Son to Omaha Beach (June 11th). It rekindled memories for me, as I'm sure it did for thousands of others who burrowed through the hedgerows of Normandy. I was with the 60th Infantry Regiment of the 9th Division on Utah Beach.

The author's name also stirred up pictures of yesterday, for it was W. C. Heinz who visited us on many an occasion when we were at the nadir of our campaigns, bogged down in the bloody Huertgen forest. If memory serves me correctly, he was one of three correspondents who came up regularly for personal inspection of the "hot spots."

N. J. HENNEN, Minneapolis, Minn.

Bona Fide Fund Raising

EDITOR: Re June 25th issue—When You Give—Are You Being Taken?: Does the Red Cross stay within the 15 per cent limit most bona fide groups feel is ample for promotion costs?

HOWARD C. WILSON, Hartford, Conn.

According to the 1953 annual report of the American Red Cross, the organization raised $85,258,000 at a cost of $4,303,449, or about 5 per cent.

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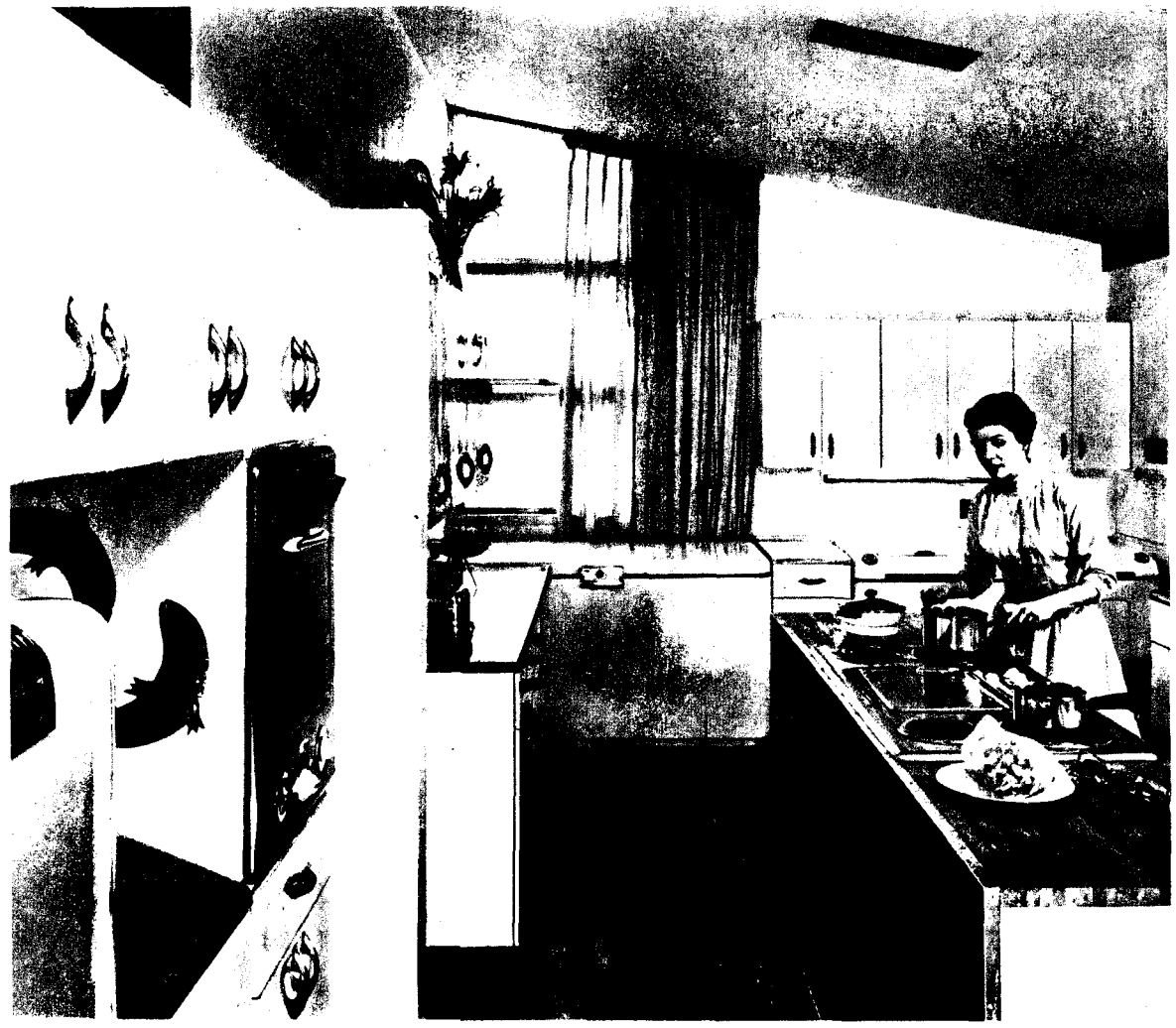

SEPARATE ELECTRIC RANGE UNITS *grow in popularity. Oven at left—top units at right, separated by griddle surface* and egg cookers—all can be at convenient working height, or built into both new and remodeled kitchens.

If you owned 5 or 6 convenient and work-saving electric appliances a few years ago, you probably are enjoying 12 or 15 now. And that's only the beginning, say electric power companies and manufacturers, as the combination of American inventiveness and plenty of low-priced electricity expand the Electric Age.

U. S. families are using twice as much electricity as they did in 1946 – yet there's more than enough of it. That's because the electric light and power companies plan and build years ahead to have additional power ready when you want it. With hundreds of new power plants, they've doubled their output since the war, and plan to have 50% more by 1960.

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*Names on request from this magazine

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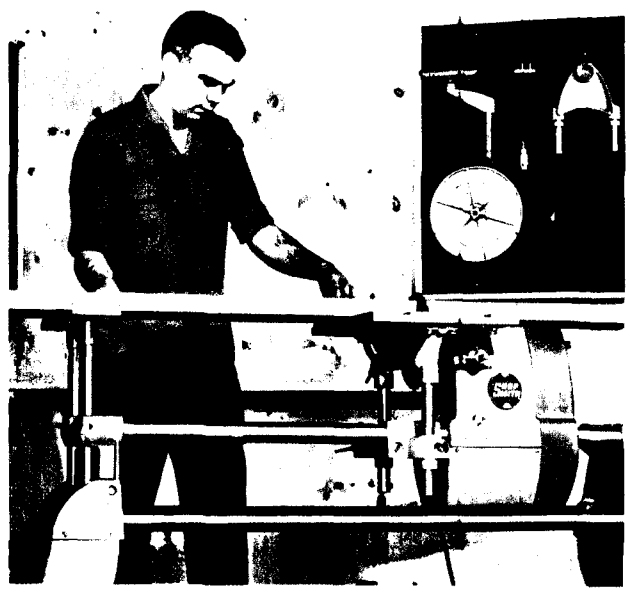
HOME AIR CONDITIONING. New built-in units, for both new and old homes, team up with the heating system for year-round comfort.

COLOR TELEVISION is here; a few families already are enjoying the first new sets. The big growth of color television is expected to start in 1955. Screens soon will be larger.



PACKAGED WORKSHOP— new home appliance for father and the boys – is a half-dozen electric-powered tools all in one. Electric mowers and hedge clippers please Dad, too.

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I use CHAMPION Spark Plugs because they make any engine perform better!"

—says James H. Kimberly

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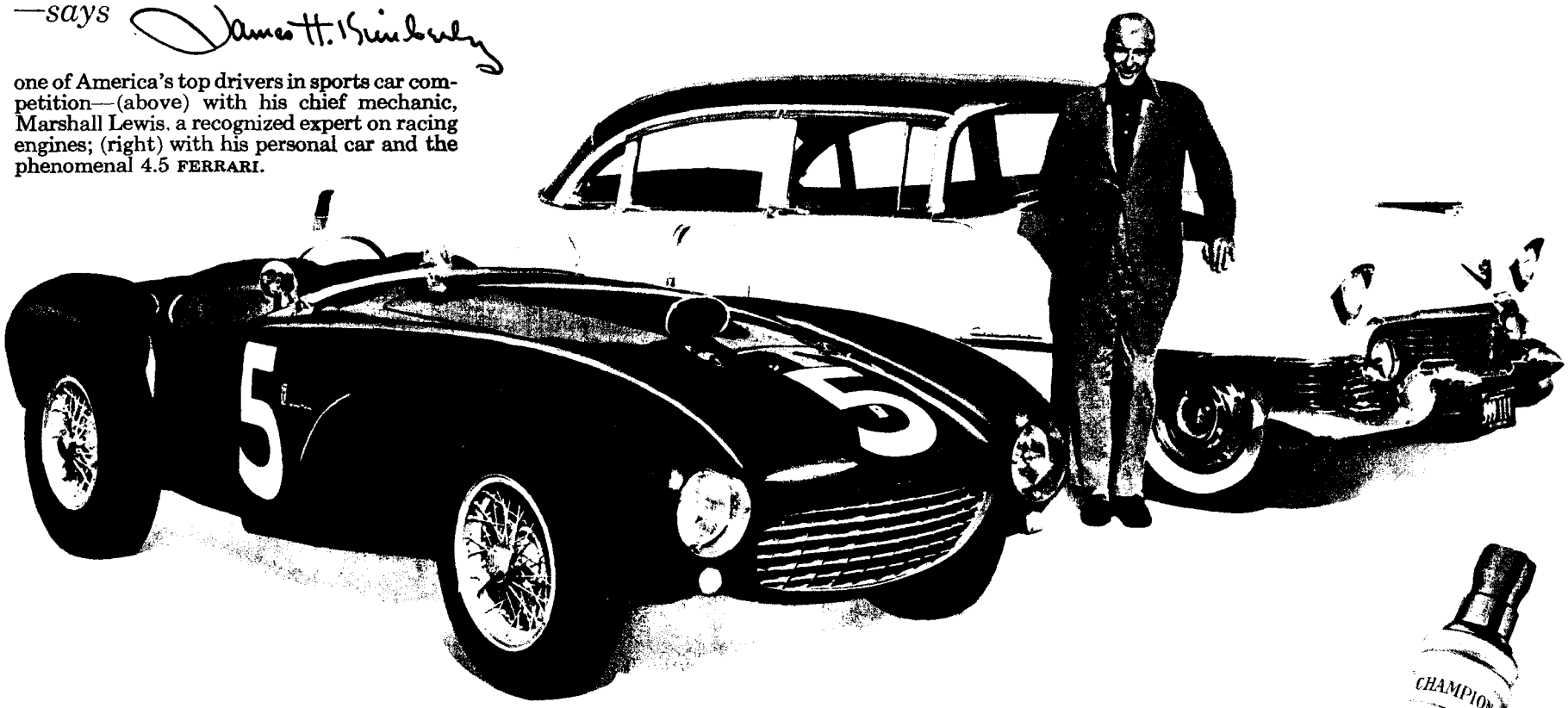
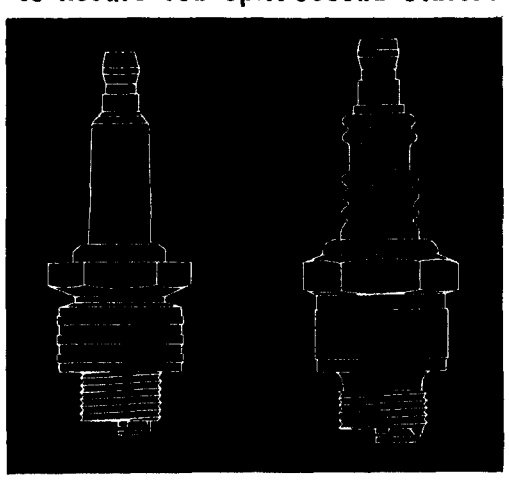


Only Champion Has 5-Rib Insulators to Assure You Split-Second Starts!



Here's why Champions give you faster starting. Laboratory tests prove Champion's exclusive 5-rib insulator resists "shorting" or "flashover" up to 40% more than ordinary smooth insulator plugs because of the longer path the electricity is forced to take.

Each time Jim Kimberly hurries the twelve-cylinder, 331 h.p. FERRARI through a tight corner, braking and down-shifting to decelerate, then roaring out at full-throttle acceleration, the spark plugs are subjected to an almost unbelievable amount of heat and pressure.

This cycle takes place hundreds of times during the course of every sports car race. And, each time, the Champion Spark Plugs in this great engine demonstrate their amazing ability to resist power-destroying compression leakage and plug deterioration under these extreme conditions.

Because all Champions are manufactured to one high standard of quality, this becomes additional proof that Champion Spark Plugs—engineered especially for your car—will assure you an extra margin of safe, dependable performance in town or on the open road.

If you're not already using Champions, better have a set of America's Favorite Spark Plugs installed in your car today. Look for the Champion name on Champion's exclusive *five-rib* insulator for double spark plug protection!

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

Dependable

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FOR ANY MAKE OR YEAR OF ENGINE

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Will All Protestants In ONE CHURCH?

By CASPAR NANNES

More and more church groups are joining in interdenominational activities. Today it's "co-operation"... will it be unity tomorrow?

ARE American Protestants about to join forces in a single, unified church? Ever since Martin Luther nailed his 95 theses to the church door four centuries ago, establishing the second great Christian movement of the West, the hallmark of Protestantism has been division. Today there are many hundreds of Protestant denominations, 250 of them in this country alone.

But, more and more, clergy and laymen are talking now of ending the disunity. It is far from certain that we will see the integration of all Protestant churches within our lifetime. Yet the signs are everywhere.

Delegates from 161 denominations are assembling in Evanston, Illinois, this month, in the most impressive demonstration of Protestant co-operation ever seen in this country: the second great meeting of the World Council of Churches. Delegates will be present from each of the 48 countries where the council has members, and one of the six topics up for discussion is, "Our oneness in Christ and our disunity as churches."

Just in case anyone should miss the significance, the council has issued a booklet drawing attention to the meeting's implications: "Many Christians believe that church unity demands more than co-operative endeavor or federated organization. Denominational barriers of any kind, at least in a limited geographical area, are intolerable to them, as shamefully evident denials of unity in Christ."

Those intolerable denominational barriers have been tumbling all over the world. In the last half century there have been no less than 100 organic unions of Protestant churches.

Scotland, which once had 13 separate Presbyterian denominations, now has four. Canada has substituted for its former 21 Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations a single United Church of Canada (with only one small Presbyterian group remaining outside the fold). In 1947, the Church of South India brought Episcopalians, Methodists, Congregationalists,

CLAIRE GRIFFIN

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UNITED PRESS

G. Bromley Oxnam

Methodist Bishop, Washington Area

"Present practices of co-operation will lead inevitably to a union of Protestant churches"

Presbyterians and members of the Reformed Church into one body.

The melting pot also has been boiling busily in this country. Here's what has been happening:

- In May, three major Presbyterian denominations brought merger negotiations, simmering since 1937, to the decisive stage. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. (a national group with 2,575,000 members), the Presbyterian Church, U.S. (a Southern contingent which broke away during the Civil War and now has 770,000 members), and the United Presbyterian Church (300,000) voted to send a Plan of Union to their presbyteries for action. Approval by these local bodies would create a 3,645,000-member Presbyterian Church of the United States in 1956.
- Final approval is expected this year for a merger plan which will bring into being a 1,800,000-member Lutheran Church three years from now, formed by union of the Evangelical (907,000 members), American (791,000), Free (64,000), and United Evangelical (52,000) Lutheran churches. It will be exceeded in size only by the United Lutheran Church in America (2,100,000 members) and the conservative Lutheran Church —Missouri Synod (1,900,000). Significantly, there were once 85 Lutheran church bodies in the United States. Today there are 16. As soon as the new merger goes into effect, there will be 13.
- In June, an educational director was appointed to serve both the American Unitarian Association and the Universalist Church, in the latest step by those two groups toward eventual organic union. Last year the two denominations inaugurated a "federated union" arrangement in certain departments as a preliminary to the merger.
- Next October, the Congregational Christian Churches and the Evangelical & Reformed Church will resume negotiations which may lead to establishment of a 2,000,000-member United Church of Christ within the next five years. The talks, begun a few years ago, had been interrupted by court action brought by a minority of the Congregational denomination.

When union proponents become discouraged, they look at today's 9,000,000-member Methodist Church and take heart. In 1830, 64 years after the first Methodist congregation was formed in America, a rift in the national body brought the Methodist Protestant Church into being. Fourteen years later the slavery issue split the church again, and Southern members seceded to organize the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

From 1876 on, all efforts to bring the three

Though there are 250 denominations, 74 per cent of U.S

groups together were in vain. But union proponents kept trying; finally, in April, 1939, after years of negotiation, they succeeded, and the present reunited church was established.

Why don't more churches do the same? There are many reasons; theological differences, old-country ties, geographical separation, and social and economic class lines are just a few. Also, there are some people who feel the disunity of Protestantism is both inevitable and desirable—symbolic of a faith that believes each person may find his own pathway to God. Harold E. Stassen, director of the government's Foreign Operations Administration and a former vice-president of the American Baptist Convention, is one of those who hold that "organic union is not possible or desirable."

Yet, despite opposition, basic differences and the number of Protestant splinter groups, the task facing those who believe in unity is less formidable than you might suppose. Here's why:

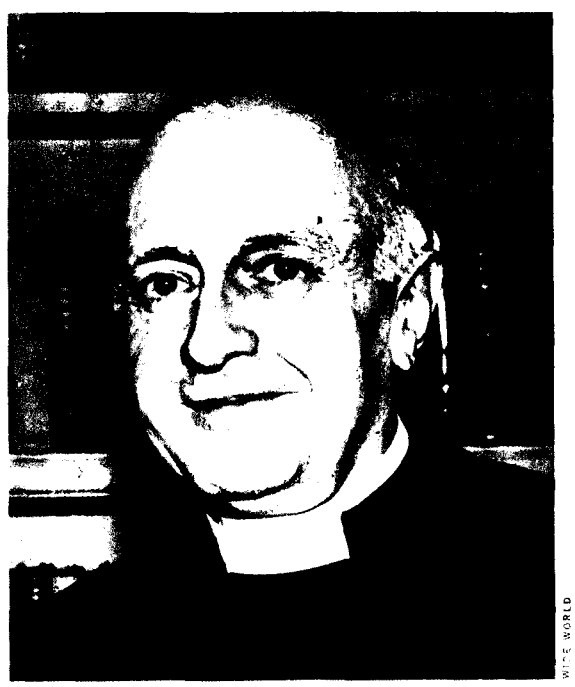
The 1953 Yearbook of Churches lists 54,229,963 members of Protestant denominations—*of whom 47,000,000, or 87 per cent, belong to the 20 largest denominations.* And most of those 47,000,000 are, in some form, Baptists, Methodists, Lutherans or Presbyterians. Getting 250 church bodies to agree to merger might be impossible, but agreement among 20 might be a great deal easier—"far easier," says Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of Washington, "than is generally thought."

Just what is meant by Protestant unity depends on who is speaking. To some, Protestant union can mean nothing less than a single organic church. To others, it could be a kind of federation, similar in structure to our national government—with its strong federal authority yet clearly established state sovereignty. Still others talk of unity as a great spiritual fellowship without any organic ties; for them, the World Council of Churches might approximate the goal.

But most church leaders think of the first two concepts when they talk of union. They can see many advantages to a firm consolidation of the many Protestant denominations into a single church. They regret the open competition for members—and the wasteful duplication of buildings and programs—which sometimes occurs among congregations now. They believe a unified church, speaking out on national and world problems, would have far greater influence than any of the present denominations could possibly have alone. And they point out that a single body could focus its strength on projects now hampered by lack of central concentration.

But possibly the strongest impulse toward unity comes from the feeling of many clergymen that "the people of God who are united by Jesus Christ as members of His Body" should be together.

There are other pressures which are also contributing to the unity movement. One of the most important is the utter indifference of most laymen and many clergymen to denominational ties.



WIDE WORLD

Henry Knox Sherrill

Presiding Bishop, Episcopal Church

"We Protestants cannot be content until that future day when we have a united church . . ."

Few Care about Doctrinal Differences

There was a time when theological differences loomed large to Americans, and they are still important to a few. But today most churchgoers apparently agree with the young man who addressed the chair at a luncheon between the Disciples of Christ and the American Baptist Convention in Columbus, Ohio, a few years ago.

"Mr. Chairman," he asked, "did I understand that there were some historical differences between the Baptists and Disciples as to immersion?" The chairman, fearing that a tactless question would sabotage a splendid meeting, cautiously admitted there were some differences.

"Well," the young man said, "you church leaders keep those differences to yourself. We don't want to know anything about them."

The average churchgoer just doesn't care about technical differences separating denominations. He will unhesitatingly cross denominational lines in choosing a place to worship, often basing his decision on such considerations as the pastor's personality, the pleasant way an usher greets him, or the ease with which he can park the family car.

Frequently, there may be a number of denominations within a single family. President Eisenhower, whose parents were River Brethren, is a Presbyterian. At least one of his four brothers is an Episcopalian and one other is not formally affiliated with any church.

The Right Reverend Angus Dun, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, recently observed that the migratory character of American life has developed "ecclesiastical migrants who are constantly moving from one church to another." And the migration involves clergymen as well as lay churchgoers.

Dr. Leslie D. Weatherhead offers an outstanding example. He is the son of a Presbyterian, was ordained in the Methodist Church and has been minister of London's famous City Temple, a Congregational congregation, for 18 years. The late Dr. Joseph Fort Newton started out as a Baptist preacher in Texas, later became a Universalist minister in Iowa, served for some years at the City Temple in London, and ended his career as rector of an Episcopal church in Philadelphia.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick also began as a Baptist pastor. He became associate minister of the First Presbyterian Church of New York before taking over that city's nondenominational Riverside Church. Dr. Fosdick, now pastor emeritus, likes to refer to the Riverside Church as a "united church of Christ in miniature": 30 denominations are represented among its 3600 members.

There are many interdenominational seminaries throughout the country, and they undoubtedly have helped bring about this easy crossing of church lines. Probably the best known, Union Theological Seminary of New York, has more than 60 denominations in its student body of 550. Its president, Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen says, "We live here in Christian fellowship in which one is not aware at all of denominational differences."

Another important pressure for church unity is the continuing world crisis, says attorney Wilbur LaRoe, Jr., former moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A.: "The present momentum toward union results from laymen appreciating

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as they never did before the relevance of the church to Communism, Fascism and the whole area of human freedom and the dignity of man."

The spiritual revival sweeping our country is still another agent working for union. This revival is amazing in its nondenominational character. It isn't a Methodist or Baptist or Presbyterian movement, but cuts across all faiths. Southern Baptists reported in June that they organized two new congregations *each day* during 1953. Southern Presbyterians have formed one new church every week for almost nine consecutive years. The United Lutheran Church in America established 65 congregations during 1953. These figures are not hand-picked; they're typical. And because they involve all denominations, they make a signpost that's hard to misread.

"The spiritual awakening, revival and evangelism now sweeping the country," says evangelist Billy Graham, who is as much responsible for the revival as any one man, "is one of the greatest forces working toward uniting Protestantism."

But there's another force which may be even greater. "The organized pressures of history," says the noted theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, "will bring the churches closer together."

A Change in Protestant Attitude

It's easy to see how this historical process works. A century ago Protestant denominations spent most of their time trying to prove one another wrong. With the start of the twentieth century a definite change took place; the denominations decided to accept rather than fight one another.

"Today," says Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, the World Council's executive secretary for the United States, "we live in an age of co-operation. We are allies in the important things; we work together instead of merely tolerating one another. The next step might be union."

The approaching Lutheran merger illustrates the historical process. The original schisms grew out of old-world backgrounds. Lutherans from Germany, Norway, Finland, Denmark or Sweden settled in an area and started a church. Numerous Lutheran denominations came into existence.

But as time passed, the American-born generation demanded services in English. The transition was painful; for a time bilingual worship offered an uneasy compromise. Today most Lutheran churches conduct services entirely in English.

Fifty years ago a merger of the American Lutheran Church (of German origin), the Evangelical and the Free Churches (Norwegian) and the United Evangelical Church (Danish) would have been unthinkable. Today it's expected within a few years.

All the pressures toward future unity aside, some sort of integration among the Protestant churches seems to be emerging as a strictly practical matter. A kind of interdenominational co-operative movement flourishes, involving religious councils, comity arrangements, revival crusades, scholarly productions and overseas work, among other projects.

"Church co-operation is a very important step toward church unity," says the Right Reverend Henry Knox Sherrill, presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church. "Before we can have organic unity, we must know and trust one another."

The first big American council, the Federal Council of Churches, was organized in 1908 "for the prosecution of work that can be better done in union than in separation." The council grew over the years until it included churches with a total membership of 28,000,000. There also were a number of more specialized interdenominational groups providing for joint effort in such fields as foreign missions, religious education, film and radio work, and the like.

In 1950, the National Council of Churches was established, taking over the functions of the old Federal Council and several of the other bodies; today it comprises 30 major church denominations with 35,000,000 members—including a number of Eastern Orthodox groups (but not the Mormons, who do not consider themselves Protestants, nor the Christian Scientists, who consider themselves apart from the main stream of Protestantism).

Since its inception, the National Council has achieved an impressive list of accomplishments: it has resettled thousands of displaced persons, provided a ministry-on-wheels for the families of 250,000 migrant workers from Florida to Canada, supplied chaplains to hospitals and prisons, taught more than 40,000,000 people to read in underprivileged countries around the world, and a great deal more. There are also 900 autonomous city and state councils, miniature copies of the national body, all of them engaged in joint activities involving social welfare, evangelism and similar projects.

What the National Council has been doing in the United States, the World Council has been doing all over the globe. The international group traces its beginnings back to 1910, when an interdenominational meeting of missionaries was held at Edinburgh, Scotland. Some of the churchmen who attended that conference were so struck by the possibilities of co-operation among Christian groups that they began working toward a more formal organization. Preliminary meetings were held in Switzerland and Sweden during the 1920s, and finally, in 1937, it was decided to set up the World Council. But it wasn't until after the war, in 1948, that the first conference met, in Amsterdam. This month's conclave, on the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston, will be the organization's second great assemblage.

In the interim between the two meetings, much has been done. Displaced persons and other political refugees in both Europe and Asia have received more than $21,000,000 worth of aid; student volunteers recruited by the council have helped build schools and hospitals in parts of Europe still trying to recover from the war; innumerable books, tracts and pamphlets have been published and distributed. The scope of the council's enterprises has been so great that no single denomination could have undertaken them.

Another co-operative Protestant endeavor, and one of the most successful, emerged as a matter of absolute necessity—to eliminate what someone

Franklin Clark Fry

President, United Lutheran Church

"I don't see how an all-inclusive union of Protestants can be achieved in this country"

UNITED PRESS

Billy Graham

Noted evangelist

"The difficulties are too great to expect to see a single Protestant Church in our time"

called the "cutthroat ecclesiastical competition" produced in some communities by unlimited church building. In some towns where there were far more church seats than churchgoers, the competing congregations faced financial ruin, and many church leaders say that certain areas might have been deprived of Protestant churches entirely if a solution hadn't been found. The solution: so-called comity commissions, interdenominational groups which allocate churches to communities after consultation with the interested denominations.

Housing Areas Include Church Sites

The Danherst Corporation, which is building 4,500 homes in Fairless Hills, Pennsylvania, recently turned to the Philadelphia Council of Churches for aid in allocating Protestant churches on sites set aside for that purpose. After studies were made of the area's denominational make-up, the chance of success for a particular church, and other considerations, three allocations were decided upon—one to a Methodist church, one to a United Presbyterian church and the third to an Evangelical Reformed church.

Joint scholarship efforts also are effective enterprise for union. Protestant scholars have worked together for years without regard to denominational ties. The publication in 1952 of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible was the result of 15 years' work by 32 scholars from 11 denominations. The translation was hailed by an official magazine of the National Council as having "no creedal nor denominational bias whatsoever."

The pressures toward Protestant unity are strong, and the steps already taken are impressive. But there are obstacles, too—and three in particular are fundamental.

The first and most important hurdle is theological. There are many Protestants who, like Martin Luther, declare, "Here I stand," and refuse to budge. It's hard to see how they could become a part of any real unity movement.

For example, according to Dr. John W. Behnken, its president, the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod considers doctrinal disunity the greatest obstacle to union. A lay member of the conservative synod's board of directors, former Representative John W. Boehne, Jr., of Indiana, explains that "when we speak of theological agreement, we mean fundamental doctrines. The Missouri Synod believes doctrine is paramount in union."

The United Lutheran Church is regarded as more liberal in its views. Nevertheless, its presi-

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dent, Dr. Franklin Clark Fry, supports the typical Lutheran attitude. "Agreement in faith is the first essential for unity," Dr. Fry says. "Under the circumstances, I don't see how an all-inclusive union of Protestants can be achieved in our country."

The fast-growing Southern Baptist Convention, which takes a somewhat similar view, holds that independence is the best way to serve the Lord. Dr. Louie D. Newton, a former president, insists, "There can be no union apart from the unity which must stem from the New Testament as our all-sufficient rule and guide for our faith and practice." The denomination's emphasis upon the complete autonomy of the individual congregation also acts as a barrier to union.

Four Main Doctrinal Differences

The doctrinal differences—the theological dividing lines of Protestantism—fall under four major headings.

1. Baptism. Some denominations, such as the Baptists and the Disciples of Christ, practice total immersion and hold that no person should be baptized until he's old enough to know what he's doing. Others, like the Episcopalians and Lutherans, practice infant baptism, which is accomplished by sprinkling, rather than immersion.

2. Church orders. The Episcopalians, when they broke with Western Catholicism, took their regularly ordained bishops with them. Those bishops ordained other clergymen and the succession has continued in that fashion down to present times. The Episcopalians do not officially recognize the ministry of any other Protestant denomination because they were not ordained in the so-called apostolic succession.

3. Communion. Some Baptists and most Lutherans hold that Communion must be closed —that is, only those should participate who are in complete theological agreement. A believer in closed Communion, for example, would not participate in a Communion presided over by a churchman who disagreed with him about baptism.

4. Biblical interpretation. Some people are fundamentalists who say the Bible is true precisely as written—that every word was divinely inspired by God. Others say the Bible need not be read literally—that it is open to wide interpretation. The fundamentalist-modernist disagreement is not between any particular church groups, but crosses denominations.

The theological differences are hard to compromise. Yet such problems have been solved in the past. The United Church of South India, for example, incorporates some of the governing features of the Episcopalians (whose bishops have considerable authority), the Congregationalists (who believe in church autonomy), and the Presbyterians (who have strong local governing bodies). And major doctrinal differences are solved largely by letting the member congregations determine for themselves "the forms of their public worship."

Next to theological differences, the most divisive influence in American Protestantism is its great social schism.

"In the long run, our cultural differences will constitute a greater barrier than our polity or theological differences," Bishop Oxnam contends. "Culturally, we are *really* divided."

An incident at the 1952 General Conference of the Methodist Church illustrates the point clearly. One day a short, spry man with set jaw strode from the delegate section to the platform. When he returned to his seat, the convention was in an uproar. The delegate had offered a resolution calling on Methodist churches to restrict membership on their official boards to laymen "who don't drink." One prominent minister was heard to remark, "If this motion passes, I won't have a man left on my board."

The motion did not pass, but it had more than token support. Other denominations have strong convictions on what many people regard as side issues. Missouri Synod Lutherans refuse membership in their churches to a man who belongs to certain types of secret societies, such as the Masons. Baptists frown on drinking, and Seventh-Day Adventists oppose the eating of meat. Some denominations ban dancing, others going to the theater, and still others smoking.

Although the Presbyterians who stayed out of the United Church of Canada gave doctrine as their reason, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr says, "The fact is that they were unwilling to join with Methodists on such ideas as theatergoing and smoking, and they were socially snobbish. Those were the real reasons. The Canadian Presbyterians merely provided a theology to rationalize their views."

The economic and social barrier is emphasized by geographical differences. Southern Protestants, for example, tend to be more conservative than coreligionists elsewhere—socially, economically, and also theologically. There is a somewhat different pattern between the religious life of East and West, as well, complicated by the resentment of some Western Protestants over the dominance of the East in church affairs. (One Los Angeles religious reporter attending the 1952 National Council meeting at Denver kept referring to the national organization in his stories as the "Eastern Council of Churches.")

Finally, years of denominational independence have raised strong opposition against unity among some churches and churchmen who would have much to lose from Protestant union. "There are vested interests in some areas of Protestantism," says Dr. Gaines M. Cook, executive secretary of the International Convention, Disciples of Christ. "They include not only titles to real estate, endowments and so forth, but even the positions now held by many prominent churchmen. Unity would mean a drastic change in their ecclesiastical relationships."

Complete Unity—a Distant Goal

Obviously, with so many strong arguments on both sides, the future of the unity movement is impossible to predict accurately. It seems unlikely that complete organic unity will occur in the foreseeable future. Even those who are very much in its favor—men like Bishop Sherrill and Drs. Van Dusen and Niebuhr—acknowledge that it is, at best, a distant goal. Still, the trend is toward unity, and the current close co-operation among Protestant denominations might easily develop into some sort of federated union, with a great degree of autonomy for the member churches.

"Church union is clearly in the will of God," says the Reverend Edward L. R. Elson, pastor of the National Presbyterian Church, which President Eisenhower attends in Washington. "It must come in God's time and by God's methods. But it will come."

In any case, it is highly unlikely that the Protestant Church will ever display the degree of unity demonstrated by the Catholic Church —or that it will have the resultant power. The Protestant denominations still think too highly of their independence. There will never be a Protestant pope—even though the phrase has been used freely in recent weeks, following proposals to name one World Council president to replace the six originally provided for.

Whatever happens in the immediate future, 1954 should prove a historic milestone in the story of Protestant unity, with the World Council of Churches assembly climaxing the numerous international and national church meetings that have emphasized Protestant co-operation and interdenominational good will. Organic union may still lie in the distance, but there is every indication that—from the standpoint of religion—future ages may well regard this period as the Age of Protestant Co-operation. And another era may well remember 1954 as the year that provided the impetus which eventually culminated in a United Protestant Church of America. ▲▲▲

KIRK

In man-and-beast duet in Disney's Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, the seal, Tommy Tucker, barks accompaniment to Douglas' baritone and seagoing guitar. Tune is a chantey called A Whale of a Tale

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Gets a Seal of Approval

Tommy winds up the duet with a bellow and a sudden damp, enthusiastic smooch for his movie partner in song

Star and seal share honors in a bit of submarine chamber music

NOTHING lures the eye of the filmgoer more surely from the stars of the piece than a child or animal player—especially an athletic, affectionate trained seal. That's the challenge facing Kirk Douglas, who teams up with a whiskered sea mascot in the forthcoming film Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, Walt Disney's live-action version of Jules Verne's pioneering science-and-adventure fantasy. The movie co-stars James Mason as Captain Nemo, the marauding commander of the submarine Nautilus, who scoured the oceans ramming vessels, collecting scientific data, subsisting only on provender from the sea; Paul Lukas as one of Nemo's three captives, the French scientist, Aronnax; Peter Lorre as the scientist's apprentice, Conseil; and Kirk as the escape-happy harpoonist, Ned Land. The seal, known as Tommy Tucker, plays Esmeralda, Nemo's pet.

The part of Esme, a minor invention for the movie script, swelled as the cameras spun. Like all performing seals, Tommy Tucker was a hog for the spotlight. He romped through the Nautilus' velvet-and-gilt, curiosity-crammed chambers, captured several scenes from Mason, and a round half dozen from Kirk. The show-stopper is a raucous man-and-beast duet, a musical first for both actors, between Land (Kirk) who's been nipping at the captain's alcohol-filled specimen jars, and Esme, flushed from a binge among Nemo's private stock of "seaweed cigars" (compounded by prop men from dried smelt). Their tune: a sea chantey called A Whale of a Tale sung in Kirk's pleasantly uneven baritone as he strums a tortoise-shell guitar. Esme joins in the chorus, barking, flapping and caressing Douglas on cue.

Finding the right seal for the part wasn't easy. Owner-trainers who learned some sequences would be filmed in waters off Nassau balked at the vision of their valuable property heading for open sea. Then Hollywood was combed for an "actor" to perform on the lot. And the town's only trainer specializing in seals-for-hire, Captain Harold Winston, with 45 years' experience and seven seals in his employ, produced Tommy, a six-year-old veteran of movies and TV, and the pick of the lot. A sure-fire ball catcher and flipper-clapper, Tommy nevertheless required a couple of practice sessions with Winston and director Dick Fleischer before each scene, but ended by blowing out matches, rolling up in a blanket and nuzzling Kirk on cue.

Douglas, amply supplied with smelt between takes, soon had a one-man mammal on his hands. But the approval of a seal is small enough reward for working with an actor who barks off-key and eats seaweed cigars. —EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTHONY UGRIN

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Escape *from* Fear

By A. J. CRONIN

A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

IN THE crowd making its way along Vienna's Karntnerstrasse that morning in December, 1950, was an attractive-looking man of around thirty years, the cut of whose clothes suggested that he was an American. He was tall and well built, with even features, yet his expression was tense, and he repeatedly glanced behind him as though afraid of being followed.

Halfway down the Karntnerstrasse he turned surreptitiously into a side street and went into a bar. He had a double brandy. In the half-light he saw himself in the mirror behind the bar, and it was as though he viewed a stranger. He went out, continued along the street and, as the clock of St. Stephen's Cathedral chimed a quarter after eleven, with sudden resolution he entered a modern office building.

"*Morgen*, Herr Harker," said the elevator boy, but Bryant Harker did not seem to hear. At the fifth floor he got out and walked into the offices marked: *The Consolidated Engineering Corporation—Austrian Branch.* Without glancing at any of the employees in the outer room, he entered an office marked with his name and locked the door behind him.

He sank into his chair, and after a few moments turned toward the pile of letters on his desk. Singling out a large air-mail envelope, he held it for a moment and then tore it open. Yes, it was what he had expected.

He studied the signature at the bottom of the paper: W. R. Stevens, president of the company that counted him as its Vienna chief. Harker swore and let the paper fall from his hands.

A contract for the new bridge to be built over the upper reaches of the Salzach, an important contract worth several million dollars, had been awarded six weeks ago. He had prepared plans and sent in figures. He knew that his tender was the best submitted, yet the contract had been placed elsewhere, a result that—in Stevens' eyes at least—left some doubt as to Harker's ability to represent the company properly.

They'll fire me, Harker thought bitterly, and they've got good reason.

Someone tapped on his door, and he crossed the room and turned the key in the lock. His secretary, Miss Petersen, came in. She was a thin girl with brown hair and a faintly smug expression, her well-manicured nails and neat blue suit a symbol of the efficiency that distinguished the company.

Harker sat down again and she sat in front of his desk, her pencil poised. He glanced up suddenly. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Miss Petersen lifted her eyebrows. "I beg your pardon?"

"You were staring at me."

"I was simply waiting to take your dictation, Mr. Harker."

He hesitated and then turned away. "Never mind," he said. "I'll give it to you later." She knows all the answers, he thought heavily; she's waiting for my final bungle.

Miss Petersen got up and went to a side table. "These blueprints for the hydroelectric scheme at Wittfeld just arrived," she said. She placed a folder on his desk. "The closing date is the eighteenth."

"Very well. Leave them and I'll go through them."

The construction of this dam was an undertaking even more important than the Salzach bridge. It was vital that he should win the contract; yet, with less than two weeks to go, he knew he would botch it like the other.

WHEN Miss Petersen had gone, he glanced at the documents and blueprints. He made a renewed effort to concentrate, but the figures swam before his eyes. Then, from the outer office, he heard a voice—Miss Petersen was speaking to the Austrian clerk. ". . . going to pieces," she was saying. "He'll be through in a couple of weeks."

Harker put his head in his hand. "Going to pieces"—that was just about it. He had felt for weeks now that he was finished. He was falling, and all he could do was wait for the crash when he hit bottom.

If anyone had suggested six months ago that he could ever sink to such a state, he would have laughed outright. Yet it had happened—and he asked himself for the hundredth time how it had come about.

As far back as he could remember he had always mastered difficulties and held worry in check. He had had to work his way through college, but he had played tackle on the football team for two years and graduated in civil engineering near the top of his class. After the war he had joined Consolidated, and had been promoted rapidly in the face of stiff competition. Now, at thirty-two, he was the company's youngest overseas director.

Yet inexplicably, over the last few weeks, he had become a prey to nerves, to suspicion and, above all, to an incomprehensible generalized fear. Of what was he afraid? Of *(Continued on page 78)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

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Her eyes were fixed on someone behind him, and suddenly she turned deathly pale. "Will you excuse me?" she said. "I must leave at once"

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Crowds jam street to polka in outdoor dance

OOMPAH Town

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, is a town with two visible and one audible means of support. New Ulm has a prosperous flour mill; New Ulm has two big breweries; and New Ulm has oompah. What's oompah? When a small brass band plays loud and happy, and a big, shiny brass horn blares out a beat—*oom*-pa-pa, *oom*-pa-pa—to make you want to kick up your heels in a polka, that's oompah. It's the music of the old-time, old-country beer halls, of the street-corner bands, of the cornet-and-brass-horn combos which have their roots in Bavaria and Bohemia. And oompah is to New Ulm what hoedown is to Nashville, Tennessee.

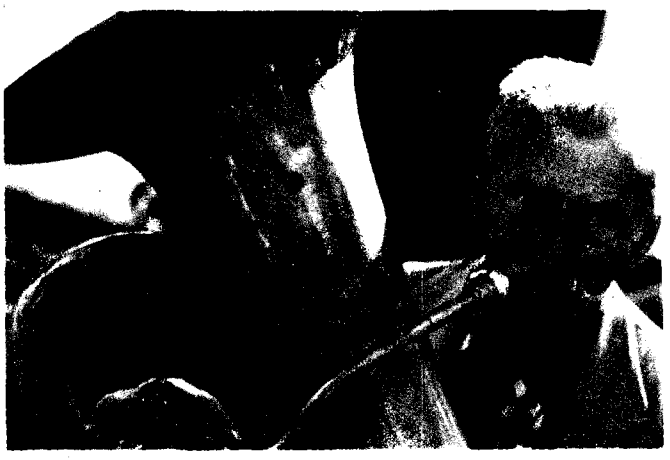
Located 100 miles southwest of St. Paul and Minneapolis, New Ulm plays the music it was born with. The town, which celebrates its centennial this month, was founded in 1854 by a group of German immigrants seeking a new home beyond the old eastern frontier, where they could maintain their own traditions freely. Along with beer and sauerkraut and *Gemütlichkeit* they brought oompah—and today's 10,000 New Ulmers, almost all of German descent, have made it their proudest heritage and their biggest business.

Since the end of World War II eighteen professional dance bands, all made up of New Ulmers born-and-bred, have been building oompah into a national sound through records and frequent polka sorties out into America's heartland. Radio stations as far afield as WMIE in Miami, Florida, and KLOK in San Jose, California, now devote special programs to polka music. Five years ago Harold Loeffelmacher's Six Fat Dutchmen, a top New Ulm band which makes records for RCA Victor, sold about 5,000 copies of every recording; today, sales are closer to 15,000. Big outfits, like Loeffelmacher's Dutchmen

In an age of mambos, sambas, rumbas and bunny-hops, New Ulm, Minnesota, dances

Fezz Fritsche conducts his Goosetown Band in local radio show every Monday

Harold Loeffelmacher leads town's top money-making outfit, Six Fat Dutchmen



John "Boom Boom" Baur (above), 98, played in first town band, can still toot a tune on ancient tuba. Below, Jim Wingert, of Schell's Hobo Band, awaits bus taking his group to play an out-of-town date

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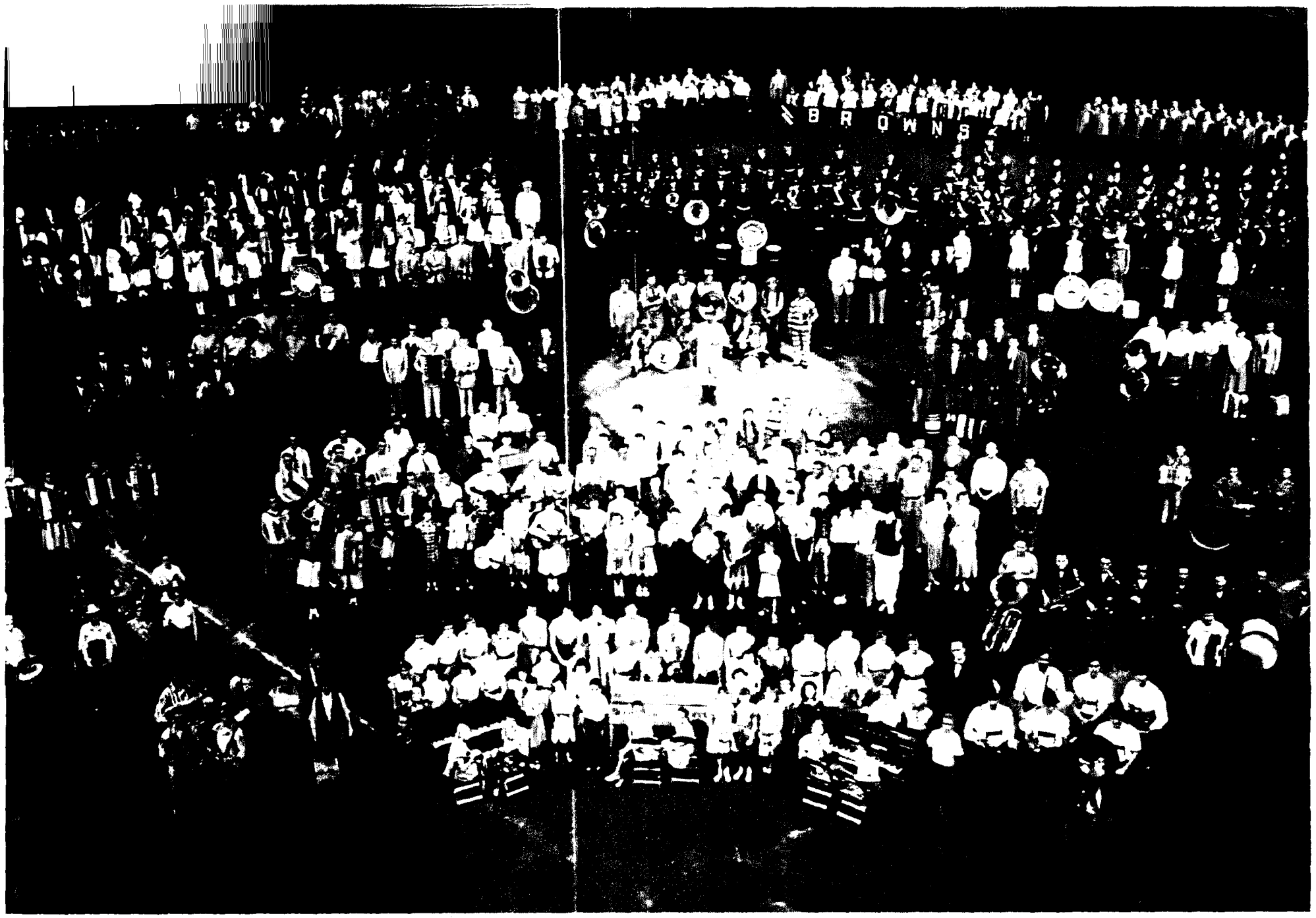

In full regalia, 512 New Ulmers—less than half the musicians in town—pose in 21 school and professional groups in local ball park

the polka. The bellow of bass horns is heard in this land—and the beat is oom-pa-pa

Bill Brown, owner of Brown's Music Store, gives piano and concertina lessons in store, also leads an accordion band

and Fezz Fritsche's Goosetown Band, make well over $100,000 annually, traveling 50,000 to 75,000 miles a year in steadily widening circles.

But these musicians don't play for money alone. After each sally forth they return home, to headquarters, to play for the local folk and for the love of playing. Disc jockey Don Miller, of New Ulm's radio station KNUJ ("The Polka Station of the Nation Broadcasting from the Polka Capital of the World"), says of the town's bandsmen: "They make this music because it's in their blood. I don't think these guys could go to bed at night if they hadn't had a mouthpiece between their lips that day."

For the professional musicians, as for everyone else in New Ulm, oompah is a way of life. "When a child is born," the townspeople say, "he is given his choice between a brass horn and a silver dollar. If he takes the dollar, his parents disown him." Down the main streets of New Ulm, any day of the week, children wrapped in tubas trundle along to their music lessons. Gaudily painted buses, carrying musicians to play out-of-town dates, roll past German Park, where no Sunday afternoon is complete without a Municipal Band concert. Polka rhythms pour out of open doors—from jukeboxes, from band rehearsals, from the impromptu oompah sessions which inevitably develop over a couple of steins in any beer parlor in town. Every night, two enormous dance halls—the New Ulm Ballroom and the neon-lighted mecca called George's—draw as many as 2,000 polka addicts from all over the state. As for official city dances, it takes only the toot of a tuba to set folks dancing in the streets, as they did recently at one of the biggest polka parties in the history of New Ulm.

The affair: a street dance and parade. Fifteen bands marched in the parade, along with the fire department and the town's entire National Guard. For the dance which followed, seven orchestras, set up on trucks, played in a four-block area jammed by 10,000 people from three surrounding states. The occasion? The repaving of Minnesota Street, the town's main thoroughfare. That's reason enough to make oompah in Oompah Town. But what isn't? —EVAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

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Contaminated bottle is washed with great care

What Are We Doing about Our Deadly

ATOMIC GARBAGE?

Atomic wastes are like nothing ever known: they're radioactive and can stay "hot" for thousands of years, they're indestructible—and they're increasing every day

By ROBERT DE ROOS

FAR out in the desert wasteland of eastern Washington, at the Atomic Energy Commission's gigantic Hanford plutonium works, radioactive elements surge in vast underground tanks —a pent-up sea of useless energy which is a constant worry to the scientists who unwillingly created it. This deadly broth of fission products is the garbage of the atomic age.

And these highly active liquid wastes are only part of the story. Potentially dangerous atomic garbage comes in all forms: liquids, solids, gases and vapors. The ordinary defenses of man are powerless against all of them. Radioactivity is invisible and silent; it cannot be touched or tasted or smelled. And everything a radioactive element comes in contact with becomes contaminated: a wrench used in atomic installations, steel drums, a bit of wastepaper from a laboratory. Carcasses of experimental animals may contain small amounts of radioactivity; even the laundry water used to wash contaminated garments gets polluted.

The story of radioactive wastes is just being understood by the public. For years it was cloaked in the secrecy which surrounds all dealings with the atom. But the dilemma posed by the wastes has been with us ever since the first self-sustaining atomic pile was activated under the bleachers at Stagg Field in Chicago in 1942.

For when the physicists pulled the switch on the atomic age, they also created something else: the world's first radioactive rubbish—the inevitable, lethal products of nuclear fission.

Ten years of production, which has seen the world-shaking atom bomb pale before the even more shattering hydrogen bomb, has left the AEC with an accumulation of millions of gallons of liquid radioactive garbage and tons of contaminated solid objects. And there's more every day.

Every industry has a waste problem. but the waste products created in the inferno of an atomic reactor are something new under the sun:

- They are radioactive—many of them lethally so.
- They cannot be destroyed.
- They cannot be thrown away because radioactive fission products are potential producers of malignant diseases, and their deeply penetrating gamma rays may be able to change the very course of human heredity.
- Nothing known to man can turn off their radioactivity. Their nuclei will continue to send off tiny bits of matter—dangerous beta particles—or the deeply penetrating gamma rays for as long, in some cases, as thousands of years.

There seems to be no way to avoid producing virulent fission wastes, because they are born in the very process which makes the energies of the atom available. For every bit of plutonium the AEC makes, it produces an almost equal amount of radioactive elements which, along with a lot of chemicals, become what Hanford scientists call "gunk." This is waste—highly radioactive and highly dangerous.

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

Liquid wastes at Oak Ridge National Labs, Tenn., are passed through giant evaporators before being sent to disposal pits

The problem facing the AEC—and a problem which it confidently asserts is being handled with great efficiency and success—is how to keep these new materials out of the environment—out of the air we breathe, out of our drinking water and food supplies. The garbage must be kept tightly under control because unbelievably small—often invisible—amounts can contaminate large areas.

A graphic example of how fast and far contamination can spread occurred a few years ago when someone in a Navy laboratory on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay stepped on a glass vial containing a barely visible amount of radium salt. The accident was discovered late in the afternoon, and by the time decontamination crews got on the job 16 hours later, the radium had already spread throughout the San Francisco area for a radius of 20 miles.

Automobiles used by students and instructors in the lab were heavily contaminated, especially the steering wheels and floor mats. Their homes were jumping with radioactivity. "It was uncanny," recalls Lieutenant Commander Royce K. Skow, who directed much of the decontamination work. "With our instruments, we could trace the movements of the men just as though their tracks were visible. A sofa showed the outline of a student's body where he had lain down. We traced one young father from his living room to his child's crib. Two 'hot' spots showed where he had put his hands on the railing of the crib."

In a typical home, seven miles from the laboratory, a student had contaminated doorknobs, towels and water faucets. His bedspread and pillow, his slippers, his armchair, a writing desk and his pencils, his clothes—all showed radioactivity.

Since the contamination had spread outside the laboratory, where it could have been handled more effectively, drastic measures were called for. Decontamination teams ripped out carpets from a dozen homes. Automobile mats and seat covers were junked. Shoes which were only lightly affected were scrubbed again and again until instruments indicated they were clean.

The laboratory building was permeated with radioactivity and showed concentrations of radon, radioactive gas given off by radium; men entering the building wore special respirators. After a few days, crews went into the structure and burned the surface of concrete areas with scaling torches. Paint was

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

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A view of the future? Vast accumulations of "hot" garbage litter an atomic burial ground at Oak Ridge. Rubbish is temporarily stored here until it "cools off" enough to be safe

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removed. Every foot of the building was washed down. Linoleum was peeled up.

Two hundred drums of highly contaminated objects, principally carpets, clothing, linoleum and cleaning rags, were weighted with concrete and dumped into 100 fathoms of water far at sea. The building itself, a 31-room structure, could not be used for three months.

Everything connected with radioactivity is complicated by its indestructibility. A piece of contaminated newspaper cannot be burned except in a special incinerator. Even then, the ash must be carefully disposed of and gases and smokes given off in the burning must be washed or filtered. Then the poisoned water and filters must be isolated or buried.

Precautions Against Contamination

To guard against the dangers of contamination, the AEC and its contractors have taken elaborate and efficient steps. The atmosphere for hundreds of miles around atomic installations is monitored constantly to detect radioactivity. Streams, the earth itself and sewage systems are checked 24 hours a day. Every employee who works in "hot" areas must examine his hands and feet, face, hair and clothing after every shift to make sure he does not carry any radioactive matter out of the plant.

In addition, geologists, engineers, biologists, oceanographers, marine biologists, veterinarians, farmers and doctors are all arrayed against the problem, trying to determine how much exposure to radiation humans, animals and plants can stand without harm.

These precautions have paid off. The AEC has racked up a remarkable safety record: in the last five years, not a single person has been injured by radioactivity in a production plant run by the commission.

There have been many suggestions about how to get rid of the radioactive refuse once and for all. The Navy already is dumping small quantities of the highly active laboratory wastes—jelled in concrete—far at sea off both coasts. It has even been suggested that the stuff be shot into outer space in rockets. Abandoned mines and dry oil wells have been proposed as graves.

What makes the problem so serious is the fact that this radioactive garbage is bulking up at increasing rates—thousands of gallons every day.

And it's only the beginning. The atomic-energy industry, big as it is, is only an infant now, and today's rubbish can be handled by storing it in remote sections of the country. But under the provisions of new Congressional legislation, private manufacturers will be encouraged to develop the commercial uses of fission material. So in the not-too-distant future, disposal of wastes will become a neighborhood matter.

Some of the best engineering brains in the country are grappling with the serious question, but unless they come up with workable solutions, constantly swelling stores of waste may hamper full development of such peacetime atomic projects as generation of electric power, heating of whole communities from central atomic "furnaces," propulsion of ships and planes, and thousands of undreamed-of new ideas.

General industry has traditionally used two methods in dealing with wastes—"CC," which means contain and confine, and "DD," dilute and disperse. Both systems are being tried with atomic refuse, CC for the highly radioactive material and DD for milder liquids and gases whose radioactivity is relatively low and short-lived.

At Hanford, where the atomic refuse represents the greatest nonmilitary concentration of radioactive elements ever known to man, the scientists rely on CC to dispose of highly active wastes. The radiation level of the hot stuff is fantastically high: the tanks the trash is buried in contain several million times the radioactivity of the world's entire commercial supply of radium.

Just one element sloughed off in making plutonium—strontium 90—is over 60 times as radioactive as radium. How dangerous is that? An engineer of the General Electric Company, which operates Hanford for the AEC, figured out what would happen in the hypothetical event that you threw the element into the Columbia River—which no one would be likely to do. After covering a sheet of paper with computations, he came up with this answer: "It would take over eight hours of the full flow of the Columbia—fifty-three billion gallons—to dilute one gram of pure strontium 90 to the point where the water would be safe enough to drink according to the AEC's permissible limits. Or putting it another way, if you dripped three grams of the element in the Columbia every day, the water of the sixth-largest river in the U.S. would be unfit to drink." (A gram is 1/28 of an ounce.)

In addition to strontium 90, the chain reaction spews out about 40 other radioactive waste elements with half lives ranging from seconds to millions of years. A half life is the time it takes half of the atoms in a radioactive element to become disintegrated.

Storage of the really hot stuff is very expensive. A recent contract for six 1,000,000-gallon tanks was let for $1,724,000. Hanford has $27,000,000 worth of tanks with a storage capacity of 67,000,000 gallons.

No one claims the tanks provide the solution to atomic rubbish disposal. "We are uncertain about the effects of these radioactive wastes," comments General Electric's Dr. Herbert M. Parker, director of the radiological sciences department at Hanford. "We are starting conservatively while trying to get answers which may modify the present program."

David F. Shaw, the AEC manager at Hanford, adds: "Meanwhile we keep building the tanks." At $287,000 each.

But even if the tank method provided the entire answer to the problem—which it doesn't—it would only solve the question of what to do with hot fission products. There are other wastes, however, which provide a tough poser to Hanford scientists.

One method used at Oak Ridge to get rid of solid radioactive wastes is shown above. With rubbish dumped at the bottom of the pit, workmen pour in concrete, sealing garbage in tomb

Columbia River Cools Plutonium Piles

To cool the piles where plutonium is made, large quantities of Columbia River water are pumped through the reactors. The water, which does not become radioactive itself, is purified before it is used in order to remove solids which become "hot" under the subsequent neutron bombardment. But the purification process is not perfect; as a result, the water flowing from the pile contains a variety of radioactive substances. The poisoned water is channeled to settling basins where most of the radioactivity decays within a few hours. Then it is dumped back into the river.

But it still contains radioactive material, notably phosphorus—although in such minute amounts that no one worries much about it. Now, that is. But when the plant first began operation, the scientists made a discovery about these radioactive particles that brought them up short.

They were disturbed to learn that river plankton, the tiny animal and plant life which drifts in the Columbia, and algae, one-celled plants, showed an immediate affinity for the radiophosphorus. They can absorb it until their bodies hold more than 200,000 times as much as the surrounding water. "Those babies are really hot," says Dr. Parker.

Hot plankton and algae would not bother any-

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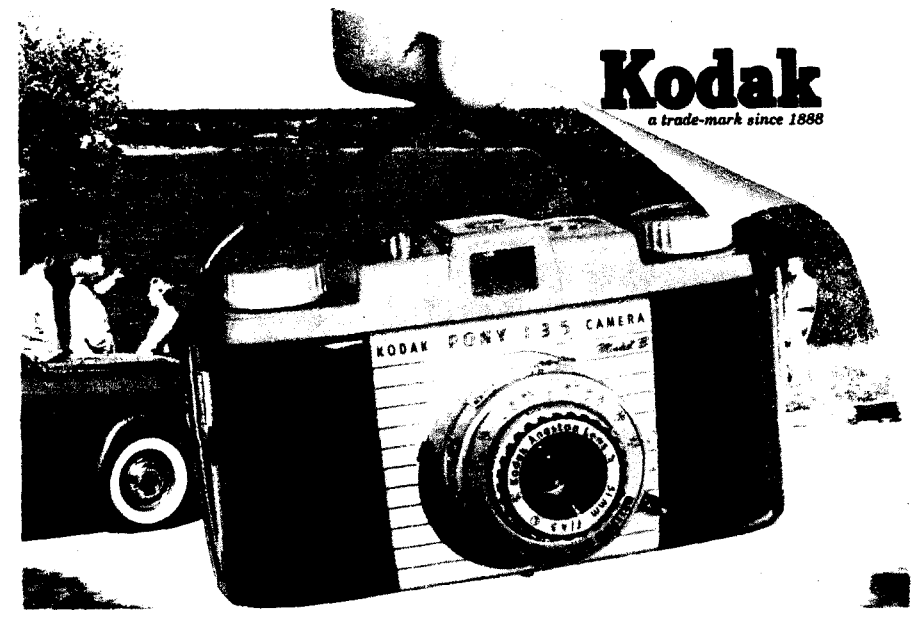

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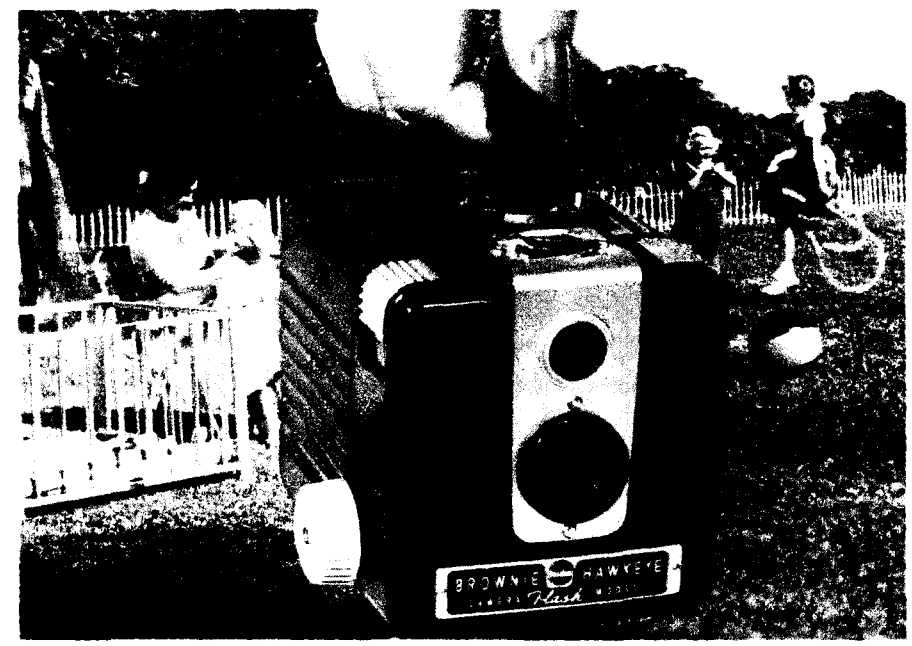

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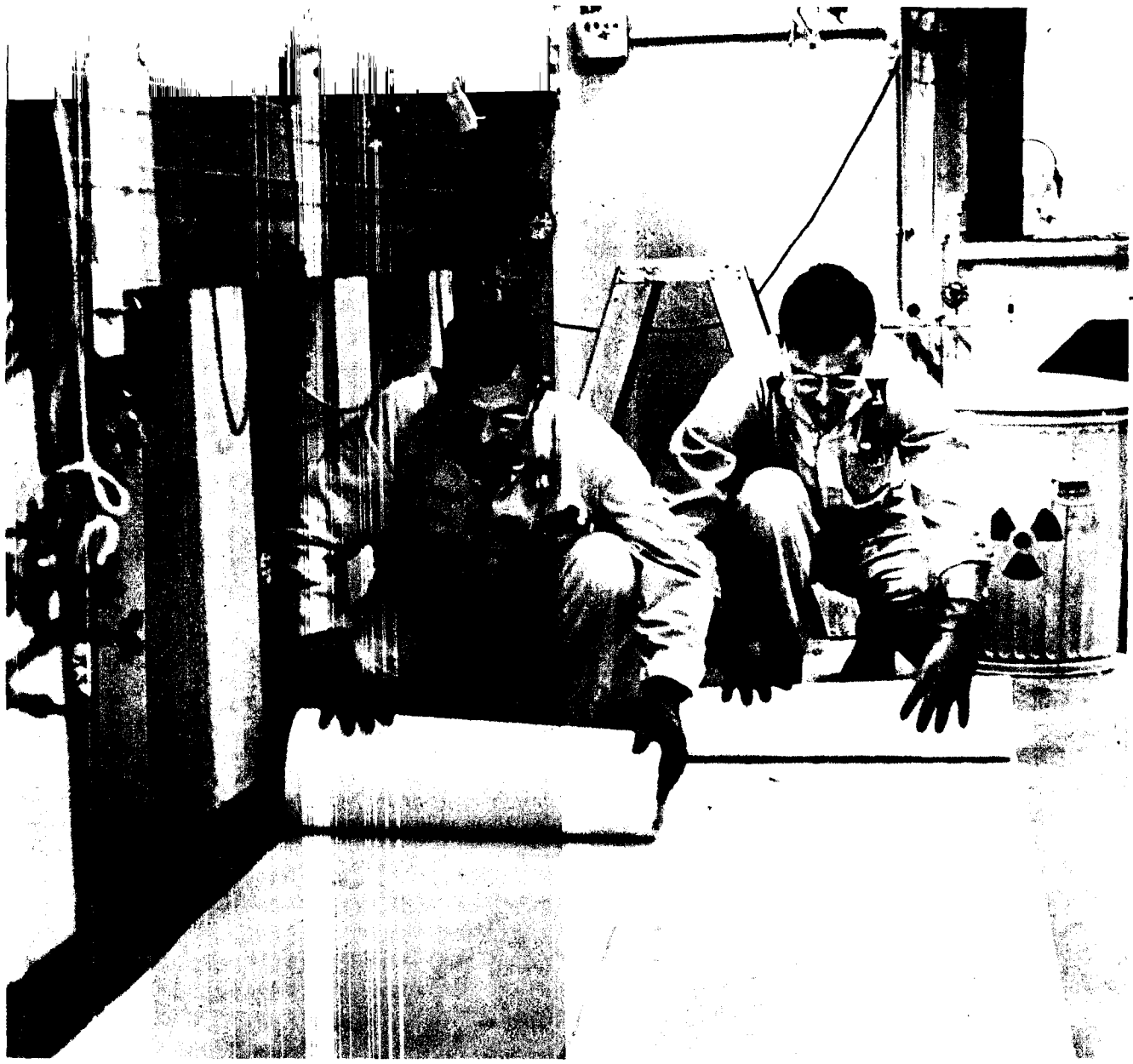

Everything used in the manufacture of isotopes must be checked for possible contamination. Here blotterlike papers which absorb radioactive spills are rolled up before being buried

one, except for the fact that they are the lowest links in the river food chain. They are eaten by small fish and insect larvae, snails and crabs, which are fed on, in turn, by larger fish and wild fowl included in the human diet. The radiophosphorus is transmitted right up the food chain.

"Fortunately," says Dr. Parker, "we found that the concentration was confined to the first step, so that by the time the radiophosphorus gets to whitefish, bass or salmon, the radioactivity is reduced by a good-sized factor."

At present levels of radioactivity, the pile water does not harm river life and there is no danger to man. The AEC estimates a person would have to eat 100 pounds of fish at a sitting to pick up an appreciable dose of radioactivity. And there is another happy safety factor: radiophosphorus is concentrated in uneaten parts of the fish—the bones and scales.

Nevertheless, this discovery of radioactivity was an alarming one also for the salmon industry, which operates a $10,000,000-a-year business on the Columbia and which was understandably concerned about the safety of these fish. To determine what danger, if any, threatens the industry, General Electric maintains a salmon hatchery where the fish are raised in water from the pile. The amount of radioactivity in the water is varied so that its effect on the fish—and possibly their genetics—can be determined.

Although Hanford, as the AEC's plutonium production plant, has by far the largest volume of wastes, every installation which deals with radioisotopes has a similar problem. And that includes hundreds of university and hospital laboratories where experimental work is going on.

Hanford's plutonium is sent to Los Alamos, the forbidden atomic city in New Mexico, where it is made into the explosive element of the atomic bomb and, reportedly, into the trigger of the hydrogen bomb. Although plutonium is so rare and expensive very little of it is thrown away, whatever minute traces do end up as rubbish pose a special problem:

Plutonium is one of the most dangerous substances ever produced by man. It is extremely poisonous. Breathed or swallowed, it homes for the bone marrow where it bombards the sensitive blood-making cells with alpha particles, causing anemia, cancer of the blood or bone cancer. It takes only submicroscopic amounts of plutonium to accomplish this deadly work. But worst of all—from a rubbish-removal point of view—is the fact that plutonium will lose only half its radioactivity during the next 23,000 years.

Consequently the laboratory wastes are subjected to several special processes before the plutonium garbage is buried 20 to 60 feet deep in the ground. There it will be isolated for the next 23,000 years. At least that is the hope; since 23,000 years is considerably longer than man's written history, it is hard to be certain.

Los Alamos is situated in an area with very little rainfall, and it is estimated that it will take a minimum of 100 years for any leached-out plutonium to reach ground water and existing wells. Nevertheless, the AEC is taking no chances: wells in the area are checked every three months; six test borings on the site, from 600 to 1,200 feet deep, are also checked frequently to determine if there is any radioactivity moving through the soil.

A major worry at Los Alamos was Building D, a tremendous wooden laboratory structure known to have been contaminated by evaporation from radioactive materials. Standing, it presented no hazard since plutonium emits alpha particles which can be shielded by a coat of paint. But the building was no longer needed and was in the way; what could be done with it?

It could not be torn down and salvaged because its lumber was contaminated. It could not be burned because that would release the plutonium into the atmosphere. So the old laboratory was painted inside and out and torn down. Each board, all the pipe and laboratory equipment was buried at a remote spot on the mesas.

Plutonium garbage stays radioactive 23,000 years

At Oak Ridge, Tennessee, in the vast silences of the Appalachian Mountains, stand the tremendous gaseous diffusion plants where U235 is made by the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Company, a division of Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation.

Oak Ridge, a 60,000-acre site, also contains the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, which produces most of the country's radioactive isotopes for experimental work.

How Oak Ridge Gets Rid of Its Refuse

Although its waste problem does not compare with Hanford's in volume, Oak Ridge still pours 50,000 gallons of highly active refuse into its underground tanks every week. Another 5,000,000 gallons of less active rubbish also must be disposed of.

Because Oak Ridge is located in a remote region, the disposal of less active wastes is not a major worry; but getting rid of the highly radioactive rubbish is harder. Teams of scientists, headed by Dr. Z. K. Morgan, director of the health physics division of the National Laboratory, believe they have an answer for final disposal of the dangerous, long-lived refuse at Oak Ridge, if not in all other parts of the country.

Two huge pits were bulldozed out of a hillside above White Oak Lake and large amounts of very hot wastes were poured in. The theory was that the radioactive fission products would be trapped by the fine particles of shale underlying the pits; any small amounts of hot stuff that seeped through would be diluted in the waters of the lake.

Test wells were drilled to detect movement of the rubbish through the ground. At the end of two months, only one waste element had penetrated through to one well.

At Hanford, too, scientists are pretty well convinced that disposal into the soil is feasible. Hanford has no lake to dilute its garbage should the wastes seep through the ground, but it is blessed by a lucky accident: the underground water table which could be contaminated lies from 200 to 300 feet under the surface, and, like Los Alamos, Hanford has a light rainfall. Therefore, there is little chance that the fission products will leach through the soil into the ground water.

Meanwhile, most of the rubbish is stored. The only highly radioactive wastes being thrown away are those now sent out to sea to be dumped in very deep water beyond the continental shelf. A federally sponsored committee hopes this system may provide the ultimate solution to the waste-disposal problem. On the other hand, oceanographers, sanitary engineers, marine biologists and marine geologists are already concerned about what will happen when large amounts of radioactivity are thrown into the oceans.

"The sea has the same topography as the land," says Dr. Abel Wolman, of The Johns Hopkins University, a consultant to the AEC and one of the top sanitary engineers in the United States. "Big as it is, it won't accommodate everything we want to throw into it."

How winds, waves and currents will affect the dispersion or concentration of radioactive materials is under very serious study. Dr. Wolman says: "One thing that makes me a little reluctant about using the ocean is the memory of the New York garbage mess—when New York dumped its trash far at sea only to have it drift back to the Jersey beaches. And what about international control of dumping at sea?"

Some sort of international control of sea burial probably will be forthcoming, because just as wastes are increasing in the United States, they must be piling up in other countries. Already Eng-

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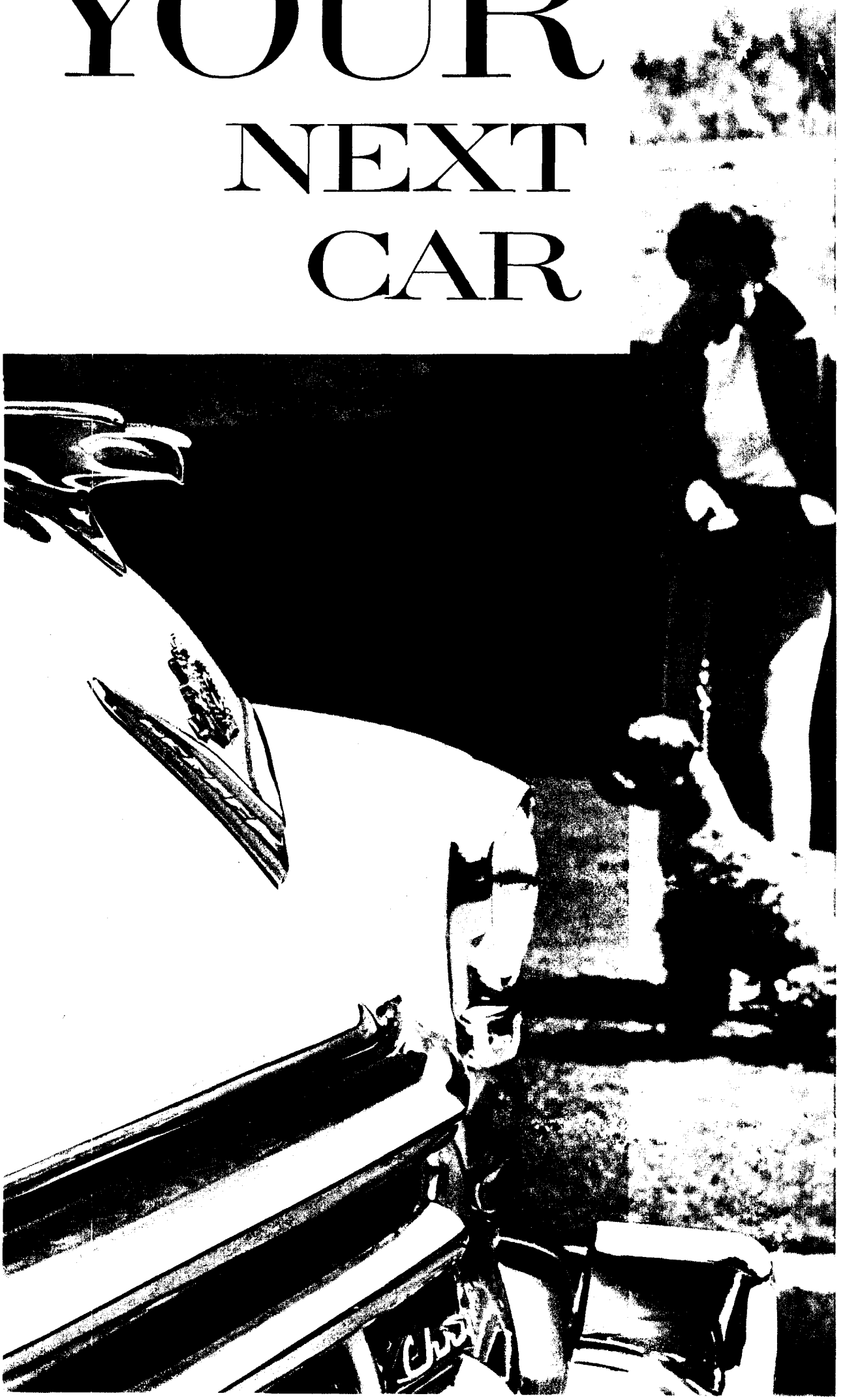

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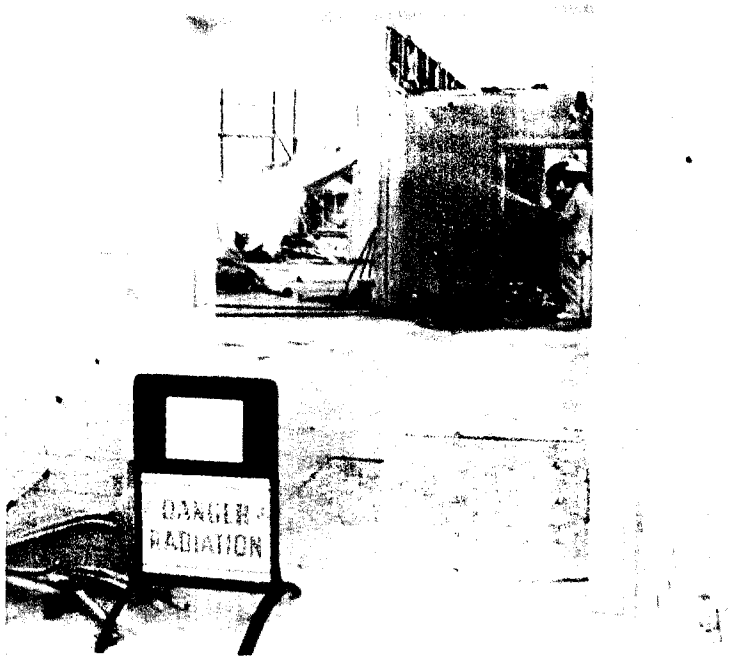

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

Radioactive dust is washed off "hot" lab in Los Alamos, N.M., as building is dismantled

land and Canada are manufacturing atomic weapons; Russia is in production, and Norway and the Netherlands, France, Belgium and a 12-nation pool in Switzerland are either building reactors or already have them. Incidentally, no one seems to know what Russia is doing about her atomic garbage.

Whatever the solution may be—burial in the ground (probably the cheapest method) or dumping at sea—it can't come too soon for the AEC, which is saddled with the expensive burden of atomic disposal. Apparently no one has gathered figures on the overall costs of the garbage handling to date. The commission, which has been doing a heroic job keeping the wastes under control, has been criticized for being overly careful about waste removal and is a little touchy on the subject. The problems are so new and complex, however, that costs are bound to run high.

Evaporating wastes to reduce their volume costs from five to ten cents a gallon at AEC establishments—as compared with normal industrial costs of one tenth of a cent per gallon. One scientist who has been involved in the business for 11 years estimates atomic-garbage disposal runs from "ten cents to one dollar a gallon."

What effect these costs and the entire waste problem will have on the development of the atomic-energy industry now appears to be moot. Some authorities think the increase of refuse will severely hamper the field's growth. Others, like Dr. Parker at Hanford, think the problem can be taken in stride.

"Someday it will be possible to operate a power reactor right in the middle of a large town," he says. "Whenever you needed to, you could remove the fuel for reprocessing—just like sending a part of any machine back to the factory for repair or replacement."

There is still another possibility which is being given serious consideration by the scientists. They feel there may be some means to convert the waste into valuable products. With that in mind, teams of researchers are examining radioactive waste elements. One of plutonium's present wastes—potent cessium 137—may someday replace X rays in industrial use. Radio Corporation of America feels there is a potential for strontium 90 in the manufacture of storage batteries and electricity.

The Stanford Research Institute at Palo Alto, California, foresees the possibility of using radioactive elements mined from the rubbish in the cold sterilization of foods and antibiotics such as penicillin and streptomycin (Collier's, July 4, 1953). Such utilization of fission wastes, however, will depend upon many factors, including the development of new processes and, mostly, on their ultimate cost.

"At the moment," says Shaw, AEC's Hanford manager, "we do not know if any of this radioactive stuff is worth the price of recovery—it would be a tremendous chemical job. We once had the most valuable deposits of uranium in the world in our tanks. To recover the precious stuff, we put in a plant which cost $50,000,000 in capital outlay alone. A plant to retrieve any other radioactive element would probably cost as much.

"But to say the stuff is worthless is to judge it only by today's standards. Who would have thought uranium was worth anything fifty years ago—when it was only good for staining glass in cathedral windows?"

Suggestions are already being made about what to do with the wastes. One intriguing plan has been offered by military men who believe that in time of war the hot rubbish could be spread in front of a defense position, thereby creating a radioactive "Maginot line." Any enemy troops that crossed it would face certain death.

Hazards of "Hot" Garbage Disposal

Others see the rubbish as a potential boon to mankind. Until the day radioactive wastes can be turned into useful products, however, the atomic-disposal problem will be very much with us, and industry is going to have to be mighty careful in handling its "hot" garbage. "If you run a sloppy outfit," says Hanford's AEC safety director Vincent R. Holmquist, "you'd better not have anything to do with radioactivity. It would be easy to ruin your whole plant if the proper precautions were not observed."

Recently an evaporator in the Hanford chemical separation plant broke down and had to be replaced. The evaporator was so hot that no one could venture closer to it than 600 feet; even at that distance, workmen were limited to a half hour on the job. What to do with the 15-ton piece of equipment?

The solution was involved, difficult and typical of the problems facing the atomic-energy industry. Working from behind a heavy shield of concrete, a crane, equipped with remote-control tools, detached the evaporator and deposited it in a heavy, specially built coffin which had been shunted into the plant on a flatcar.

The next steps called for the precise planning and carefully rehearsed teamwork of a military operation. A hole 40 feet long and 20 feet deep was dug near a railroad siding more than a mile away from the nearest plant. A concrete pad was poured at the pit head and a ramp of earth built, sloping to the bottom of the hole. The coffin was hauled on its car to the pit by a locomotive which was separated from the hotbox by 10 flatcars—to protect the engineer from radioactivity.

Then the second phase of the operation was put into effect. As the locomotive approached, a bulldozer hooked a cable attached to the evaporator's coffin and backed away at right angles from the track. An observer watched the movement of the train through binoculars; when the evaporator was exactly opposite the pit head, he signaled the engineer to stop.

The bulldozer, 1,000 feet away now, slowly tightened up on the cable. The box slid off the flatcar, bounced on the concrete pad and eased slowly down the ramp into the pit. From a protected location, a crane operator began covering the coffin.

The burial was finished the next day, and another piece of radioactive junk had been disposed of. The job, which had been performed like some bizarre ballet, had taken six men five days from planning stage to completion.

This is the picture of atomic-refuse removal in 1954. How long will it remain that way?

A chemical engineer at Oak Ridge ventures this opinion: "In the long run, I don't think we'll have a rubbish problem as such—although the dilemma of shielding and contamination will always be with us. Today's wastes could be the main products tomorrow—say ten years from now. Remember, this is a very new industry."

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

Constant checks are made of small fish and microscopic life in the Columbia River to make certain that they have not been affected by radioactivity from the Hanford plutonium plant

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PARROTS Are

Roman romancers greet pretty girls with praise and pinches.

Roman Romeo ("parrot") warms to his work as attractive girls pass sidewalk café

Rome

IF YOU ask an American to name the most sinful city in Europe, chances are he'll say, "Paris." He might be right, but when it comes to *public* naughtiness, I believe Rome has it over any other city on the Continent. Perhaps it's that the Romans have been at it longer.

Whatever the reason, reports have filtered back to the United States that girls in Rome were being stopped on the streets, pinched on buses and streetcars and arrested for kissing in public. Since so many young American daughters planned to visit the Eternal City this year it was only natural that the editors of a great national American magazine should be concerned. I was therefore asked to go to Rome and investigate. I was told money was no object so long as I got the facts.

I spent two weeks researching. I talked to girls who had been pinched, the boys who had pinched the girls, and the policemen who had pinched, or arrested, the boys. I rode hundreds of miles on streetcars and buses, motor scooters and bicycles, observing and doing, and although my wife hasn't talked to me since, I feel now I know the *real* Rome —the Rome that is not in the guidebooks.

The most popular outdoor sport in Rome is *pappagallismo.* The men who participate are called *I Pappagalli della Strada,* or The Parrots of the Street. The parrots of Rome differ from the wolves of most other countries in that they talk to pretty girls instead of whistling at them. The Italian man, when he sees a beautiful woman, cannot refrain from complimenting her. He will tell her she is as beautiful as a movie theater, or as lovely as an Alfa Romeo automobile; he will compliment her on having had parents with the good sense to see that she was born, and he will regret that he is not a cobblestone so the girl could walk on him.

The lawyer, the doctor, the aristocrat, the workingman, the schoolboy . . . all qualify as *pappagalli.*

The technique, like the cast of characters, varies widely. One type of parrot will walk at a woman's side, sometimes for miles, whispering beautiful words into her ear, often praising her attributes in great detail. Another type may prefer to tramp along behind the woman, reciting his litanies and phrases of adoration aloud. Women are also followed by men driving cars or motor scooters, the modern Italian version of the Roman chariot. Such men are prevented by circumstances from whispering; they must shout their praise, in order to be heard over the roar of the engine.

Miss Gianna Segale, a very pretty young Italian actress, said: "Recently a man got out of his car and started to follow me. He told me he was in love with me, and by the time we had walked seven blocks he proposed marriage. He followed me all the way home and when he saw my mother he asked her for my hand in marriage. The next day I received a beautiful bouquet of flowers. That night he came to the house, but I wasn't home. My mother let him in—and he proposed marriage to *her.*"

Another Italian girl told me she was shopping one morning around nine thirty and a very nice Italian man complimented her and invited her to have a cup of coffee. She accepted because he looked pleasant and respectable. He said he was a law clerk and she asked him, "But don't you have to get to work?"

He replied: "If I said I was sick they would probably fire me, but if I say I stopped to have coffee with a beautiful girl, they will understand."

When a Parrot Becomes Obnoxious

Generally a parrot will give up the pursuit when a woman pays no attention. If the man gets too fresh, she can usually get rid of him by turning on him and shouting; he'll flee before the police arrive (in Italy, as in most other countries, the woman in such an incident always gets the benefit of any doubt). But most of the women I spoke to in Rome said they're pleased, rather than annoyed, by the *pappagalli.*

CARTOONS BY MARTHA BLANCHARD

Author demonstrates parrots' streetcar technique. Girl now has two choices: smile prettily, or haul off and wallop him

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Wolves in Rome

But no kissing. That's illegal . . . By ART BUCHWALD

Lois Maxwell, the American movie actress who has been living in Rome since 1949, said: "It's great for a woman's ego when she is complimented by a stranger; but Rome spoils a woman for the northern countries. England is terribly dull; a man might walk two blocks before he turns around and looks at you."

Some parrots like to yell at girls who are driving cars. Miss Maxwell reports when she stops her car for a red light she hears many flattering remarks. One day I rode with her and a curbstone admirer shouted, "Oh, if I could only be your chauffeur, I would drive you—I would drive you mad!"

Pappagallismo in Italy is not a fad but a tradition. No one knows when it started, but Dante wrote in 1300:

"So gentle and so honest appears
My woman when someone salutes her
That her mouth's trembling becomes dumb
And the eyes do not dare to look."

The eyes of modern Italian women apparently are more daring. They look. A young doctor I know gave me some instruction in *pappagallismo,* and followed with a demonstration.

"You must use imagination," he said. "Watch me. You see the pretty girl coming down the street. First I pass her without saying anything. Now, quick, we must cross the street and walk fast."

The doctor rushed across the street, walked swiftly, and then recrossed and started up the other side so he would meet the girl again. As she approached he stopped in surprise and said, "But hello! It's so nice to see you again."

The girl looked puzzled. She had seen him before and was trying to remember where. The doctor finally admitted he had mistaken her for someone else, but he was not sorry, because this other girl could not compare in beauty with the present young lady, and even if he had made a mistake it was a fortunate one. He asked her to have coffee with him. She refused with a warm smile; she had to go home, she said.

The doctor was not discouraged. He told me, "The next time I see her she will have coffee with me. She knows I am not a bad sort. Most Italian men are too impatient. If you are patient all good things will come to you."

An American Secretary's Warning

Sue Graham, an American secretary working in Rome, said the *pappagalli* do not distinguish between Italian girls and foreigners.

"The trouble is that if you are accosted by one Italian man and you ask the help of other Italian men in shaking him, you then have trouble getting rid of your rescuers."

Pappagallismo is not a serious police problem; a policeman will interfere only if a woman complains to him. If an Italian man wishes to flatter a woman on the streets, it is felt, there is no reason for the law to butt in. It makes the man feel better, it makes the woman feel better and it certainly makes life more interesting.

Next to *pappagallismo,* the most popular sport in Italy is the *mano morta* or dead hand—the gentle Italian art of pinching. Most *mano morta* takes place on the streetcars and buses, particularly during the crowded rush hours. The method was explained to me by Jean Giovoni, an airline public-relations girl.

"You are riding a crowded bus and you have to stand. Suddenly there's something—a hand or a brief case? So you hold on to the strap with one hand and try to push aside the brief case with the other. But it is not a brief case. So you look around and try to discover who it is. The faces are noncommittal, and you don't have many choices of action. You can slap the face of the man nearest you, but he may be the wrong one. You can make a scene, but it is doubtful that the other passengers will do any more than laugh. Or you can get off the bus, which can get very expensive after a while. So you just shrug your shoulders and stay where you are."

My bachelor doctor friend also considers himself an expert on *mano morta.* "You must look very nonchalant," he said, "even bored, if possible. You wait until the trolley goes over a bump or stops abruptly. Then you pinch—gently. If the woman protests, you can reply, 'I was not pinching you, I was trying to steal your pocketbook.' This will make the other passengers laugh and they will be on your side."

Are American girls in danger of being pinched?

"No," said the doctor, "American girls rarely ride the buses or streetcars and besides the majority of them are too thin."

The police report that one of the favorite ruses of

Captive audience. Boys politely detain girl who wouldn't listen to their honeyed words

Girl in this candid shot crossed the street to avoid motorized masher, but he merely drove up wrong side

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Roman pickpockets is to use a pretty girl on a bus as a decoy. While a man is pinching the girl the pickpocket is pinching the Romeo's pockets. Men who complain to the police that they have been robbed in such a manner rarely get much sympathy.

In discussing the pinching procedure with one of the Via Veneto café parrots, I was told, "It's silly to write about pinching in Rome. You'll give the people the wrong idea. We Romans don't go around pinching girls. Maybe perhaps we pinch a little in the spring, but that is only because we're happy with the sun and the warm weather. Women have been covered with heavy clothes all winter and suddenly you see them in summer dresses, beautiful and fresh, and then perhaps you just want to give them a little pinch. But it is not because we are bad. We feel good and this is the only way we can show it."

She Who Gets Pinched Can Sue

Pinching, like *pappagallismo,* has been going on for a long time in Rome and probably will continue to thrive as long as there is standing room on the buses and streetcars. Of course, there are certain legal restrictions. They were explained to me by Carlo Rimini, one of Rome's leading lawyers.

"The Law of Public Security of June 18, 1931," he told me, "says that it is forbidden to molest a person in a public place or in a place open to the public. For example, if a woman is followed insistently by a man who speaks to her, in spite of the fact that she has repeatedly expressed her will not to be molested, that man can be considered a troublesome, importunate person and a violator of the law.

"If a man addresses himself to a woman who passes by, using an expression which—even if containing appreciation for her beauty—rouses her resentment, the man could be prosecuted at the woman's instance."

And, Mr. Rimini said, it is a crime to force a woman to be kissed in public. "Naturally, it is a crime to insult a woman in public—and a simple kiss given in public, when this has been given suddenly and against any expectation of the woman, is considered by some courts as an insult."

But the law that irritates both the young men and young women of Rome is a law against kissing even if both parties are in consent. This law has also been on the books since 1931, and although the Fascist regime was tough about it, enforcement was relaxed just after the war and up until 1949.

Then the Christian Democrat party started to enforce it again and thousands of young lovers have been fined for kissing.

A special squad of police called the Good Custom Squad is charged with preventing outward displays of emotion in the city's parks and along the streets and highways. If a man and woman are caught kissing, they are given a ticket and fined 300 lire (48 cents) on the spot. Originally the fine was 1,500 lire each and the tickets were sent to the lovers' parents. But there were so many protests and the courts were so jammed that the new method and lower fine were substituted.

Many young people are still bitter about the law, though. "What do they want us to do?" one youthful bachelor asked. "We aren't murdering anybody. Bad women can walk around Rome without being molested, but a good girl who is caught kissing her boy friend in the park is embarrassed and humiliated."

Of course the law has not stopped necking in Rome; it has just made the youngsters more careful about picking a place. One of the favorite spots is the historic Appian Way. Every night the sides of the road are crowded for miles with automobiles. The police try to patrol the Way, but with little success. As soon as one car spots the cops, the driver starts honking his horn in warning. Other cars pass the signal along, and the whole Appian Way becomes a bedlam. But no one gets fined.

My young doctor friend said he knew all about the law and had even been fined twice himself. "But I finally found the solution," he said proudly. "The only place where you can safely kiss a woman in public in Rome is the railroad station. The cops assume you are saying good-by to someone and even the Italian police would not prevent you from kissing a dearly loved one good-by. So I take all my girls to the railroad station. I find a nice warm bench and nobody bothers me. We could sit there all night and no one would say anything. But if we walk out of the railroad station and I so much as have my arm around the girl's shoulder, immediately we get a fine."

Americans are not safe from the law either.

A young American girl I know was walking one night near the Colosseum with her American boy friend and just before they reached the Temple of the Vestal Virgins they kissed each other. An arm came out of nowhere with a policeman at the other end, and tapped the boy on the shoulder. The cop said in Italian that kissing was forbidden and asked them both to come down to the police station. The girl started to cry and the boy protested in English that in America kissing was legal, in France kissing was legal, even in Russia (he wasn't sure here, but he took a chance) kissing was legal. Why, the boy demanded, was kissing not legal in Italy? The policeman was young and the argument was strong so he finally let them go with some vague advice about *"sempre coperta"* ("always undercover") and walked down the path.

Is it safe for an American girl to come to Rome? Of course it is. And exciting, too. Roman men mean no harm, and there are few places in the world where a woman will get as much attention as she will in the Eternal City.

A Smith College Girl's Error

But a word of warning. Do not be guilty of the error a young lady from Smith College committed last spring. She accepted the kind offer of a young Italian man to show her through one of the art galleries. The Italian spoke no English and the girl no Italian, so as they went from painting to painting the Smith girl kept saying in her best French, *"Très bon, très bon. C'est magnifique."*

After a while, however, the man asked her a question very remote from the subject of art. The girl, thinking he was still talking about the paintings, again said in French, "Very good, very good. Magnificent."

A policeman not far away heard her scream and came running. But when they got down to the police station and the man explained his side of the story, the police chief laughed and dismissed the case.

"In Rome, my child," the police chief said, "you must be very careful when you say, *'Très bon' . . .*" ▲▲▲

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She was a ravishing redhead—and an oil millionairess to boot. Dear George just couldn't let the competition cash in on a valuable property like that

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 24, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Savoy-Plaza
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, do you perchance have access to a surrey with the fringe on top? If not, hire a speedy model with all haste, because we have a sudden emergency in the glorious Southwest—to be specific, Oklahoma. I would like for you to head down that way at once and, if possible, in a surrey with fairly strong springs, because the fact is that you will need to take quite a bit of dynamite.

In other words, to business. Do you remember Flame Dawn? How could you forget her? Twelve or fifteen years ago that luscious redhead was the hottest item on this or any other Hollywood campus; Flame was the nation's heartbeat before Marilyn Monroe even knew how to read the date on a calendar. And then, as you know, right at the height of her career she suddenly lost her head, married that Bob Morley from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and left Hollywood with him, headed in an easterly direction.

Well, none of us of course thought anything of it at the time. With our customary idealism, we felt that the heat of the romance was generated entirely by the fact that young Mr. Morley had just inherited practically all the oil wells in Oklahoma; and we naturally assumed that Flame would shortly be back, a large sack of oil wells over each shoulder.

Which turned out to be a wrong assumption. Flame Dawn was evidently really in love with this Bob Morley, because from that day to this she has stayed right there in Tulsa, raised two reportedly splendid children, and in general became a pillar of the community. That girl was gone.

Then, one night last month, there was a large two-headed party thrown out here by our beloved boss, Mr. Lou Bentley. It was quite a historic gathering, because who suddenly knocked at the door but Flame and Bob, on their way home to Tulsa from Honolulu. She was welcomed by all with wild cries; she looked absolutely wonderful, I must say, and even among the night's honeypot of today's stars and starlets she was immediately the complete center of attention, all the able-bodied males in the room trampling one another to get near enough to give her the big hello. Finally Mr. Bentley and I managed to fight our way through the crowd to her side, and in the excitement of the moment I contrived to make one of the most ill-advised remarks of all time.

"Flame," I cried, crushing her to my bosom, "look how everybody still loves you! You must come back to us and make at least one picture, so all your fans can see you . . ."

At the time, George, so help me, all I had in mind was to be pleasant. Just to make her feel good. Well, from now on I am abandoning the friendly word business. Just call me Surly Sam.

Because what do you think that woman did? She went right back to Tulsa; and without saying boo to us, one of the networks has suddenly announced that the great Flame Dawn is to star in a new television program—to emanate right from her home in Tulsa, and with no profit or even public credit to us whatever.

And that's not the half of it. Since she's got all the money in the world, and is just doing it as a sop to her infernal vanity, she has added injury to insult by grandly hiring away from us all her old crew, which means practically every top technical hand in this place: Joe Crain, our best cameraman; Al Neff, our best light man; Art Bristol to do her make-up; even Lily Lake to design her fool costumes. She's taken the whole kaboodle. Plus Wallace Ward, who directed all her big pictures. Just because we weren't paying them at the moment, due to the miseries of all this 3-D and wide-screen change-over, they all rushed off to the wilds of Tulsa the minute she waved the checkbook. There's gratitude for you.

Well, for your information, we don't intend to put up with it. If Hollywood loses all its top experienced technical men to television, this movie business will be as dead as a planked mongoose. Without our technical ability, we might even get arrested for wasting film. We've at least always known how to light and photograph these little nursery tales and other horror stories we've made. If we lose that, we're done.

In particular, *I'm* done. Because Bentley naturally blames me for the whole debacle.

"If you'd just kept your big mouth shut," he says, "this whole situation wouldn't have arisen." Which, let's face it, it wouldn't have —at least not all at once like this.

He's also made other remarks, which I won't include since this letter might be delivered by a sensitive postman.

The point is that, between making cracks, he has been looking at me like something that he could maybe do without. I've known home-owning spaniels that weren't in the doghouse as completely as I am at the moment.

Well, if I can help it I don't plan to be the fall guy on this. I'm not going to lose a reasonably good job just for making one friendly remark.

I am, in other words, going to bite the hand that bit me, if you can stand one of those lines that Sam Goldwyn's press agents think up for him. I am going to see to it, in brief, that this great TV show of Miss Flame Dawn's is one of the flops of all time. It is going to flop so badly that she will forget the whole idea, and send all those people of ours back here in great haste.

So get down there to Tulsa at once, and start throwing sand in that girl's gears.

Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THANKS A LOT, BUT I HAVE NO INTEREST IN OKLAHOMA'S OIL. I DON'T OWN A CAR, I'M NOT COLD AND I DON'T SQUEAK. REGARDS.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK NY

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RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NOW DICK, DON'T GET UPSET. I'M ALWAYS READY TO CO-OPERATE, BUT THEY HAVE LAWS AGAINST SABOTAGE IN OKLAHOMA. THEY ALSO HAVE GUNS. SURELY THERE IS SOME OTHER APPROACH TO THIS.
GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL SAVOY-PLAZA
NEW YORK NY

GEORGE, YOU CAN GET DOWN THERE, PLANT THE FUSE AND BE BACK IN NEW YORK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, BEFORE THEY CAN LAY A HAND ON YOU. A CHILD COULD DO IT. SO DON'T SEND ME ANY MORE WITTY WIRES. I DON'T EVEN WANT ANOTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

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WIRE SAYING YOU'RE GOING. JUST GO. RICHARD L. REED

HOTEL TULSA
Tulsa, Oklahoma
July 26, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed:

Yes, sir. By letter, sir, I announce that I am here.

And just as I thought, the whole trip has been a complete waste of the firm's money. I got in here a little after eight this morning, I have had ample time to case the situation, and this is one that we just can't do. We could do it, but we can't.

As you so love to say, let's start at the beginning. Because, Richard, on this one you just haven't got all the facts.

You of course know that I have known Flame Dawn since the day when I helped buckle her into her first white-fur bathing suit, back in the days when she was still a very small piece of movie cheesecake. She's a fine girl; and it's no fault of hers that the Lord made her beautiful. So when I got to town and called her this morning, I wasted no time in picayune palaver.

"Flame, honey," I said, "this is Uncle George; what is this TV nonsense all about?"

"Oh, George," she said, "how wonderful to hear your voice. Where are you?"

And in a matter of minutes I was cabbing out through Tulsa's surprisingly lush South Side, the houses getting bigger and bigger as I went; and then we pulled up to the biggest house of all, a sort of junior ranch, and I was at the residence of the Bob Morleys. Some layout. Lawns, fields, paddocks, horses and cows, and the main house seemingly under the impression that it was the Waldorf-Astoria. A uniformed maid met me at the door, and I said that I was Mr. George Seibert, that I had room 923, and would she please send up some ice.

And then Flame came flying in, like a redheaded bonbon, and we fell into each other's arms. Dick, I like that woman.

Then Bob came in, and as you know, he's just the nicest guy you ever met. Tall and lean and in some need of a haircut—what a heck of a nice guy.

And we went into one of their many living rooms and sat down, and in fifteen minutes I had this whole situation in hand. Not the solution, just the situation.

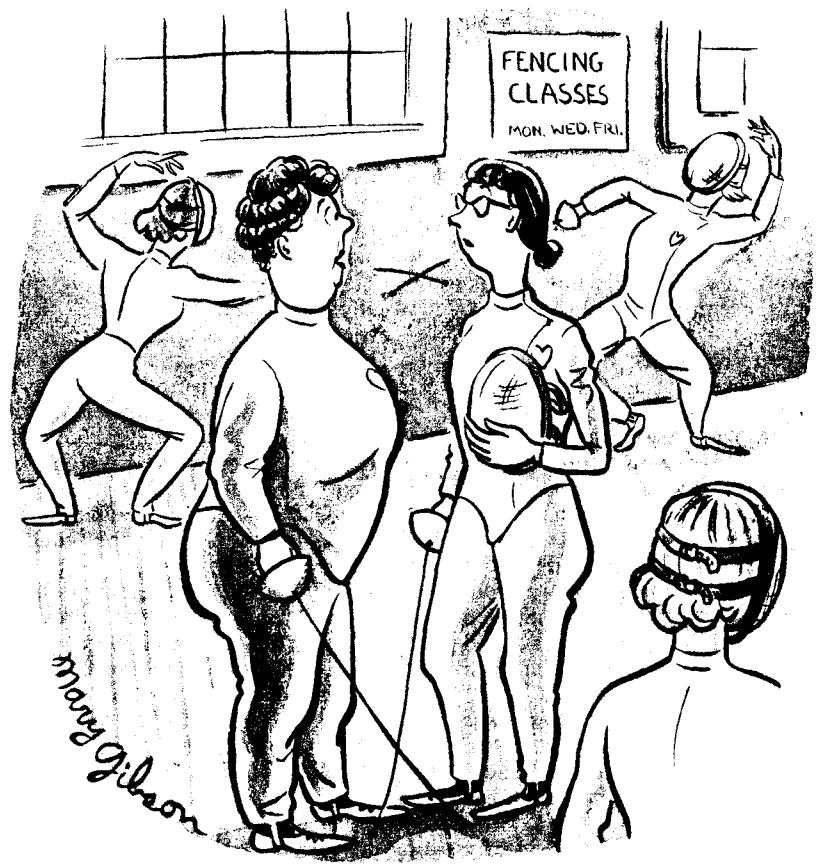
Because, Dick, there's just no solution to this one, at least not for us. This is strictly a family affair, and as anyone knows, you mess into anything like that at your own peril. Which is as it should be. Families have enough trouble, without outsiders clashing the gears.

Just as I thought, Flame hasn't double-crossed anybody. All she's trying to do is to get even with her own children.

I've heard about this same problem lately from other happily retired lady movie stars. Suddenly all their old movies start being shown on television; and they say to the children with a mixture of shock and pride, "That's Mommy, dears. That's Mommy when she was a movie star."

And what usually happens certainly happened to Flame. All the kids said was, "Anhhh." It is very hard to impress children, particularly your own. Flame's kids, Jack and Button, eleven and eight, would have none of this nonsense. "Sure you were a movie star," they said. "So was Lucille Ball, but she's also a television star. And what's more, Johnny's uncle's got her autograph!"

Well, you can naturally take only so much off your children. Much as you love the little heathens, even a mother has some pride. And as picture after picture of Flame's came back on television—to haunt her with Jack and Button and their little leaky-nosed friends saying, "Couldn't we please turn it to Lucille Ball?"—Flame gradually began to get a little irked. And though she knew it was foolish, she finally decided that she would have to show the little



COLLIER'S **"It's so important for a woman to have some means of self-defense"** MARY GIBSON

demons that Mama was still in business. She would star in her own television program, and she would do it right from their own home, with the little dears not only looking on but participating, so that there would henceforth be no question as to what was what and who was who around here. Think that Mama was a has-been, would they?

The fact thus being that when Flame saw you at that party in Hollywood, her plans were already well under way. Not being an idiot, she hadn't just called the nearest network to announce that she'd changed her name to Barkis and was now willing. She'd had sense enough to know that anything worth doing takes a little work. So she'd first called up the writer of her best pictures. Geoffrey Tweed, had him hire the best TV writer available, and the two of them had flown to Tulsa and worked with her for two months on the idea for the program. A family-situation comedy, but a brand-new and completely different one—one that would show people the somewhat more solid family life that goes on in the heartland of this country. Bob also has a huge cow ranch up at Bartlesville, so the program will be Bob and Flame and the kids not only playing hide-and-seek among the oil wells, but also mixed up in the cowboy and cow business, giving the program all sorts of good stuff to interest kids young and old.

Bob, oddly enough, is all for it. If she wants to do it, he says, it's fine with him.

Oh—I haven't told you why Flame hired away all your stable of technical geniuses. After the program was all set and they were just about ready to go, she woke up one morning, thought of what she was about to undertake, and was suddenly scared pea-green. What would all her old fans think of her? How would she look? A little of that, and the ice water suddenly ran through her veins.

And that's when she called up Hollywood in great haste, with money no object, and hired all her old crew. They'd always made her look wonderful, and with them around she could get her confidence back.

And, Dick, she's promised to return the whole bunch of them just as soon as this TV show of hers is a success. And in the meantime I think you'll agree that there's absolutely nothing that we can or should do about it. Doing anything to spoil this deal would be meaner than putting itch powder on the Venus de Milo.

And I know you wouldn't want to do that.

Best,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TULSA
TULSA OKLA

MAY I WISH YOU EVERY SUCCESS IN YOUR NEW CAREER AS A MARRIAGE COUNSELOR. HOW TOUCHING. BUT MAY I REMIND YOU THAT I AM A NEEDY CASE TOO. AND I AM ABOUT TO GET CANNED OUT HERE LIKE A QUART OF BOB MORLEY'S OWN OIL. ALSO, THERE'S NO SURETY AT ALL THAT WE'D GET THOSE PEOPLE BACK. ONCE OUT IN THE FREE WORLD THEY MIGHT FIND THEY DON'T NEED US. ALSO, IF THEY SHOW THOSE TV LUNKHEADS A COUPLE MORE ELEMENTARY TRICKS, SUCH AS HOW TO LIGHT A SCENE WITHOUT WASHING OUT ALL THE ACTORS' FACES, WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY. SO IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM YOUR LOVELORN COLUMN, PICK UP THE SLEDGE HAMMER AND WHALE AWAY. OUR TULSA OBJECTIVE REMAINS THE SAME—HIDEOUS SKULDUGGERY. I WANT EVERYTHING POSSIBLE DONE TO AID THOSE PEOPLE TO COMPLETE FAILURE. IF YOU CAN'T SEE YOUR WAY CLEAR TO THAT COURSE OF ACTION, LET ME KNOW AND I'LL SEND ANOTHER BOY.

RICHARD L. REED

HOTEL TULSA
Tulsa, Oklahoma
July 29, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, sir, let me be the first to admit that for once you were right. Believe me, you don't have to worry any more about this one. I'm going to clobber this Flame dame's plans. How could I ever have liked that girl? What a mean woman. Whew.

What do you think that director, Wallace Ward, has done? Not being used to the folksy ways of television, he would have none of Flame's idea of having her own children play themselves on the program; and he's now tested them, found them wanting, and canned them. "I'm sorry," he said to Flame, "but they just won't do. They don't *look* like your children, in the first place, and they can't act at all—why, they act like *children*." And he shunted them rudely aside and dispatched a fast wire to New York for two pro kids to play the roles.

Leaving poor little Jack and Button standing most woebegone in a far corner of the proceedings. We don't *look* like Mama's children? their tearful little eyes say. Actually, of course, this is better than not looking like Papa's children, but this is a distinction too fine for them to comprehend as yet. All they know is that something pretty haywire is happening around here, and they don't like it.

And Flame, their own mother, is letting Wallace Ward get by with it. Boy, when you get a whiff of that fame dust, all else goes out the window. Flame looks unhappy about it, but she's still letting Wallace Ward do it. To her own children.

But what's worse is Bob's attitude. How I could have liked that guy I can't imagine. He seems just tickled to pieces. He just walks around with a sappy smile on his face and says, "If it's okay with her, it's okay with me."

Well, it isn't okay with *me*. This is basically a nice family, Jack and Button are two fine little kids, and if nobody else around here will protect their interests, I will. Starting tomorrow morning, I intend to pull the cork on that woman's bath water.

In fact, I have already started. I have quietly told Joe Crain that Al Neff is trying to get him fired, and quietly told Al that Joe is trying to get him fired, and quietly told Art Bristol that they're both trying to get him fired; and I've quietly told Lily Lake that she ought to get more rest, because Wallace Ward has been saying that she looked like an old hag. And I'm going

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to spend the night thinking up something to quietly tell Bob in the morning. Also, I have a feeling that some of these cameras and lights around here are apt to start breaking down. Some of them sure look weak to me. Actually, that whole power line into the place looks a little weak. They may end up having to try to make these films by candlelight.

At any rate, don't give this one another thought. Because Miss Flame Dawn's TV career is about to breathe its last. As ever.

George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL TULSA
TULSA OKLA

HEAVENLY DAYS, QUICK. STOP ALL SHENANIGAN ACTIVITY AT ONCE. DO NOTHING TO IMPEDE THAT SPLENDID PROJECT. HAVE JUST LEARNED OF SHATTERING COMPLICATION. DON'T EVEN GET OUT OF BED TILL YOU GET AIR-MAIL SPECIAL NOW ON WAY. WHEW. DICK

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

July 30, 1954
Air-Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative,
Federal Pictures
Hotel Tulsa
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Dear George:

Boy, how glad I am that I caught you before you'd done anything drastic.

George, this whole world would be so simple if it weren't for a few basic problems, such as how to deal with poor people and how to deal with rich people. I sometimes think it's even more troublesome to try to deal with rich people. They have so many wheels within wheels. You try to do some rich person a simple little dirty trick, and it invariably turns out that his uncle owns the gas company and you end up having to cook your own goose in the fireplace.

In other words, when I went into Mr. Bentley's office this morning and intimated that I had figured out a way to disconnect Flame's aerial and get our technical hands back, I barely escaped with my life. It seems that this Bob Morley has an older brother named Tom, who owns even more oil wells than Bob; and the hideous fact is that Tom has recently bought the controlling interest in Interstate Theaters, and now owns not only all the theaters in Louisiana but practically all the theaters in the original Louisiana Purchase. And at this very instant Bentley is hip-deep in a vast deal to get Interstate to install our variety of wide screens and special projectors in around four thousand of their theaters. If I had done anything to anger the Morley clan and upset this monumental coup, my permanent address would henceforth have been the nearest graveyard. Whew.

Anyway, whatever you do, don't do anything further at the moment. We'll have to think up a completely new approach. Hasty regards,

Dick

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WHY, OF COURSE I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT TOM MORLEY. HE'S THE KEY TO THIS WHOLE PROBLEM. LEAVING AT ONCE FOR NEW ORLEANS TO SEE HIM. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR LITTLE WIDE-SCREEN DEAL. WHEN I GET THROUGH THEY WILL INSTALL AT LEAST A DOZEN IN EACH THEATER. THEY WILL PROBABLY EVEN INSTALL WIDE SCREENS AT THE DOORS OF THE RESTROOMS. THEY WILL BE SO GRATEFUL TO UNCLE GEORGE.

GEORGE

MR. TOM MORLEY
INTERSTATE THEATERS INC
NEW ORLEANS LA

QUICK, SIR. ONE OF OUR MOST TRUSTED EMPLOYEES, A MAN NAMED GEORGE SEIBERT, HAS SUFFERED UNFORTUNATE NERVOUS ATTACK FROM OVERWORK. NO, THAT'S RIDICULOUS. ANYWAY, HE'S SUFFERED AN UNFORTUNATE NERVOUS ATTACK FROM SOMETHING, AND IS ON HIS WAY TO SEE YOU WITH SOME SORT OF FANCIFUL TALE. SEIBERT IS NOT DANGEROUS, SO TREAT HIM KINDLY. THE MINUTE HE ARRIVES HAVE FOUR OR FIVE LARGE MEN JUMP ON HIM AND PIN HIM TO THE FLOOR LIKE A PAJAMA PATTERN AND THEN CALL ME.

RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

COLLIER'S

"I had that for lunch downtown today. It'll give me a chance to compare"

HERB WILLIAMS

MR. RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, MR. REED. YOUR MR. SEIBERT DID CALL ON ME THIS MORNING, BUT IT WAS JUST IN REGARD TO A LITTLE FAMILY MATTER. AND HE WAS MOST HELPFUL. BY THE WAY, ASK BENTLEY HOW SOON WE CAN GET THOSE PROJECTORS AND SCREENS. AFTER TALKING TO MR. SEIBERT I THINK WE'LL WANT A FEW EXTRA ONES. FOR MAYBE A COUPLE HUNDRED MORE THEATERS. AROUND A COUPLE HUNDRED. I'LL WRITE BENTLEY ABOUT IT. JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS NO TROUBLE HERE. REGARDS.

TOM MORLEY

MR. RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YES, RICHARD, WHATEVER DID YOU MEAN BY THAT CRAZY WIRE TO MORLEY? BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT; HE UNDERSTOOD PERFECTLY AS SOON AS I TOLD HIM ABOUT ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING. THE BAD GALL BLADDER AND ALL. ANYWAY, EVERYTHING IN LOUISIANA AND OKLAHOMA JUST FINE, AS YOU'LL DISCOVER IN AIR-MAIL LETTER PRACTICALLY ON WAY. LOVE.

GEORGE

HOTEL TULSA
Tulsa, Oklahoma

August 1, 1954
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

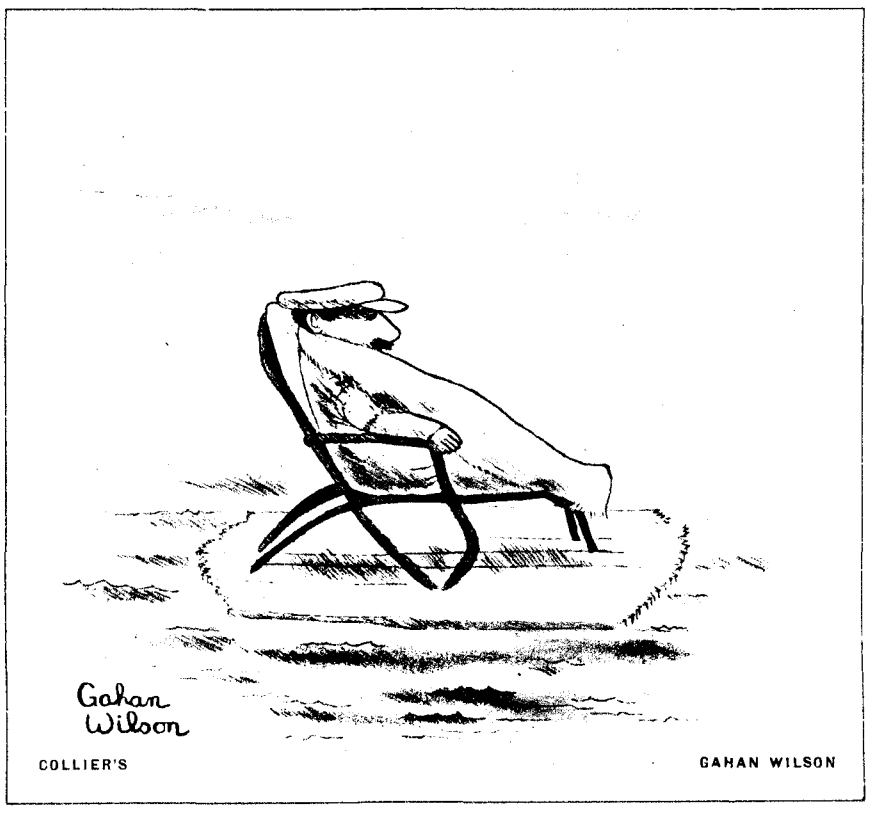
Dear Dick:

Dick, what an amazing interview that turned out to be yesterday morning with Mr. Morley. The reason I went to see him, of course, was simple. The instant you mentioned him, my filing-cabinet mind recalled that Tom had married a movie star himself. Twenty years ago, as I suppose you will now remember, he married Madge Terry, who preceded Flame on the calendars. And their marriage has been utterly successful. They've been as happy as two bees in a florist's shop, they've raised three wonderful kids, and it was immediately self-evident that in Tom I had the perfect person to go to for some really sound advice on how to handle this Flame crisis.

And he turned out to be the right guy, all right. What a smart man. You know how he told me to handle it? Exactly the way I had been handling it. Smile in all directions, and then poison the well water. Pretend to be of the greatest possible aid, but foment trouble at every turn. That was the way, he said, that he'd made his own marriage such a happy one. There'd been a dozen different times when Madge had wanted to go back into movies, or back on the stage, or back somewhere; somebody was always popping up with some new idea to lure her away from family and fireside.

And canny old Tom would invariably tell her to do just as she pleased about it. If she wanted to have another go at Hollywood, he and the kids would get along just fine. They'd miss her, Heaven knows, till she got back, but they'd make out, if she really wanted to go. He even lent her his confidential secretary to help with the arrangements. And in an average time of two weeks this helpful confidential secretary would have the whole business so balled up that Madge would voluntarily say the heck with it. And Tom and the kids would be loudly delighted, the confidential secretary would find a thumping bonus in his next pay check, and Mama would be happily at home for another year, till the next crisis arose.

Worked fine, Tom said. The only way to keep a famous wife happy, he says, is to give her plenty of rope, but grease it a little about halfway up



COLLIER'S

GAHAN WILSON

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so that she can't climb clear out of the nest.

Which explains Bob's strange behavior. Tom had naturally let him in on the system, and he was just giving it its first workout. It was Bob, I found out when I got back here this morning, who had sold Ward on hiring the kid actors. And while my idea of cutting the power lines was sound, Bob said, he had already figured out the place to cut them with the least permanent damage.

Anyway, by noon today Bob and I had everything worked out just fine. The two kid actors had planed in from New York, Jack and Button had jumped on them and beaten 'em half to death, everybody on the technical crew was mad at everybody else, both cameras had gone haywire, and the power line had just collapsed and set fire to the barn. Everything was going just great. And Flame had just stormed in, kicked over a priceless chair, and announced to one and all that she was through with this whole fool business —when Wallace Ward spoke up and said that if Flame was bound to bow out, why couldn't the role be filled handsomely by her lovely sister-in-law, the great Madge Terry?

Oh, I forgot to tell you about that. When I was leaving Tom's office in New Orleans yesterday noon, I suddenly thought why wasn't it a good idea for Madge to fly back to Tulsa with me, just for a little visit? Without knowing anything about our maneuvers, she'd be on hand to comfort Flame when the deal blew up. "Fine, fine idea," said Tom. So I brought Madge back with me.

With the above shattering results. Because Wallace Ward, whose first 3-D picture, as you know, was a complete bust and who thus had no other pictures lined up to direct, wasn't going to give up this TV chance lightly. I knew that, but I had no idea how fast that old boy's mind can work when money is concerned. Flame's resignation was still hanging in the air like powder smoke when he stepped neatly across the demolished chair, bowed grandly to Madge, and offered her a ready-made career as a TV star. And before Bob or I could unglue a tongue, Madge had cried, "Oh, boy, fine!" and the deal was set. Tom, in addition to his theaters, owns all the cows *east* of Tulsa, and they can just make the films on his ranch. Madge, incidentally, still looks lovely; she has a terrific sense of comedy, and I must say that she'll be fine in the role.

Anyway, suddenly there I was, under the hay in the one still-unburned barn, awaiting the call that I knew would come from Tom as soon as Madge telephoned him the good news. I just had a feeling that Tom would want to talk to me.

And he did. I ventured out later in the day for food, and just as I was reaching into the refrigerator for a chicken leg somebody handed me the telephone.

And it was Tom in New Orleans, all right—and he was just delighted. It seems that keeping a famous and beautiful wife happily at home while the children are growing up is one thing but keeping her happily at home after they've grown up is another. Meaning that with all their kids finally away at college Madge has been like a twenty-mule-team wagon driver with only one mule left, and the fact is that lately she has been driving Tom medium-nuts—just for want of something to do. So if she wanted a crack at this TV game now, Tom said, she would certainly have it.

"Do her worlds of good," he said. "And thanks a lot, George, for helping to arrange it."

So he's happy, Madge is happy, Bob's happy, Flame's happy because she never really wanted to go into TV anyway, and little Jack and Button are happy to have Mama to themselves once more. And they'll certainly never open their little yaps again about Lucille Ball.

And I'm happy because I'm still alive.

Oh, one other item. Your carload of technical geniuses will be home tomorrow afternoon. It seems that somebody overheard Ward telling Madge that they were all as far behind the times as bustles, really, and they weren't going to climb into TV on *his* back. And they're all so mad that they refuse to work for him another day. He can get his own technicians. Nobody's just sure who overheard Ward say it, but it was a pretty mean remark for him to make.

Wasn't it?

Your confidential secretary,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS

"Better take several. My wife is going to sing . . ."

COLLIER'S — AL ROSS

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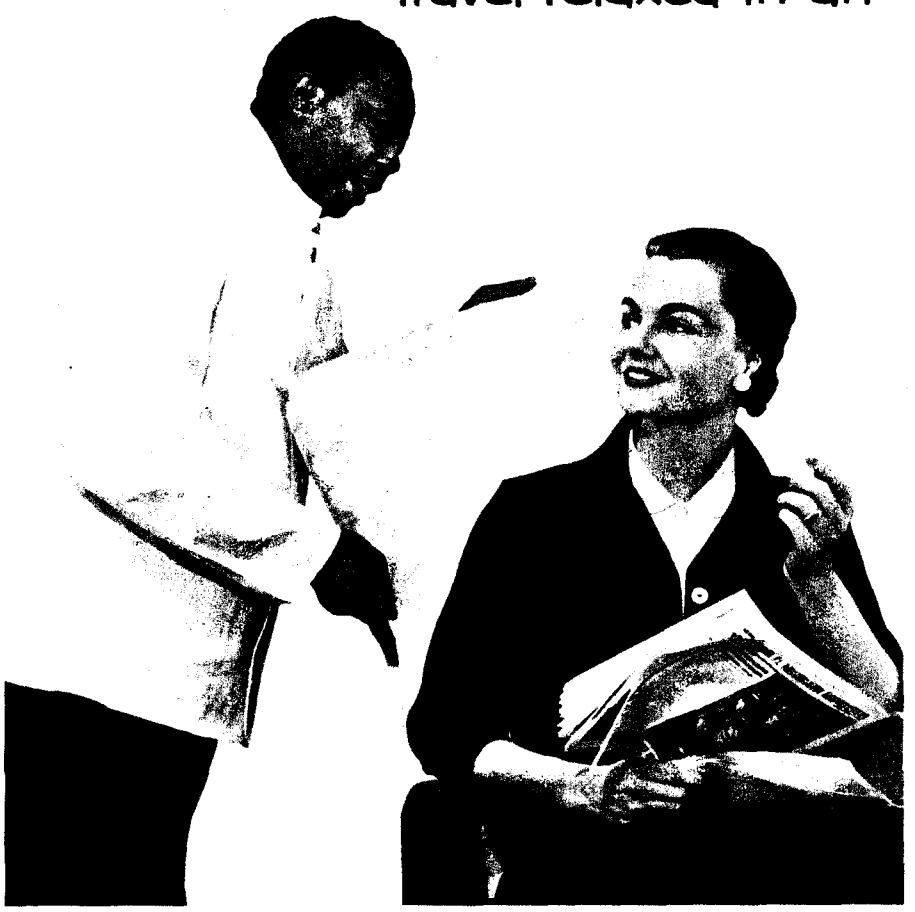

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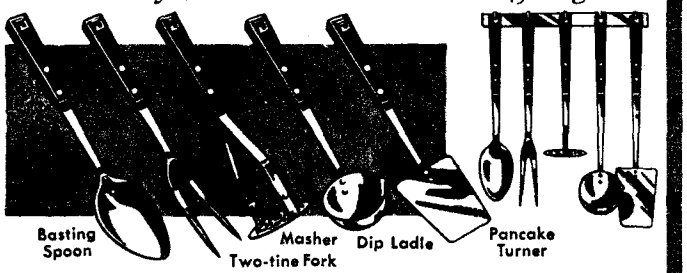

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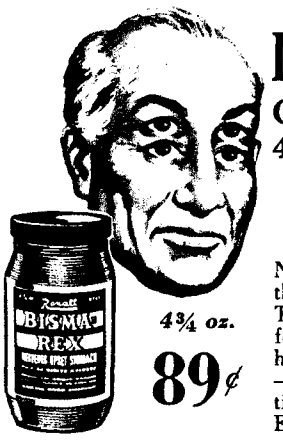

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Try These Easy-to-Use, Push-Button AEROSOL AIDS

Rexall Insect Repellent. New, convenient spray for skin and clothing. Keeps away flies, mosquitoes, gnats and fleas. 5-ounce.....**$1.59**

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Packet of 12
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Prevent, relieve the queasy feeling caused by motion sickness. Always have some handy when you travel—by plane, train, boat, bus or your own car. For adults, children over 5.

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Now you can give yourself luxurious "beauty parlor" facials every day at home! Smooth on this rich All-Purpose Cream that penetrates the pores deeply, lubricates, cleanses, conditions and smooths. Remove cream and pat on Skin Freshener to stimulate and "tone up" the skin, leaving your complexion fresh, clear and glowing. These two exclusive formulas have everything you need for true, professional-type facials and complete complexion care. Save on both with this unusual special offer (limited time only). 2.35 oz. Cream; 6 oz. Freshener.

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CARA NOME BEAUTY BUYS

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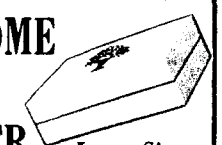
CARA NOME FACE POWDER



Large Size
Reg. $2.50 ONLY **$1.25**

Super-fine texture: clings longer, spreads smoothly and leaves your face soft as a baby's. Pure, mild, safe for most sensitive skins. Delightful fragrance.

Compressed Bath Powder: Cara Nome, **$2.00**; Springwood, **$2.50**; White Mink, **$3.00**

SAVE MORE THAN $1.00
White Mink Cologne

4 oz. With Atomizer Reg. $3.50
Now Only **$2.49**

Cara Nome Cologne with atomizer. Reg. $2.50, only.....**$1.49**

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Use lots and lots of it after the bath. You'll love its airy softness, refreshing fragrance.

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Silky-soft from the first day. 3 types: for Normal, Bleached or Dyed, or Gray-to-White hair; and one for little girls.

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FUNGI-REX GREASELESS. Promptly relieves the itching and discomfort of Athlete's Foot; helps prevent spreading and reinfection. Neat; non-greasy; has a vanishing cream base. Easy to use. 1½-oz. tube..... **75¢**

REXALL KLENZO ANTISEPTIC. This ruby-red mouthwash, gargle and antiseptic sweetens the breath, relieves simple throat irritations. Cinnamon flavored; pleasing to children and adults. Pint, only..... **79¢**

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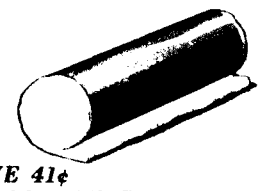
REX-EME MEDICATED POWDER. Quickly relieves the irritation of prickly heat, diaper rash, Athlete's Foot, poison ivy, other minor skin irritations. Dust on. 3 oz..... **59¢**



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REXALL PLASTIC QUIK-BANDS. Flexible flesh-color adhesive bandages; waterproof. Comfortable, even on knuckles. Plain or mercurochrome. Package of 33, reg. 39¢.... **33¢**

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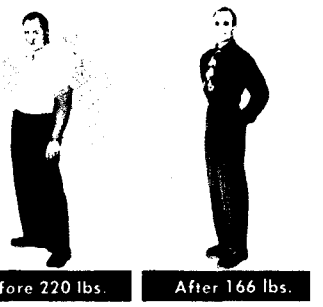
Ira R. Cobb
Los Angeles



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with the Ann Delafield Reducing Plan for Women. This easy beauty-and-reducing plan gives you Appetite Reducers, Vitamins, big Beauty Book. Complete 30-day Kit, only.....**$6.95**
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Rexall Sweet 'N-ets Sprinkle. Soluble sugar substitute. Gives all the taste, *none* of the calories. No bitter after-taste. 2¼ oz. shaker, equiv. to 200 teaspoons of sugar, **98¢**
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Fungi-Rex Powder. Quickly and effectively relieves the itching discomfort of Athlete's Foot. Stops itching, soothes burning, helps prevent reinfection. 4 oz. .....**59¢**
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Rexall Boric Acid. Makes soothing solution for use in eyes, on nose, throat, and skin. Powder or crystals. 2-oz. container, **26¢**
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Rexall Stork Nurser. Complete baby feeding unit lets you make up formula for day in advance, keeps it sanitary for storage in refrigerator until needed. **35¢** each.....**3** for **$1.00**
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Rexall Glycerin Suppositories. Firm yet pliable. Adult or infant, 12's.....**43¢**
Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive Tape. "Tri-Wide"—¼, ½ and ¾" widths on one spool. Waterproof. 5 yards.....**59¢**
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Cotton Squares, box of 40.....**23¢**
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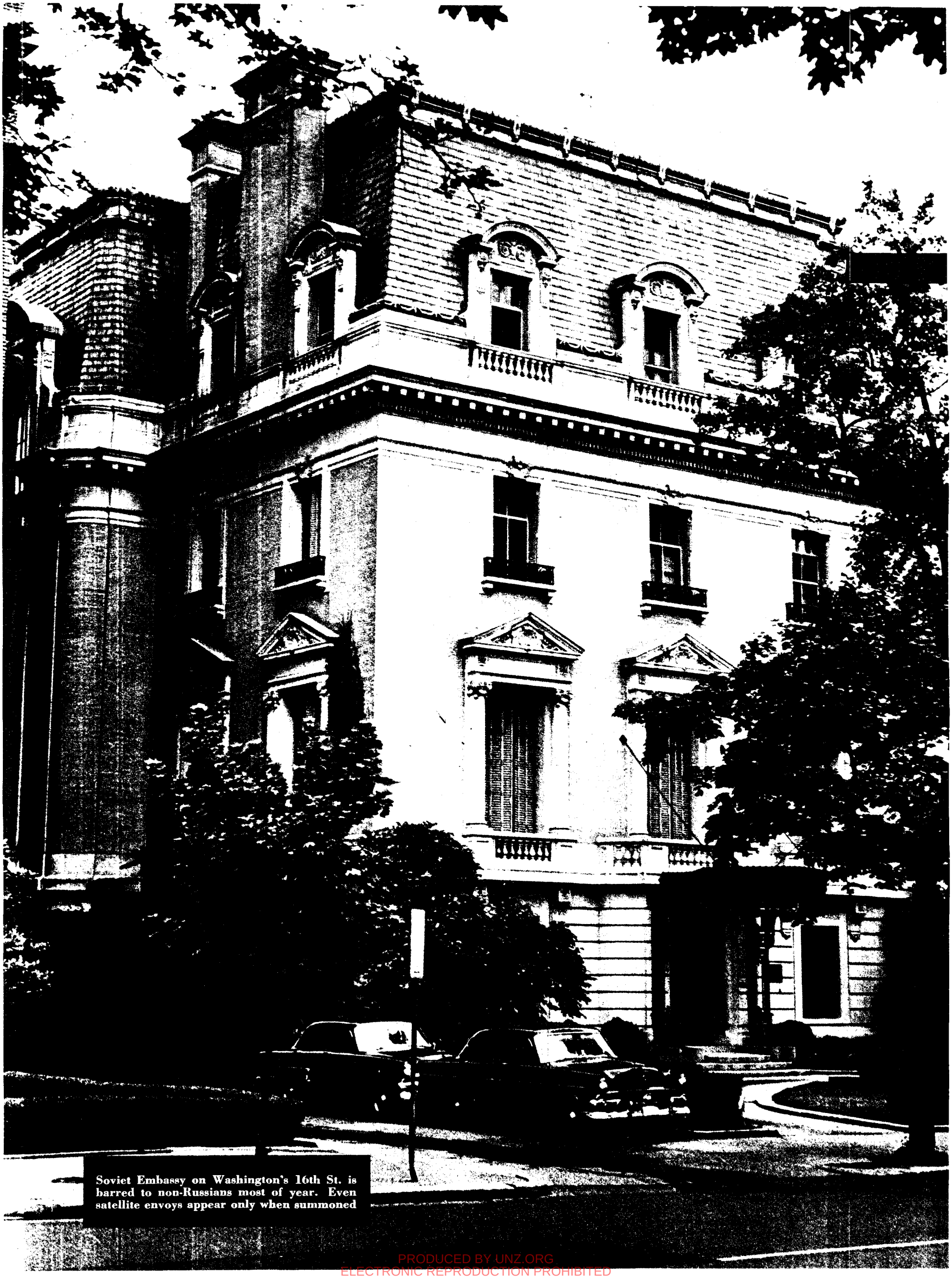

Soviet Embassy on Washington's 16th St. is barred to non-Russians most of year. Even satellite envoys appear only when summoned

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KREMLIN, U.S.A.

It's the Soviet Embassy—a bit of Red Russia with its own spies and oppression

By ANDREW TULLY

ONE day recently, a fashionable physician in Washington, D. C., received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as an attaché at the Soviet Embassy. The caller, who had refused to talk to the doctor's secretary, asked for an appointment to undergo a physical examination, and a date was set for two weeks later.

Then as the doctor was about to hang up, the caller cleared his throat and said he'd like to ask a few questions about the physician's educational and professional background. Good-naturedly, the doctor listed the schools he'd attended and the graduate work he'd done. "Oh, and of course I'm a good capitalist," added the physician facetiously.

The caller laughed hollowly and hung up.

The day the Russian diplomat was due for his appointment he called again. This time he deigned to talk to the doctor's secretary.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I cannot come. I cannot keep my appointment." The secretary said that was too bad, and asked if he wanted to make another date.

"No, no, I'm sorry," said the Russian. "I cannot come—ever. The doctor has not been approved by my superiors."

No one will ever know, of course, whether the physician was turned down because he said he was a capitalist. Possibly, Moscow figured that anyone who could joke about his political beliefs was too frivolous a man to practice medicine—especially on a good proletarian. But the incident is a good illustration of the strict regimentation imposed on members of the Soviet Embassy colony in Washington.

According to international diplomatic codes, an embassy is a transplanted chunk of the country it represents. Wherever embassy staff members are assigned, they live—as it were—in their own land, immune from most laws of the country to which they are accredited. And nowhere is this privilege of inviolability more zealously guarded than by the Russian envoys and embassy employees in Washington. In a town where diplomatic gregariousness is the rule, the Russians have isolated themselves as completely as if they had locked themelves inside a prison.

The barred door to that prison is the rule laid down by the Kremlin which prohibits Soviet diplomats in democratic countries from mixing with the population beyond a certain fixed limit. A Soviet Embassy staffer's day follows a rigid, unchanging routine—he leaves home, goes directly to the embassy and returns straight to his residence again, day after day. He rarely steps into an American home; before he and his wife may go to a movie or concert he must get permission from his superior. He may attend diplomatic functions where protocol demands his presence; otherwise his social life is mainly limited to parties in the embassies of Soviet satellites or at the homes of satellite diplomats.

Members of the Russian diplomatic staff are allowed to have their own homes, most of which are located in the respectable Northwest section of the capital. But the lives of the embassy's 40-odd clerks, stenographers, chauffeurs and domestic servants are highly restricted. About a dozen families live together in a communal household in two untidy connecting red-brick houses at 1304-1306 Twenty-first Street, several blocks from the lavish Soviet headquarters. There the wives of the employees and unmarried female workers take turns doing the cooking, ironing and housekeeping.

It is in this household on Twenty-first Street that the young children who are part of the official family attend a special, rigidly Communistic school—complete with Russian teachers and textbooks. None of the students is more than eight years old; older children are required to return to Russia to pursue their studies in ideological safety.

Besides the Russian language, the children learn French—but they are taught no English until they return to Russia. Their textbooks are the same as those used in Russian schools, which means that they credit most of the world's worth-while inventions to Russians and depict the United States as a nation operated by greedy, porcine businessmen bent on destroying Communist civilization with the hydrogen bomb.

The Russian children rarely play with American youngsters. On the few occasions when they manage to strike up an acquaintance with some neighboring moppet, their parents always conjure up an excuse to drag them indoors. And the only contact Soviet adults have with Americans is when they go shopping in local stores.

Among shopkeepers, the Russians have a good reputation, especially when it comes to meeting their bills. They usually pay cash, but when they charge something they always fork up promptly on the first of the following month. The only notable exception in recent years involved the delegation's official staff rather than any of its individual members. A local decorator pulled his crew off a painting job at the embassy because the Russians wouldn't pay him for some work he'd already finished.

William Vlahos, owner of the Cathedral Painting & Decorating Company, claims that his crew painted 16 rooms and had six more to go when he walked out.

"I just couldn't get anybody to pay me," he says. "When I took the job I made up a detailed list of the work to be done and put the price opposite each item. Then I had this big shot initial each job. The next time I saw the list, three days later, the prices we'd agreed on had been crossed off and lower ones written in."

UNITED PRESS

Ambassador Georgi Zaroubin, shown with his wife, was in background of two big spy cases

Painters Closely Guarded While at Work

Vlahos also got a sample of the supersecurity measures employed by an iron-curtain country in a foreign land. Guards were stationed in every room where his men worked, and before the painters were allowed into another room, the guards went in and locked all the desks and chests. If a painter wanted a glass of water, it was brought to him—he was not allowed to go out to get it. When he had to go to the bathroom, a guard went with him.

But the Russians react differently outside the embassy. As a matter of fact, salespeople in local shops have grown rather fond of their Soviet customers. They acknowledge that Russian men are apt to be a trifle imperious in their demands and that both the men and the women are fussy shoppers. But they are pleased with the Russians' courtesy and their enthusiasm for anything that strikes their fancy.

One counterman in a food store tells of the time he discouraged a Russian housewife from buying one piece of roast beef and sold her another.

"She came back the next day, all smiles, and shoved a package at me," he says. "It contained a little jar of Russian caviar. She really seemed to appreciate me steering her right."

Then there was a Russian man who was so pleased with a pair of shoes which pampered his

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PROBLEM

By MARTHA BLANCHARD

bunion that he sent the salesman a bunch of roses.

When it comes to shopping for food, the Russians show a deep fondness for steaks and lamb chops. They also like American bacon and hamburger—they buy mostly ready-ground meat. They don't care for American sausage, American bread or American cheeses, but they are fascinated by frozen foods. They buy them a dozen packages at a time; their favorites are peas and French-fried potatoes.

Objections to Bourbon and Gin

Liquor-store owners say Russian men buy a lot of Scotch, American beer and Rhine wines. The Soviets complain that bourbon is too harsh and they dismiss gin as "too English." One Russian regularly trades a bottle of his native vodka for a bottle of Scotch with a vodka-loving shopkeeper.

Both the men and the women get most of their clothing from Russia, but they do make occasional purchases in local stores. The men prefer double-breasted suits in dark shades, and like their trouser legs longer than the American style—so that the cuffs fold deeply on the shoetops. A saleslady in a women's dress shop says she's still trying to get a couple of Russian women customers to buy their bras and dresses large enough. "I don't know," she says, "they seem to like to bulge."

The neighbors of embassy staffers, whose homes are scattered around town, say the Russians are quiet and courteous—good people to have in the community. Many of them have television sets and, although they seldom say much, they will chat casually about TV programs when trapped by a particularly determined neighbor. One Soviet official, First Secretary Boris A. Kazantsev, says his favorite program is Life with Father. The men are fascinated by college football games and the women by the comedy shows—but American gags often elude them.

Naturally—for Russians—they are critical, too. "You don't have enough culture on your television," one Russian told his neighbor. "You should have more concerts and readings from the classics."

In addition to watching television, the Russians spend a great deal of time at the National Gallery of Art—which was paid for by Andrew Mellon, one of history's greatest capitalists—and are regulars at the concerts at Constitution Hall. Soviet Ambassador Georgi N. Zaroubin always has a box for the important performances. They also go to approved movies—one recent acceptable show was From Here to Eternity, which deals rather unkindly with American Army life. Russian men admire Ava Gardner and Katharine Hepburn; the women—like their American sisters—cautiously admit an interest in Gregory Peck and Gary Cooper.

But excursions to movies, concerts and art galleries is the limit to which the Russians share the social life of Americans. In the last year, various Soviet diplomats have done more entertaining of Americans than they used to do, but these evenings, which invariably feature musical presentations or showings of Soviet movies, always are held at the embassy. They never ask Americans into their homes, and almost invariably refuse private invitations by Americans.

That last rule was almost broken the evening a U.S. family was having a hot-dog roast in the back yard and invited the wife of a Soviet diplomat to join them. She did—until her husband returned home a half hour later. Then he came and got her, with the explanation that they had some urgent business to discuss.

Thus the Russians have to depend on their satellite diplomats for socializing, for even a Russian occasionally likes to sit around and shoot the breeze over a jug, or a samovar. But these evenings usually lack a completely cordial atmosphere, due to the position the Russians occupy with respect to their satellite pals.

This relationship is one between master and subordinate, and both the Russians and the satellites have to play it that way lest they be accused of social deviationism. The Russian is apt to look down slightly on, say, the average Romanian diplomat, and the satellites in turn defer to the Russians—and, often, hate their guts.

According to diplomatic scuttlebutt around Washington, the Romanians have the greatest scorn for the Russians, because the Soviets regard them as a decadent Latin race. But the most strained relationship is that between the Russians and the Czechoslovakians, who are inclined to consider themselves more Westernized—and thus more civilized—than the Muscovites. Get a Czech in his cups and sooner or later he will make a nasty crack about a Russian—usually about his table manners or the way he wears his clothes.

This bitterness recently erupted into a good-sized brawl at a party tossed at the Polish Embassy. It was past midnight and the guests had gathered in little groups when a Russian major spilled some vodka on a Czech diplomat.

A Waiter's Story of the Brawl

As reported by a waiter for the catering company employed that night, the Czech made a crack about barbarians who become awkward when they have too much booze. The Russian major swung and half a dozen guests joined in the melee that followed. It took Polish Ambassador Jozef Winiewicz and several burly bodyguards to restore order. The Czech diplomat since has been transferred home.

Headquarters for the brooding, suspicious Communist diplomatic colony is the Soviet Embassy. An ornate, four-story mansion of stone and beige-colored brick at 1125 Sixteenth Street, it is located down the street from the modernistic Statler Hotel and only three blocks from the White House. The house was built in 1910 by Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the sleeping-car magnate, but she never occupied it. The Russian czarist government acquired it shortly before World War I and used it as an embassy until the 1917 Revolution. It was vacated during the period of U.S. nonrecognition of Communist Russia and then reoccupied in 1934 after the U.S. officially noted the Stalin regime.

The house has 30 rooms, some of them 35 and 40 feet long, including a gold room, a green room, a rose room and a winter-garden room which is painted a bluish-green. The embassy is decorated in old-world style, reminiscent of the Vienna of Metternich

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rather than the Moscow of Malenkov. The reception room on the first floor, for instance, is tastily furnished in the style made famous by that old "People's Commissar," Louis XV. A flight of imposing marble stairs leads to the great ballroom, which used to have a big picture of Stalin in the place of honor. Today the space is vacant, although smaller pictures of Malenkov are scattered around the mansion.

Embassy Is Like a Sweatbox

The embassy has one really distinguishing characteristic. It is probably one of the most overheated buildings since those destroyed in the Chicago fire. Thermostats are set to deliver a temperature of 80 degrees and all the windows are kept closed no matter how hot it is outside; in addition, the second-floor windows often are barricaded by steel shutters. As a result, the Russians are in a constant sweat—physically as well as ideologically. The men constantly wipe their brows and the women fan themselves steadily.

However, two rooms—the ambassador's office and his bedroom—are air-conditioned, which is an ironic commentary on a government purportedly dedicated to the equality of all men.

The greater part of the elegant Soviet Embassy is off limits to non-Russians most of the year. Even diplomats from the satellite countries go there only when summoned. The outside world's main opportunity to peek inside comes at the Russians' one big party of the year—the reception held every November 7th celebrating the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917. It is one of the most elaborate shindigs on the diplomatic calendar, with enough fancy food and liquor to nourish and intoxicate a Russian village for a month.

At last year's affair, for instance, the drinks served were vodka, Scotch, bourbon, Manhattans, Martinis, brandy, Russian wine, beer and champagne. On the long buffet table were caviar—red, black and gray—duck bigarade, breast of pheasant, chicken Jeannette, fillet of beef, roast veal, chicken à la king, lobster salad, beef tongue, sturgeon, salmon, Smithfield hams, turkey, shrimp, glazed rockfish, potato salad, Russian salad, fruit salad, mixed green salad, rice pilaf and an assortment of hot and cold hors d'oeuvres.

The desserts included coffee frappé, vanilla ice cream with raspberries, chocolate éclairs, napoleons, mints, bonbons and assorted chocolates. And to top it off, there was a 170-pound anniversary cake. It required the services of two husky men to carry it up the stairs to the ballroom.

Whenever he was in the country, Andrei Vishinsky, formerly the Soviet's chief delegate to the United Nations, always attended this party. He usually stood in the receiving line with the ambassador and his wife, but he could be lured to the bar. I know, because I did just that one year. I strolled up to him, told him he looked thirsty and invited him to have a drink with me.

Grinning affably, Vishinsky took my arm and we bucked our way to within three feet of the bar, where the crowd stopped our progress. But Vishinsky was equal to the occasion. He clapped his hands, and a waiter—he must have been poised on a chandelier—appeared out of nowhere with a tray of drinks. Vishinsky chose a glass of wine and we had a belt in the name of peace. He refused, however, to drink with me to Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, who's been having a political quarrel with the Kremlin.

Currently presiding over Russia's isolated diplomatic world is a short, thickset man with satyrlike eyebrows and an air of eager amiability. He is Georgi Nikolayevich Zaroubin, Ambassador of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Zaroubin is a man with a highly suspicious background—even for a Communist. A graduate of the Moscow Textile Institute, he became a diplomat in 1940 and was later linked to two of the most notorious espionage cases of our time.

Zaroubin was ambassador to Canada in 1945 when an elaborate Communist spy ring was broken. It was suspected the ring had stolen information on atomic weapons, radar, submarine detection devices and the proximity fuse. He was ambassador to Great Britain when Klaus Fuchs confessed passing on vital atomic-energy secrets to the Kremlin.

Zaroubin apparently hasn't changed. Only last month it was announced that three of his attachés had been expelled from the U.S. for spying.

Amid the social life of Washington, however, Zaroubin has been as personable as the hero of a Dale Carnegie book. When he went to the White House in 1952 to present his credentials to the then President Truman, he announced genially that he wanted to see a baseball game and chatted with the newsmen about his desire to improve relations between the United States and Russia.

Answer to a Jackpot Question

Compared to previous Soviet ambassadors, Georgi is a great party-goer and is fond of buttonholing Western diplomats and pouring on the Slavic charm. This habit once prompted a reporter to accost Zaroubin at a party and ask him if he was really enjoying himself. Georgi beamed on the reporter like a fading matinee idol working on a producer. "I am always happiest," he said, "when I am with Americans."

Last year he asked a radio commentator to transmit his Christmas greetings to the American people. The commentator did so, dead-pan.

Despite Zaroubin's affability, there has been no lessening in the discipline imposed on the underlings at the Soviet Embassy. They are still an isolated community in the middle of Washington. They are living their lives according to strict regulations, discouraged by their masters from mixing with anyone not steeped in the same Communist doctrines.

You can still make a Soviet diplomat swallow nervously by inviting him to have lunch with you. An American housewife can still bring fear into the eyes of a Russian woman by suggesting that their children go on a picnic together.

Georgi Zaroubin can be as charming as he likes, but he's not kidding anybody. The people who deal with him know his background, and after he shakes their hand they always check to see how many fingers they've got left. ▲▲▲

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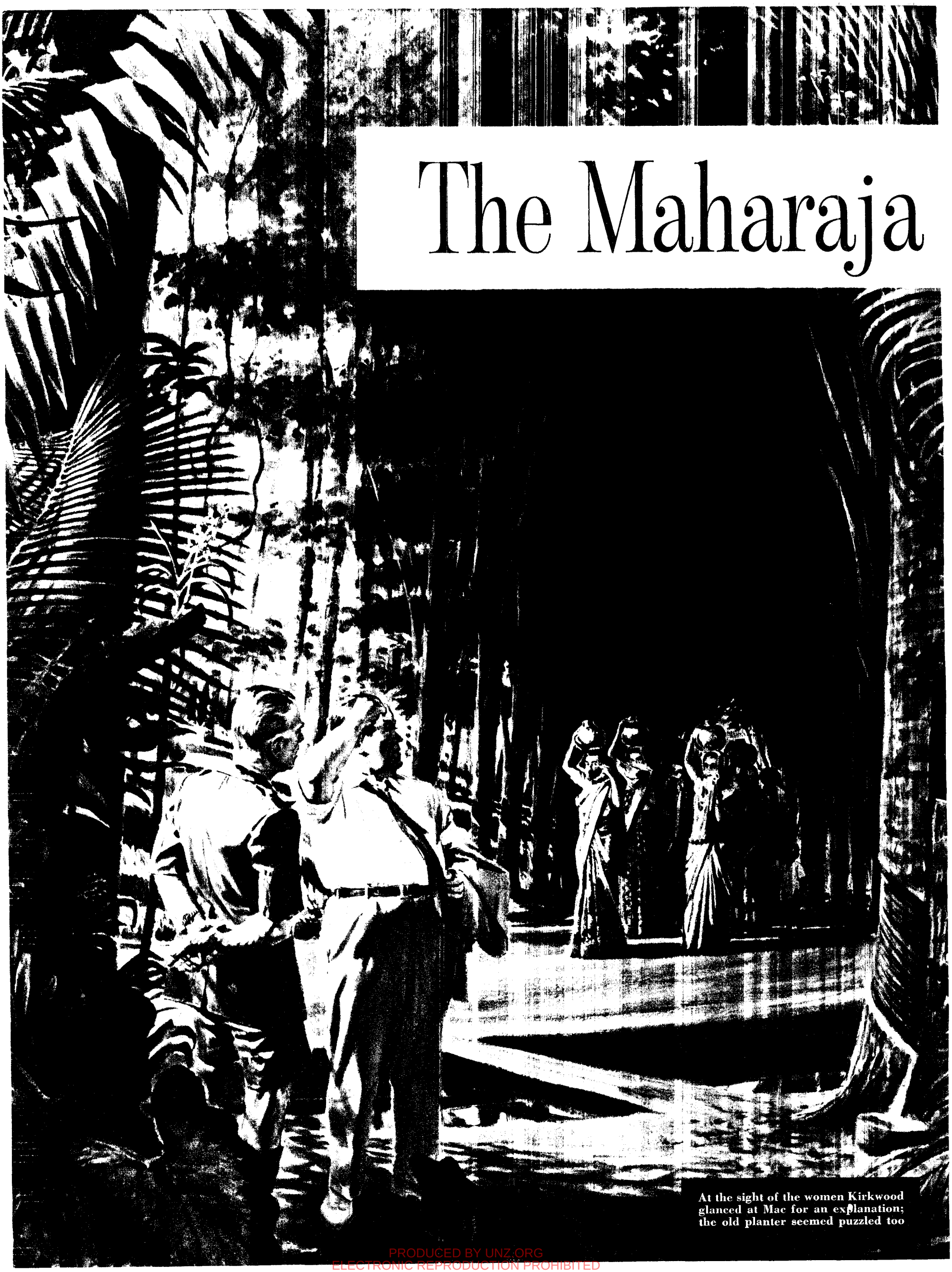
The Maharaja



At the sight of the women Kirkwood glanced at Mac for an explanation; the old planter seemed puzzled too

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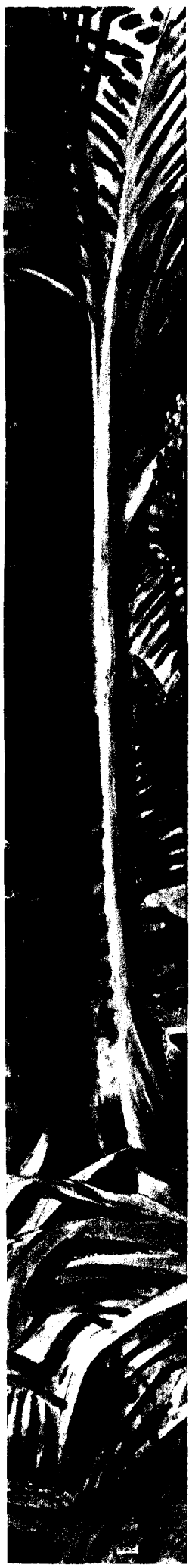
# of Akronohio

By CAMERON HAWLEY
Author of Executive Suite



He was head of a vast empire, representing thousands of men. Could he jeopardize it all for one man—out of friendship?

IN THE blackness of the predawn night, Charles Kirkwood awakened to what seemed the full confirmation of a terrifying nightmare: unmistakably, the room was filled with the odor of burning wood.

Bolt upright in bed, lashing out with heavy arms, his hands found the physical materialization of smoke, tangling and impenetrable. Struggling, he heard the rip of cloth and then, as if it were a brain shroud that had been torn away, he became suddenly aware that he was not in his home at Akron, Ohio, but on the Bukit Bulon rubber estate in Malaya—and that, in his moment of panic, he had ripped down the mosquito netting that covered the bed.

Breathing heavily, forcing cramped muscles to move the great bulk of his body, he pawed through the snarl of netting and made his way to the unglassed window that was half of the room's outer wall. Pushing open the latticed shutters, he saw that the wood smoke was drifting up from the paved courtyard of the servants' quarters; the Chinese cookee was squatting in front of a low fire, boiling water for the dawntime tea that was, Kirkwood recalled, the initial ceremony of a rubber planter's ritualistic day.

And now that the smoke was no longer the breath of panic, it became the provoking incense of memory. Once, half a lifetime ago, he had lived here on Bukit Bulon, he and Bruce MacKay, he out from Akron and Mac from the London company—a couple of young star-reaching creepers, who rose before the sun every morning to toast the dawn with scalding tea and swear solemn pacts to make Bengal's new venture in growing its own rubber the greatest success in the history of the corporation. They would do it together, they had vowed, the two of them.

But it hadn't worked out the way he had planned it—a man's life so seldom did in a big corporation—and, of course, it was good that it hadn't. If they hadn't called him back to a desk job in Akron, he wouldn't be president of the Bengal Tire & Rubber Company today. If it had been the other way around—he rather than Mac who had been left here to manage the rubber estate—he might now be the prematurely old man who had met him at the airport last night, his whole working life spent here in the little jungle-bordered world of Bukit Bulon. Mac's face was still marked with the drawn and sinewy look of a man who had spent three long years as an internee of the Japanese in Changi Gaol, and he still walked with the slight but inescapable limp that testified to the bad aim of an ambushed terrorist who, five years ago, had put a bullet through his thigh instead of his heart.

The shadow of a grotesque giant leaped across the bedroom walls and Charles Kirkwood turned to see the incongruously small figure of the white-saronged Tamil houseboy, candle in hand, barefooting his silent way to the open door of the bedroom.

"Sahib take tea with master?"

Charles Kirkwood hesitated before his nod of agreement, recalling that he'd told Mac he'd sleep late this morning. But he was wide awake and it would be impossible to go back to sleep. He might as well get on with it. That was one of the best of the good rules: when you had a nasty job on your hands, tear in and get it done.

And there was no doubt that this *would* be a nasty job, breaking the news to old Mac that the board of directors had decided to sell Bukit Bulon.

Coughing the smoke out of his throat, he turned away from the window and grumbled a wordless reiteration of what he had told himself a hundred times on the flight across the Pacific: that he'd been nine kinds of a fool to shoulder the load of telling old Mac. He should have sent Colbury—that's what vice-presidents were for, to swing the hatchet when it had to be swung—but there'd been this confounded feeling that, somehow, Mac might think he was letting him down if he didn't come out himself.

That was the trouble with old friendships: they softened a man, weakened his determination, took the sharp edge off his judgment. No one knew that better than he did. Twice before he'd come out from Akron—once in '45 and again in '49—to write finis to the Bukit Bulon chapter in the history of the Bengal Tire & Rubber Corporation, and twice he'd gone sentimental over old Mac and hadn't been able to go through with it.

In '45, as soon as he could wangle passage after the Japanese had been driven out of Malaya, he'd flown out to wash up Bukit Bulon, certain when he left Akron that nothing under the sun could convince him to spend the corporation's money to rehabilitate the estate after what the Japanese had done to it. The initial survey had reported the crepe plant wrecked, two of the main workers' villages burned down to scorched earth, and almost five thousand acres of rubber trees slashed, poisoned or uprooted. It would cost at least a million dollars to put Bukit Bulon back into full production. He could never recommend that. It would only be plowing in good money after bad.

But he hadn't counted on what was going to happen to him when he saw Mac and looked into that starved, scarecrow face of a man just out of Changi Gaol, whose skull-socketed gray eyes were silently asking for another chance to make something out of a life that he had fought so hard to keep. Defeated, he had gone back to Akron and battled a million-dollar appropriation through the board of directors.

AGAIN in '49 he had come out to close down Bukit Bulon, leaving Akron the very day the cable had come with the news that Mac had been shot in a skirmish with the terrorists. That was the end, the board had said; Bengal would get out of Malaya. He had agreed.

But again Mac had defeated him. He simply hadn't been able to face down those steel-gray eyes and tell that tough old Scotsman—still directing the defense of the garrisoned estate from a hospital bed on the veranda of the planter's bungalow—that the great Bengal Tire & Rubber Corporation wouldn't hold up its end of the fight against the Reds.

This time it would be different! This was neither retreat nor defeat. It was simply a good deal—almost unbelievably good—a chance to get out with their whole skin, recapturing not only their full investment in Bukit Bulon but the accumulated losses as well. A Singapore Syndicate, unidentified but vouched for by one of the biggest international banking houses, had offered $8,000,000—U.S. dollars payable in New York—for the rubber estate and its affiliated holdings, the crepe mill and the latex plant.

Mac would see that it was a smart move—of course he would; Mac was a Scot and as canny as they came. He'd realize that Forrester and his boys in the Treasurer's Office were right, that they should switch investments, get their money out of Malaya, and put it into one of the synthetic-rubber plants that the government was getting ready to sell to private industry. At least, that way, they'd have their investment right in their own back yard where they could keep a finger on it, not halfway around the world where no one ever knew what would happen next.

As for MacKay himself—well, the old

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boy had earned his chance to take it easy. And the board had been fine about his retirement pay, every director immediately agreeing with the suggestion that he be given the full sixty-five rate even though he was only fifty-eight, everyone recognizing that what he'd been through entitled him to special consideration. Mac would appreciate that—of course he would!

Impatiently resolute, sure of his ground now, Charles Kirkwood fumbled hurriedly along the wall and found the light switch, snapping it before any new night-bred doubts and fears weakened his confidence.

WITH the flash of light the room materialized into hard-edged reality, revealing the litter of clothes he had dropped at midnight, dead tired after the flight across the Pacific, the rough hop up from Singapore in the little plane he'd chartered, and finally the bone-crunching ride out to Bukit Bulon in Mac's old station wagon.

His body still ached with fatigue, unrelieved by the few hours of restless sleep. Yes, he'd been a fool to come himself—even more of a fool to jump into it so fast. He should have waited a few days, broken the news to Mac with a cable. This way, walking in cold, no warning—well, there was no telling how hard the old boy might be to handle.

An irrepressible tremor ran through Charles Kirkwood's body, partially the physical reaction of a kindly man cringing at the prospect of hurting an old friend, partially the muscle-tightening resolution that came with the recurrent memory that twice before he'd lost his nerve and backed away.

This time he *had* to do it. No matter what happened, no matter what trick that canny old Scot pulled, Bukit Bulon was going to be sold! . . .

Hearing the sound of the light switch through the teak-planked partition that separated the two big bedrooms on the second floor of the planter's bungalow, Peg MacKay raised her head from the pillow and turned toward the lighted doorway of the bedroom, her eyes silently asking whether her husband too had heard that their guest was out of bed.

Bruce MacKay nodded a brief acknowledgment, only momentarily interrupting the rough toweling that he was giving the sandy grizzle of his day-old beard. She wished that this morning he'd shave early, but she knew he wouldn't. Guest or not, he'd never shave until after he'd made his early-morning inspection tour of the estate. He'd say it was bad luck. For an intelligent man, he was ridiculously superstitious—but that's the way he was and Peg MacKay knew, after thirty-one years as his wife, that nothing would change him.

She dropped her head but continued to watch, finally seeing him toss down the towel and come back into the bedroom, limping as he always did when he wasn't aware of being observed, wearily picking up the freshly laundered bush jacket that she'd laid out last night on the top of the brassbound Hong Kong chest.

Her voice interrupted his cinching of the belt. "Mac, if it's what you think it is—"

He wheeled, his face hard with an instant of annoyance before he managed a forced smile. "And how would you be knowing what I'm thinking, lass?" he asked.

"What you heard in Kuala Lumpur—that the Singapore syndicate is going to buy Bukit Bulon and—"

"Man can hear anything he's a mind to hear in K. L.," he said. It was an intended evasion defeated by the strength of the Scottish burr in his voice, always a sure sign that he was worried.

"But you said last night—"

"Just a rumor. Bar talk, that's all."

"But it must be something serious, Mac. Mr. Kirkwood wouldn't have come all the way out here himself if—"

"Nothing strange about that," he cut in stubbornly. "No reason why he shouldn't be paying us a visit. President of the company, isn't he? Hasn't been out since forty-nine. Time he was showing up again."

"But not like this, Mac—just a cable and then here he is." She reached out, catching his hand. "If it is true, dear—if he is here to sell the estate—Mac, you won't try to fight it, will you? It's time you had a chance to—"

His grip on her hand suddenly tightened. Then he started to move away and she let him go, watching him walk toward the black outer hall. But at the door he hesitated, glancing back.

"Don't worry, lass," he said. "Everything will work out, one way or another. It always does."

He walked on, not limping now, disappearing into the darkness but leaving a sharp memory behind with her. That was what he said that hot February day when they had parted on the Jahore bridge, those very same words, with that same crinkly smile around his eyes. Two hours later the Japanese had captured him.

IN THE moment before dawn a strange hush falls over the jungle land of Malaya, a moment of absolute silence suspended between night and day, the night sounds suddenly stilled and the day sounds not yet begun.

At the end of the village street, facing the long double line of workers' homes, an old man stood listening. The nightjar bird had ceased its tock-tock-tock thumping, but the monkeys, awaiting the sun in the topmost branches of the old native-rubber trees, had not yet voiced their chirping announcement of the first light.

"But if it's as serious as all that, shouldn't I get a better doctor?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

A moment ago twin morning stars had flashed high in the eastern sky—twin lights in the planter's bungalow that stood on the crest of the semicircular dome of rock that jutted up from the flat lowland like a black half-moon rising out of a green sea of rubber trees. He himself, as a young man, had suggested naming the estate Bukit Bulon for that strange miniature mountain. In the language of the sahibs, "Hill of the Moon."

Two lights in the bungalow meant that the Mac Sahib would not walk the rubber alone this morning. The great man would be with him, the maharaja of Akronohio. Assuredly, this was no morning for tappers to be dawdling in their houses, yet there were only a dozen shadowy figures lounging on the porch steps that faced the street. All were men. Where were the women, the best tappers of all?

A COCK crowed in the distance. Impatiently, the old man lifted his hand and struck the gong suspended from a low branch of the mango tree that stood in front of his house. The gong trembled on the rope and a crash of sound reverberated, the metallic voice of authority, the commanding voice of Rama Mathura—senior conductor, Asian assistant, overseer of all planting and tapping on Division Four, second in command only to the Mac Sahib himself.

A young man walked slowly toward him, swaggering.

"Where are all the others?" Rama demanded, speaking in Tamil, which was the language of his native South India. "Do they not know that it is the time of the sun?"

"Have you forgotten, Rama?" the young man asked brashly, speaking in the coarser low Malay. "It was you yourself who ordered that we must wait to tap the new rubber until there had been an offering to your Periah Amah."

Rama stiffened, tugging at the long mustache that was like a white scar across his black face, painfully aware that he *had* forgotten, but nevertheless annoyed to be reminded of it by this upstart Shiva, a child not even born when he himself had come to Malaya. This second generation was turning out badly—no respect for their elders, thinking only of such foolishness as labor unions and owning bicycles.

This Shiva was the worst of the lot. Only last night he had been seen buying a bottle of beer at the store, his third in a week. But this was not the time to speak of that.

Raising his hand from his mustache to his tightly wound red turban, feeling the assurance of dignity that its presence always gave him, Rama said sharply, "Off to the trees. This is no day for laggards. This is the day when all that is done will be seen by the maharaja of Akronohio. Do you not know that he came in the night and will this morning walk the rubber?"

An insolent smile twisted Shiva's mouth. "I know that a fat sahib came in the night, old Rama, but he is not what you say. In America they do not have maharajas. He is only the president of the company."

Fire danced in Rama's black narrowed eyes as he struggled to contain his anger. What did this young fool know of America and maharajas? Had he ever been in America? Had he ever seen a maharaja? Had he as a boy trudged a hundred miles at his father's side to see the great Dusserah festival, the maharaja of Mysore on his ceremonial elephant, a thousand men moving at the command of his hand, a temple rising on the spot he marked? Did not this young fool of a Shiva know that no matter what he was called in America, the maharaja of Akronohio was ten times more powerful than even the maharaja of Mysore?

Had not Shiva seen the book that had been shown to them only last week by the Mac Sahib, the book in which there were pictures of all the great Bengal factories in many lands? Who but a maharaja could have such a kingdom? And had not his own picture been larger than any of the others? It was true that the maharaja of Akronohio did not come riding on an elephant but in the Mac Sahib's station wagon, and it was also true that he dressed as a common man, with neither gold nor jewels; but that meant only that he was an American, and not that he was not a great maharaja. There were different customs in different lands.

Did not Shiva know that it was the maharaja of Akronohio who had come after the Japanese had gone and, with a single wave of his hand, ordered the rebuilding of all that had been burned and the planting of all the new trees that were now ready for tapping? Did not Shiva realize that everything they had, all of them—their fine homes, food for as many children as a man could father, and now even bicycles and beer—was a result of the kindness of the maharaja of Akronohio?

BUT, wearily, Rama submitted to the pointlessness of anger. He had been senior conductor long enough now to know that it was useless to explain anything to this younger generation. "Get to your work, Shiva."

Shiva still confronted him, holding his swaggering stance. "Can it be, old Rama, that you who think yourself so wise do not know what is being talked at every well from here to Kuala Lumpur? Do you not know that now there will be no work for any of us?"

"You speak with fool's tongue, boy. There is work for all, more now than ever, a thousand acres of new trees ready for tapping."

"But they will not be *ours* to tap. Do you not know why the fat sahib has come from America—that he is here to sell the estate to the Chinese? We will be driven out. There is no place for Tamils on the estates of the Chinese, old Rama."

Rama's hand trembled, groping for support. For a moment he was silent, afraid that if he spoke his voice might betray his acknowledgment of sudden fear. Then he realized that not speaking would be an even more serious admission. "What kind of a man are you?" he demanded harshly. "Is your brain so small that you have nothing better to fill your too-big head than the idle chatter of women at the well?"

For the first time Shiva's voice evidenced some doubt. "Then you do not know of it?"

"Only a fool knows what is not true," Rama said, his poise regained. "Get to your trees. The rubber rises with the sun, and you are already late."

"But the offering to Periah Amah?" Shiva asked, crumbling now before Rama's calm authority. "Are we not to wait until we hear the signal that it has been made?"

"Yes, the offering," Rama whispered

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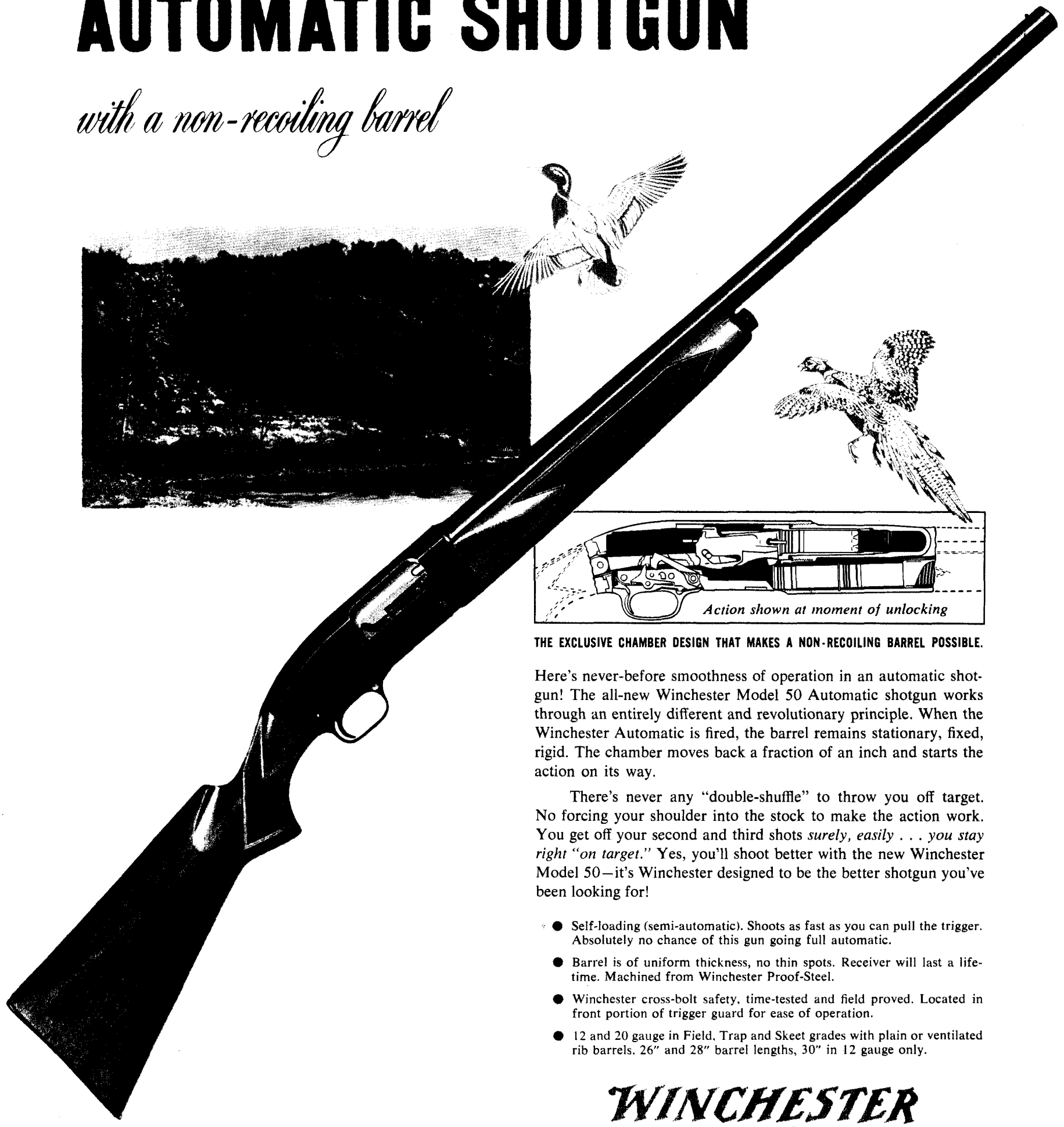

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to himself speculatively, almost as if it were the echo of a secret thought. "When did the women leave, my boy?"

"Only a moment ago, Rama Sahib. They left as you ordered, with the first crow of the first cock. They can be no farther along the path now than the spring where the bowls are to be filled. There is still the hill . . ."

Rama heard no more. He was gone, disappearing into the night shadows that still clung to the earth.

Overhead, the sentinel monkeys chattered their announcement of the first light. Instantly, a thousand waiting birds joined their voices in a raucous welcome to the new day.

SEEN from the high roof deck of the planter's bungalow, where MacKay and Charles Kirkwood sat finishing their morning tea, the blinding disk of the sun was already clear of the saw-toothed horizon of distant hills.

The Scotsman drained his cup and put it down with a clatter of finality. "Ready to *makan angin?*"

It took a moment for the strange words to penetrate deeply enough to find a matching memory in Charles Kirkwood's mind. *Makan angin*—yes, now he remembered—"to eat the wind"; it was the Malay idiom for an automobile ride. Mac was suggesting that he join him on the morning tour of the estate.

Charles Kirkwood hesitated, prodding himself to get on with the job of breaking the news, yet humanely aware that it might be easier on Mac if it weren't done too precipitously. Perhaps it would be a good idea to go along, give the old boy a chance to talk, wait for an opening, the right moment—and anyway, it was a beautiful morning to be out in the rubber.

"Fine sight from here," Mac said. "Best time of the day, this."

Charles Kirkwood nodded silent agreement, standing now at the railing around the deck, looking out over the immense expanse of orderly forest, the rubber trees straight-lined across the floor of the whole valley, curving halfway up the sides of the hemming hills, stopped by the darker tangle of the uncleared jungle. In the light of the fast-rising sun, the scene changed kaleidoscopically, color and form magically emerging as he watched.

This was a rare moment in the appointment-jammed life of the president of the Bengal Tire & Rubber Corporation, a moment of sabbatical peace and quiet, when he dared pause long enough to drink in the beauty of the earth. Akron seemed even more than half the world away. It was no wonder that Mac didn't want to leave—but no, he didn't dare think of that.

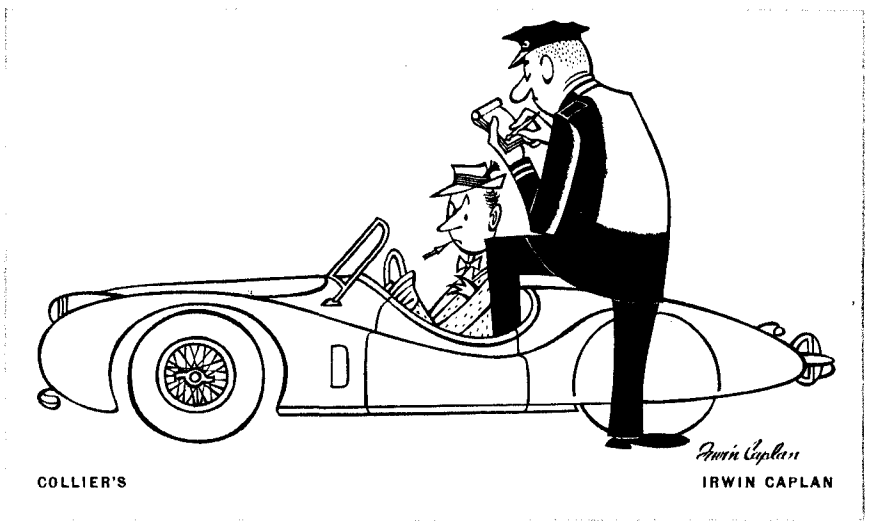
"All right, let's go," he said, presidentially brusque. This time he'd not go soft and let himself be licked by sentimentality. Bukit Bulon was a beautiful sight, of course, but so was a synthetic plant that would turn out rubber at three cents a pound less than Bukit Bulon's current costs. At least, that's what the directors would think—and it was what the directors thought that mattered. He was only the president and he'd had his orders.

Mac led the way and he followed, wishing that he'd brought along some clothes more suitable to the occasion than a business suit—but he hadn't counted on getting out in the rubber.

They crossed the upstairs living room, unconsciously tiptoeing to quiet their footsteps on the hard tile floor, went down the heavily balustraded staircase, and out into the low-angled blaze of sunlight where the *sais* sat at the wheel of the station wagon, waiting to drive them.

"*Bagian keempat,*" Mac ordered and then, translating, "division four. We're starting to tap a new planting up there this morning."

Red gravel spattered and they were off, zigzagging down the cliffside to the flatland, then through mile after mile of rubber trees. The aisles between the trees flashed past, silvery trunks rising to green canopies high overhead, an endless series of cathedral-like naves green-carpeted with lush, low-growing ground cover that was broken only here and there by clumps of red and green caladiums—which, as Charles Kirkwood had often told his wife, might be a prized house plant in Akron but was nothing more than a troublesome weed out here in Malaya.



COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN

Beyond the main highway the road began to wind, climbing, and they were high above the valley again when Mac ordered a halt to inspect a station that had been recently erected for the collection of latex from the new plantings.

Squeezing his bulk out through the car door, the president forced a show of interest in the improved design of the latex storage tank, but it was a pretense that gave him a feeling of hypocrisy. The unpleasantness was compounded by the necessity of crossing a narrow footlog over a roadside drainage ditch, an unnerving maneuver for a man as heavy as he. But he made it and, fortunately, there was a distraction that eliminated the necessity of saying anything more about the latex tank; the stillness was suddenly broken by the distant booming of a metallic gong and then, fading in over its dying reverberation, the sound of singing and the tinkling of silvery bells, unmistakably drawing closer, apparently coming from a path in the jungled hill behind the latex station.

Looking up, his eyes directed by his ears, Charles Kirkwood finally saw jewel-like glints of color moving between the trees. Squinting to sharpen his vision, he identified the color splashes as the costumes of Tamil women—not the duller-hued *bajus* and sarongs that they customarily wore when they worked in the rubber, but the brilliantly colored festival saris of south India. Every woman carried a highly polished brass bowl, held high in her right hand.

Glancing at Mac for an explanation, he saw that the old planter seemed puzzled too; but an instant later an expression of comprehension came over MacKay's face. "One of their religious ceremonies—they've been up making an offering to the Periah Amah."

"Oh," Charles Kirkwood said, making a brief attempt to recall what the Periah Amah might be. It had been thirty years since he'd had his one brief contact with the Hindu religion of the Tamils, and, even then, he'd had little success penetrating its intricacies.

"The Great Mother," Mac translated. "It's the clone from which we've grown the seed stock for all our new plantings. You'd not recognize it by that name. I've called it Rama Number One in my reports."

"Oh," the president said, evading the admission that he'd been far too busy these last few years to read anything in the Bukit Bulon reports except the summary of net cost per pound of rubber produced.

"Rama's the man who saved the trees from the Japanese, you know. Thought the least we could do was give his name to the clone."

"Rama?"

"You must remember him," Mac said positively. "Of course you do, Charles. Picked him yourself. You made him the leader of that first bunch of Tamils we brought in."

"Oh, yes," the president said vaguely. "Apparently he's worked out all right."

"I made him my top Asian assistant a couple of years ago."

"Fine!" the president said, pleased as always at the discovery that a young man he had selected had gone on to vindicate his judgment.

"Not a lad any more, of course," Mac said. "Getting old like all the rest of us—but still a clever chap, as clever as they come."

"And you say he saved this tree from the Japanese?"

The Scotsman gave him a puzzled glance. "Thought I'd written you about it, but perhaps not. You do remember Krindell?"

"Of course," Charles Kirkwood said, recalling with an edge of bitterness the battle he'd had back in the depression year of 1931 to get the board to approve hiring Dr. Krindell and setting up a major plant-breeding program on Bukit Bulon. It was not a pleasant recollection. Some of the older directors were still unsporting enough to cite the Krindell case against him; a half million down the drain and absolutely nothing to show for it, no strain of rubber trees developed that had given anything like the increase in rubber production that Dr. Krindell had been so sure he could achieve.

"We were growing out one last batch of Krindell's cross-pollinated seed," MacKay explained. "On the off-chance, you know, that we might hit something. The trees were just up to test-tapping size when the enemy came in. Somehow—I still can't imagine how the old boy managed it with the Japanese all around—Rama tapped and tested all those trees. And he found this one—only one tree, mind you, out of all the thousands we'd grown from Krindell's seed; but one was enough, and Rama knew it."

"Well, I'll be— So Krindell was right after all!" Charles Kirkwood exulted. He was warmed by a flood of self-justification until he was suddenly struck by the cold realization that it didn't mean anything now. It was too late. Bukit Bulon was as good as sold.

"It was Krindell's seed," Mac agreed, "but I'd say the major share of the credit must go to Rama. The Japanese were clearing all the bottom land to grow food, but somehow Rama managed to dig out this one tree—all done at night, you know—and haul it up here in the jungle, make a clearing and transplant it. But that was only the beginning. He had to prove that the strain would breed true, that the clone tree would pass on its high-yielding characteristics, so he cleared more jungle and started bud graftings. Remember when you came in forty-five?"

"Very well."

"I found out about it the week after you left. Those new trees were beautiful—though still underage for production, of course; but I couldn't wait, and so that next spring I started a test tapping." He paused, re-creating the dramatic awe of discovery. "I'll not forget that first morning when I saw the latex pour out of those trees. I knew then that we had a great clone. That's when I wrote you for permission to use Periah Amah stock for all our new bud grafting. Always appreciated the way you backed me up. Meant a lot."

"Well, I—I've always backed you up—you know that, Mac," the president fumbled, bothered by his inability to remember the incident but saved by the recollection that, in 1946, he'd been all tied up with renegotiations on canceled war contracts.

"I won't argue that it wasn't a gamble," MacKay said, "but we've hit it right." His arm swept a segment of the horizon. "We've over five thousand acres now that are bud-grafted to the Periah Amah. We've only just started to tap the big stands—opening up one this morning—but we've the record on those first trees of Rama's and we know what we've got. I'd have written you about it but I wanted to be sure first. Now I am. Know what yield we're getting?"

"Well, I—"

"Better than a ton of dry rubber to the acre."

THE muscles of Charles Kirkwood's face went slack with surprise. His older memories, sharper these days than the newer ones, made him recall that the old trees that had been on Bukit Bulon when they first bought the estate had yielded barely four hundred pounds of rubber to the acre. Over the years, replanting with higher-yielding strains had doubled production; but, although recent figures were a little fuzzy in his mind, he was sure that Bukit Bulon's average was still well under a thousand pounds to the acre.

"No need to tell you what that's going to mean to our costs," MacKay went on. "When we get the whole estate turning out two thousand pounds of rubber to the acre, we'll—"

The president short-circuited his brain, shutting out the sound of the Scotsman's voice. This was only another glowing hope, another tantalizing dream. Something would blast it before it worked out, the same way all his

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other hopes and dreams for Bukit Bulon had been wrecked. This was still Malaya, where you never knew what was going to happen next. The directors were right: it was time to sell and get out.

Mac's voice faded back in again: "—and so they call this old tree the Periah Amah—the great mother of all the new rubber—and that's why the women come to make offerings to it. They know what it will mean to all of us here on Bukit Bulon."

Evasively, Charles Kirkwood sidetracked the conversation. "Still a strange business so far as I'm concerned, making a god out of a tree—but I guess that's the Hindu of it, huh?"

THE Scotsman shook his head in mild dissent. "It's not a god exactly —more what you might call a manifestation of divine beneficence. Actually, it's not too different from our Christian Thanksgiving services for a good harvest—except, of course, that we don't regard the harvest as being holy. The Hindus do. Anything is holy to them that they see as a great benefactor of mankind . . ."

Bruce MacKay's voice faded off as the ceremonial procession suddenly came into full view: shy brown faces averted as the women came down the nearby jungle path, their costumes a scream of color when they stepped into the full blaze of the sun.

Watching the procession disappear into the rubber trees on the other side of the road, Charles Kirkwood did not see the approach of a pickup truck until it stopped full in the frame of his vision. Mac was already starting over to it, and the president stepped back into the shadow of the latex bank, waiting out Mac's conference with the three Tamil men in a cab. Even this early, the sun was beginning to beat down, and the gentle wind was as hot as a blast from an opening vulcanizer.

When the old Scotsman returned, his face was apologetic. "Sorry, Charles, but we're having a bit of trouble at the crepe mill. Nothing serious, but I'll have to take a fast run down. Want to come along or would you prefer to wait? Perhaps you'd like to stroll up and have a look at the Periah Amah?"

"I'll wait," the president quickly decided, thus avoiding the immediate necessity of renegotiating the footlog over the drainage ditch, welcoming the chance to be alone and think for a few minutes. Mac's big hopes for these new rubber trees was an unanticipated difficulty that was going to make it all the harder to break the news.

"Right up that path," Mac directed. "You'll come to the ridge, then down through a lot of big fern trees. You'll have no trouble finding the Periah Amah. They've built a shrine there."

The truck gone, Charles Kirkwood hesitated. He had no particular interest in seeing another rubber tree, even as important a one as the Periah Amah, and he'd long since given up such strenuous activity as hill climbing; but the sun was hot and the shadowed path looked invitingly cool and he ambled toward it.

A flock of Java sparrows darted ahead of him, bush to bush, leading the way, and he recalled that the natives called them cigar birds. It was a good name; the white heads on their brownish bodies did look like the ash of a half-smoked cigar.

And then a family of monkeys took the lead, a mother clutching a tiny baby, scurrying up the path, watching his approach with solemn fear, then running on ahead again, finally taking to a tree just before, surprisingly, he found that he had actually climbed to the crest of the ridge.

Short-breathed and puffing, he looked about and discovered a fallen tree a few strides away from the path. Seated, leaning back against a convenient trunk, he closed his eyes as he habitually did when he was attempting to think his way through a difficult problem. With the jungle screened from sight, he was finally able to re-create the mental image of the directors' room in Akron, the picture reassuringly sharp and clear, and hear his own voice saying: "As all of you know, I have always been a strong supporter of our rubber-growing operation in Malaya, but I am forced to agree that this offer should be accepted. By selling the estate—"

The voice of memory was interrupted by a sound closer at hand, the cracking of a twig and the rustle of leaves. His eyes flashed open to catch a momentary glimpse of a figure cresting the ridge and then, quickly lost to sight, hurrying back down the path toward the road. All he had seen was a black blur of a face, a red turban and a white mustache.

Startled, waiting until his heart slowed to a normal beat again, Charles Kirkwood returned to the ridge point and looked down the jungle path from which the man had emerged. Strangely prompted, he took a few downward steps—and then a few more. Ahead of him now he saw the giant tree ferns that Mac had mentioned, and, beyond, a small sun-shafted clearing. In its center stood a single rubber tree, its trunk a white marble column, the canopy of its leaves glistening like the jade-encrusted dome of a temple.

He walked forward in the hush of total silence, not noticing until he was in the tree's shadow the miniature Hindu temple that the Tamils had built as a shrine to the Periah Amah. It surmounted a convoluted golden shaft that rose from the earth over the roots of the tree, damp now from the offerings of ceremonial water.

AS HE walked toward it, the air became oversweet with a cloying scent, explained when he saw that the base on which the shrine stood was covered with temple-flower blooms. The shrine itself, shining white and ornamented with cabalistic designs, was just below eye level; and, leaning down for a clear view of the interior, he was struck with sudden shock: there, staring back at him, was his own face.

A long moment was required for recovery and the slow-dawning recognition that the picture in the shrine's place of highest honor was his own portrait—the frontispiece clipped from the last annual report of the Bengal Tire & Rubber Corporation. . . .

Shiva held his tapping knife as he saw the approach of Rama, and asked, "Has the big sahib come yet to the rubber?"

"Soon you will see him," Rama said with solemn satisfaction. "As is always the case with a good maharaja, he is a humble man and knows the source of his power. He has gone to offer thanks to the spirit of the Periah Amah."

"Can that be true?" Shiva asked.

"It is true," Rama said with the enigmatic smile of an old man who has learned a great deal in a long life.

Shiva turned to the tree and the sharp gouge bit into the silvery bark.

"No!" Rama said sharply, snatching the tool from Shiva's hand. "Will you young boys never learn? Watch now, and listen."

Gently, Rama tapped the tree four times with the handle of the knife and softly intoned, "Good daughter of the great Periah Amah, give freely of thy white blood, which will bring food to the mouths of our children who live in homes that bless thy virtue."

The gouge cut and the white latex came, a full stream racing toward the waiting cup.

"I did not know that all that was to be spoken," Shiva said humbly, amazed as he watched how fast the latex was filling the cup.

"There is much a young man does not know," Rama said with a barely hidden smile. "But it is not given to even an old man to know all that is to be known, even to such a great man as the maharaja of Akronohio."

HURRYING the last stretch of the path to the road, crossing the footlog without a thought, Charles Kirkwood found that Bruce MacKay was already there and waiting for him.

"There was a message for you at the plant," the Scotsman said, handing him a slip of paper. "You're to call this number in Singapore right away. Hop in and I'll drive you down."

Breathing heavily, mopping his brow, Charles Kirkwood stared at the scrap of paper in his damp palm. "Mac —" he began, more out of breath than he had realized until he attempted to speak. "This new rubber—ton to the acre—get your costs down, won't it?"

"No doubt about that."

"Down to eleven or twelve cents a pound?"

"Might," Mac said, cannily noncommittal as he always was when someone tried to pin him down.

"As low as ten?"

"Possibly. Depends."

The president closed his fist, crumbling the paper into a sodden ball. It was good he'd come out here himself. Colbury would probably have missed the point entirely. No synthetic plant could produce rubber for ten cents a pound. He'd been right all along—about Bukit Bulon, Krindell, the whole setup. Of course he'd probably have a battle with the board of directors, but there'd be nothing new about that. He'd fought them before and won.

He got into the car, tossing the crumpled paper out the window.

Mac sat motionless, his gray eyes sharp with an unasked question.

"We'll forget that call," the president said, wishing that he could tell the old Scotsman the whole story but knowing that it wouldn't be smart. That was one of the best of the good rules: never let your key men get too far behind the scenes. If Mac ever knew that the board of directors had even considered such a crazy idea as letting the Singapore syndicate steal Bukit Bulon for only eight million dollars—and with all this Periah Amah rubber just coming into production—why, it could destroy Mac's whole confidence in top management. What the old boy didn't know would never hurt him.

—CAMERON HAWLEY

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Hank thought of Maggie and Alan Steele. Had it started even before she had left him? Was it, perhaps, *why* she had left him?

Marriage Comes Second

By ROBERT WALLSTEN

THE SECOND OF TWO PARTS

His driving ambition was all he had left now. He *had* to make good—to show Maggie

The Story: For as long as he could remember, HANK ELLIT had wanted to be an actor. He had a genuine talent and a grandiose dream: with MAGGIE, his childhood sweetheart who was now his wife, he would conquer New York. He would be another Alfred Lunt, and Maggie would be his Lynn Fontanne. But when the Ellits came to New York from Gooding, Colorado, their home town, they found that success was a long way off. They were nobodies; producers had no time to see them; they were forced to take part-time jobs wherever they could find them. Then, at Joe's Bar, a hangout for aspiring actors, they met RED MACFARLANE, a sometime actor and self-styled authority on the theater. Red advised the Ellits to stop seeking acting jobs as a team; they should go out separately and play up to people who could help them. Trying Red's advice, Hank met EVA DART, an actors' agent who took an interest in him. Convinced Eva could help him, Hank never told her he was married—an omission that hurt Maggie and frightened her; for as Hank spent more and more time with Eva, Maggie saw that she and Hank were growing apart. Meantime, Maggie met ALAN STEELE, a top-ranking producer who asked her to read for a part in his new play. Hank realized this was Maggie's big chance and that she needed his moral support; but on the off-chance he would be offered a job, he went out with Eva Dart, leaving Maggie alone. Maggie did not get the part in Steele's play, but he offered her a job as his secretary, working at his home. Certain that their marriage was no longer all-important to Hank, and that his ambition had pushed her out of his life—perhaps for good—Maggie moved to a hotel. Hank moved into a dingy residence club, and he continued to see Eva. Their friendship was harmless, he reasoned; Eva could take him to the right places, introduce him to the right people, and eventually help him achieve the success he longed for. But though he still clung to his dream of fame, it had lost some of its glamor now that he had lost Maggie. He was bitterly lonely.

IT WAS almost an illness, missing Maggie as he did. Everywhere Hank went it seemed that he saw people walking along in couples—people with somewhere to go, someone to belong to. And though he thought he had hit bottom a number of times, and that if there were any change it was bound to be for the better, he kept discovering in himself new depths of desperation and loneliness.

Within the limitations of his poverty, he drank too much in order to stay up too late, because the idea of returning to the single bed in the narrow white room was unendurable. He wandered about and gazed into shop windows and leaned against buildings and talked to others who were spiritual vagrants like himself. And not until milk trucks began to clatter through the streets and gray dawn was lighting the city did he drag himself home, to fall asleep at last. But waking was unendurable too, for it meant facing reality and the knowledge—painful and unrelieved as a physical ache—that

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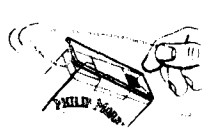
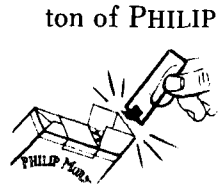
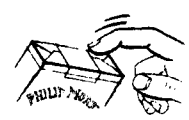
***ZIP** the tape!*  ***SNAP** it's open!*  ***PRESTO** it closes!* 

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Maggie was gone, still gone, and that there was nothing he could do to bring her back.

Whenever he had a little extra cash —and sometimes he did, as when he posed for a whole set of illustrations for a detective-story magazine, or when Eva Dart managed to get him a part in a daytime radio serial that went through eight episodes—he sent Maggie a money order, discouraged but not deterred by the fact that each time she sent it back with a brief note of thanks.

BUT you can stay at the bottom only so long, and oddly enough it was Eva Dart who helped him. He had noticed a kind of offhand, guarded and almost tough affection in her lately. And there was a hint of possessiveness too, which Hank found gratifying on the whole, because it was a small denial of what all the other evidence seemed to indicate—that nobody, least of all himself, cared what happened to him.

He was at her apartment helping himself rather liberally to the bottle of Scotch he had brought her. He had given up the thought that alcohol might make him feel gay: it was solely for anesthetic purposes that he was drinking now. Suddenly Eva looked at him searchingly, and she said in her drawling way: "Have you decided to become a character man?"

When he asked her what she meant, she nodded toward the mirror. "Look at yourself," she said.

He looked and saw the marks of too much drink, too many cigarettes, too little sleep and all the other, less specific forces—like despair and self-pity.

"Suppose that break you're waiting for happens tomorrow?" she said. "Suppose a job came along, a good part. Could you handle it—let alone look it? Have you any idea how old you'd look —on television, for example?"

Yes, he thought, as he looked at his haggard reflection—and suppose Maggie wanted to come back to me now. Would she, after she saw me? . . .

It is always painful to reform, but Hank was young, proud and resilient. He put himself on a schedule, got up early in the morning and went to bed early at night. In the afternoons he worked out in a gym and got himself back into shape. He returned to the classes in acting, which he'd abandoned, and felt better at once because the talent that had been moldering inside him was at last being exercised and put to use. He spent hours in the library reading the plays he had heard about but didn't know. And again the old, grandiose fantasy reasserted itself: *HENRY and MARGARET ELLIT in* . . . It *could* happen, he said to himself. It could still happen.

Every now and then he went to Joe's Bar, though at first he had found such sympathetic looks and conversation so deliberately slanted to avoid any reference to his own situation that he couldn't stand it for long. Even Red MacFarlane, who had once had all the answers, had no answers now—not even for himself, Hank thought. Though Red talked, as he had all season, almost exclusively about the parts he was close to getting, there seemed a new note of something like desperation in his assurance these days.

But as time passed, Joe's took on another function for Hank. It eventually became a listening post, where he could find out—from the same acquaintances who had previously evaded the subject of Maggie—the latest news about her. Someone had seen her at an opening. Someone else had seen her at a certain smart restaurant or at a cocktail party.

But all their stories had one fact in common: Maggie was invariably accompanied by Alan Steele.

Hank would say, "Well, good. She likes to go out. I hope she's having fun." But sometimes it occurred to him that these acquaintances of his were trying to tell him something more, that they were eager—even the most well-meaning of them—to make him aware of the implications between the incent lines of their reports. And then one night at Joe's, Red MacFarlane announced that he himself had run into Maggie on 45th Street and had had a long talk with her.

"How was she?" Hank asked. "Did she seem all right?"

"In the pink. She was on her way to pick up some tickets for Alan Steele." Red hesitated and then said, "She—she asked about you."

"She did?" Hank studied his glass of beer, elaborately casual. "What did you tell her?"

"Just that I thought you were taking it hard."

"Then what?"

"Then I saw Eva Dart coming down Shubert Alley."

Hank looked at him quickly, and then shifted his gaze to the row of bottles along the mirror behind the bar. "Did Maggie see Eva?" he asked.

"Sure."

"She knew it was Eva?"

"When I got through telling her." Red puckered his brow, as if trying to remember. "Maggie sort of stared at her," he said. "Then she said, 'So that's Eva Dart.' And after a second or two, she said, 'I've heard so much about her.' That's all. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all," Hank said. He thought the conversation was over. He was about to pay for his beer and leave when Red stopped him.

"Hank," he said. "Eva came over. I—I had to introduce them."

"Oh. Well, come on. What's the rest? Tell me."

Red shrugged. "You know how women are," he said. "They shook hands. They smiled. They said they were glad to meet each other. You'd never have known it was anything more than a couple of strangers saying hello."

"Well, so far as Eva's concerned, that's all it was."

For a moment Red MacFarlane didn't move. Then he said: "That's what you think." And when Hank demanded that he make himself clear, he said, "When I introduced them, I said, 'Mrs. Ellit' . . ."

"Well, that was right."

"And Eva said, 'Not Mrs. *Henry* Ellit?' and Maggie said, 'Yes, Mrs. Henry Ellit,' looking at her real hard, as if she were daring her or something. Eva just smiled and said, 'Your husband's a friend of mine. You're just as pretty as he's told me you are.' "

Hank said a silent prayer of gratitude to Eva Dart; but at the same time he wondered why she had never told him that she knew about Maggie.

"Listen," Red was saying. "It's none of my business, and you can tell me if you want to. But—is this all your fault, maybe?"

Hank considered. "Maybe," he said.

"Well," Red said slowly, "is it true what they're saying?"

"Who?"

"People around. Who've seen you and Eva together." Then with a smile he added, "You're in a small town, boy. Don't think you can get away with anything."

"What *are* they saying?" Hank asked.

Red's eyes narrowed. "Do I have to draw you a diagram?"

"Are they?" Hank said after a moment. "I wonder why."

RED turned so that he was facing Hank squarely. "Maybe because it's true," he said. "And if it is, I'd tell you that you ought to have your head examined. A girl like Maggie—and Eva Dart! You can't even say their names in the same breath!"

"Sure," Hank said, nodding. "Maggie's great. But it doesn't do me much good if she isn't with me."

Red looked vindicated, and disappointed. "Then it *is* true about you and Eva."

"No, Red, it isn't. Eva's been very kind to me, and I like her. But that's all there is to it."

His relationship with Eva had all come about imperceptibly and quite naturally, Hank thought. She was kind, and she was company. She was also as lonely as he. At first this had surprised him, and Eva had been amused, in her bitter, self-deprecating way.

"Sure, I'm popular during office hours," she'd said, "popular with guys who want jobs—like you. Listen, kid, sometimes you can dragoon a date because you have a pair of tickets or because you can be helpful in a business way. Sometimes people feel guilty and ask you out in return. But it's all strictly professional entertainment, and don't think I ever kid myself. Most of the time I cook my own supper and curl up with a book, and if you think that's unusual, I can give you a

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LARRY REYNOLDS

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long list of other girls—including some of our most glamorous stars—who do the same."

It turned out that Eva had a conviction of her own unattractiveness, for all the bangles and the make-up that were her attempt to hide it. And because Hank kept coming around, merely to talk to someone, she was flattered and grateful.

But it hadn't been only because Eva offered him a ready shoulder to weep on that Hank kept seeing her. It wasn't only because in time he had developed a certain fondness for her. Eva didn't know about Maggie—or at least, so he had thought until now—because he had never mentioned her. With Eva, he had been able to pretend that that whole other part of his life didn't exist, hadn't happened. It was a world that was not quite real, because nothing without Maggie was real; but at least it was relatively stable.

Once, indeed, Eva had said, "Listen, Henry, who are you trying to kid? What's wrong? What's eating you?"

He had almost told her then, but something had stayed the words as they formed on his lips. He had said, "Never mind, Eva. Never mind."

He thought that Eva's alacrity to comply was one of her greatest virtues. He even thought that it was tact of a sort that, for reasons of her own, she didn't want to know the truth—because it would be easy for her to find it out if she really had a mind to. But if Red MacFarlane's report were accurate, then Eva had known all along.

As he waited in the telephone booth at Joe's for Eva to answer his call, Hank felt like a child caught red-handed in some act of petty dishonesty. "Oh, yes," she said in her most clipped and businesslike way. "I was expecting to hear from you. Come on up."

When he arrived, she greeted him with the same constraint. She didn't motion him, as usual, to a chair; she didn't offer him a drink. She closed the door, walked quickly to the sofa, sat down and said, "Well?"

He repeated what Red had told him.

"Yes?" she said.

"You knew all along, didn't you?"

Her head came up defiantly. "Of course."

"You knew, Eva, and never mentioned it in all this time?"

"Naturally."

"Why?"

She was sitting very straight, facing him. "*You* should have mentioned it, not me," she said. "And the oversight isn't anything I'd be proud of, if I were you."

"I wanted to tell you," Hank said, almost able to taste his own shame. "But I guess I wanted you to get me jobs even more."

She laughed harshly and said, "You think I didn't know that too? Listen, kid, you're a dime a dozen."

He lowered his head. Go on, he thought, say it. Say it all. Whatever you call me, it'll all be true.

But Eva's tone had changed. She was speaking now with utter incredulity. "That beautiful girl—smiling at me, hating me, probably wondering how anybody could be such a fool as to give *her* the back of his hand and settle for me."

A fool, Hank thought. Is that all? Is that the worst you can say?

She ran her fingers through her dark hair. "How long have you two been married? Come on, tell me."

HUMBLY he told her what he should have told her months before—the whole story, from Gooding, Colorado, to the present. "And she walked out," he finished. "I've asked her to come back, but she won't."

"Do you blame her?"

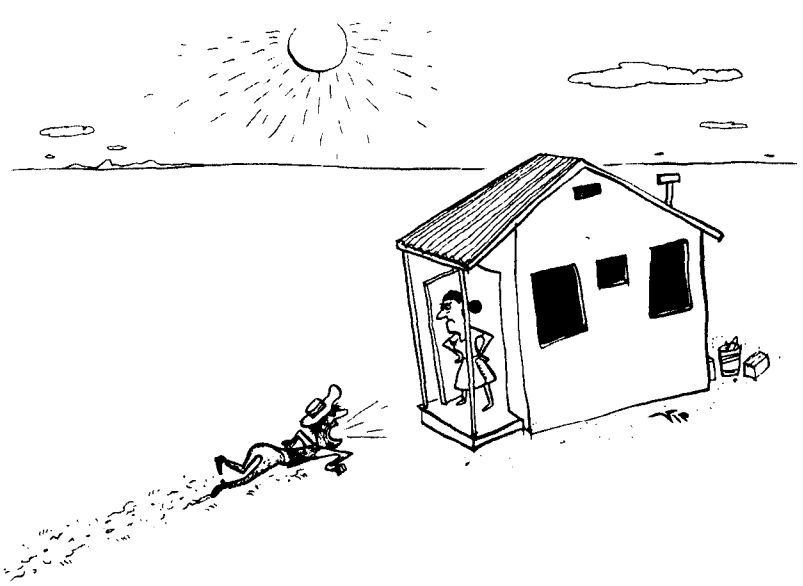
He shook his head.

"You just threw it away. You treated it all like it was something that grows on trees. The whole world is looking for what you had—crying into its pillow at night because it hasn't got it—and you kicked it in the pants because you were too stupid to know what it was."

Her voice was very quiet, harshly quiet, and melancholy. He was totally unprepared when she got up deliberately, walked across the room to him and slapped him sharply across the face. "I hope that hurt," she said. "I'd have done it harder if I could."

After a few moments he looked at her. "Eva—" he said, surprised to see tears, gray with mascara, running down her cheeks.

She blew her nose and walked away. Then she spoke again, with her back to him: "See, I'm used to guys who tell me they love me, so I'll help them turn into big shots. Then they're embarrassed they ever knew me. They walk into a restaurant where I am, with some expensive blonde on their arm, and it's as if I'd come out of a hole. 'Oh,' they say. 'Hi, Eva. How *are* you?' Very cordial they are, backing away,



COLLIER'S

"I have *not* been drinking —that's the whole trouble"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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going onward and upward, waving farewell."

She went to the drink tray and poured herself some whisky. "But this time—this time it was different," she went on. "I was lucky. I couldn't get you a job. I tried—I really did try—but I couldn't."

"I know you tried," Hank said.

"Shut up. So you hung around. You hung around long enough for me to get used to you, to like you, to think maybe there was some hope after all. And, by golly, I begin to dare to be happy—and then, whammo! whammo! I'm walking down Shubert Alley minding my own business and I fetch up in front of a sweet nice girl who turns out to be your wife."

Hank stared at her. "Turns out to be—" he began and then stopped. A sudden blankness came over Eva's face. "You told me you knew," he said.

She hadn't moved. She had been looking at the floor and she continued to look at the floor. "Get out of here, Henry," she said in a tight voice.

He started toward her, clumsily wanting to help. But she stood there, huddled and tense, and he could tell by the way she held her head that she was trying to keep back the sobs till he had gone.

"Good night, Eva," he said, and closed the door quickly behind him.

IT WAS just a question of courage, Maggie told herself, of simple, everyday daring. What was the worst that could happen if Alan Steele resented it? Nothing at all, really—beyond a rebuke, perhaps, or the sense of his displeasure. And the stake was worth the gamble, wasn't it?

She was sitting next to him on a banquette in a restaurant so widely publicized that she had heard of it even in Gooding. They were neither in the bar nor the ballroom, but in a very special smaller room that had something of the air of a club. Side by side, along the banquette, under the drawings of incredibly beautiful young women, sat some of the celebrities who had made the restaurant famous—a sleepy-eyed drama critic at a table sacred to him, a columnist or two with alert nighttime faces, actresses, show girls, executives and expense-account aristocrats proud of their out-of-season tans.

These were the ones who had, by fair means or foul, managed to take the city. Maggie could only remark to herself how quickly one learned to accept being surrounded by them.

"Did you read it?" Alan asked her.

"This afternoon."

"Like it?"

"Enormously," she said, and wondered if she would ever have the courage to say what was in her mind.

"There may be some trouble raising the money so late in the season," Steele was saying. "But I don't really expect it. It's a light production—small cast, one set. It could run right through the summer."

He mentioned the star he wanted, and the star he would take if he couldn't get the one he wanted. But he hadn't thought about the rest of the cast yet. "Of course, if you have any ideas," he said, "speak up."

"Casting ideas?"

"Yes."

So here it was in her lap. He had made the opening, and all she needed to say was, "Well, yes, I do have one idea," and tell him. But she hesitated. Would he take her seriously? Would it look as though she were trying to gain some advantage from her position?

She let the moment pass, and it dissipated itself in unimportant conversation. She answered him, smiled and played with the silver on the table while a private argument raged in her mind: He trusts you, he likes you, he's even fond of you, she told herself. He asked you to read the play, he asked you to make suggestions. So go on. Tell him.

But somehow, surprisingly, the discussion had come around to her, and she would have to wait. "That hotel of yours," Steele was saying, "I don't like the idea of your staying on there."

"It's all right, you know. And it's so beautifully cheap," she said.

"But does that still matter? I thought I was paying you rather well."

"Too well. But I do have expenses. Openings you ask me to, or parties—"

"Oh," he said. "Clothes, you mean."

She nodded and said, "It's much cheaper being an unemployed actress. And then too—anything I *can* save—"

"—you send to him?" She noticed a little tightening at the corners of his mouth.

"No," she said quickly. "He refused when I asked him."

"Good."

"I wonder if false pride is ever good. I have too much of it myself. Let's just say I'm saving against the future . . ."

He was looking at her kindly, considering. "You mean, for when you come out of that small private cloud of yours?"

"Does it show that much?"

"Oh, yes. You know, there *are* people who can look happy whether they smile or not. And others who can't no matter what they do."

How dull of me, she thought. A moper. A drip. Tell him, her mind commanded her. Tell him now.

"I've seen the photograph on your desk," Alan Steele was saying. "Is he actually that handsome?"

"Well—not quite."

"But nearly?" Steele persisted.

"Nearly."

"I'm very sorry to hear it. No, don't laugh. You know that I could be very vulnerable about you if I let myself. That's been true from the start." She squeezed his hand gratefully, and he said, "You must allow me an occasional small spasm of jealousy."

This was most emphatically *not* the moment, Maggie thought, but he had motioned the waiter to the table and asked for the check. There were only patches of time ahead—a mere ten minutes in the taxi before he dropped her, a hasty moment in the study tomorrow before he left for the office. If she were ever to say it, she must say it now.

"Mr. Steele—" she began.

His look reproved her. "I thought we'd agreed on Alan."

"We did, but this is business." She clasped her hands to steady them. "You said if I had any casting ideas—"

"Have you?"

She took a breath before she went on. "Yes. I know the perfect actor for the part of Tom."

"Good. Who?"

She looked at him seriously. "It's an actor named Henry Ellit," she said.

"Congratulations! You have just pitched the ball that has been hit further than any other baseball in the history of the major leagues"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

He turned a startled face to her. "Oh, no," he said after a moment.

"You think I'm logrolling or something, don't you?"

He smiled. "I could think of many motives that have nothing to do with his acting," he said.

"That's why I hesitated. Of course those motives have *something* to do with it—all it would mean to him to have a good part at last, the self-respect—"

"And the money," said Steele, with a smile.

"And just the feeling it would give me to have helped him," she said. "Sometimes I can't help feeling I let him down. But those aren't the important reasons, really. I saw him in the part the minute I began to read. I could hear his voice in every speech. Alan, I know he'd be good. I know it. He's a fine actor . . ."

Steele was looking at her ironically. "Go on," he said. "Tell me about him."

She spent several minutes telling about Hank. She said he looked right, and he had a beautiful voice and fire and guts and all the other qualities the part required. She did her best to speak dispassionately, but it was hard to keep out of her voice the eagerness and the fervor that are generated by love.

But Steele was shaking his head. "It's a fairly large part to take a chance on," he said.

And suddenly she was angry. "How is he ever going to get started, if you all feel like that? *Somebody's* got to take a chance. People's talents have to be *used*—and this man has talent—" She stopped, embarrassed. "I'm sorry, Alan," she said then. "I didn't mean to get so excited—I only wanted to ask you to see him. Just look at him, let him read."

Steele frowned and was silent. Then he said quietly, "My great reluctance is petty and unworthy of me." He suddenly nodded with decision: "All right. Ask him to get in touch with me in the morning."

But she shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said. "Do you mind? You can reach him through—Eva Dart."...

Hank assumed it was all Eva's idea, and she did nothing to correct him.

She had telephoned him, laughing at herself in her unamused and bitter way. She had called herself a big anticlimax girl. She'd said she felt like a woman who stamps out of a room crying, "I hate you, I loathe you, I never want to see you again!" and then has to creep back to say, "Have you got a dime for the ladies' room?"

But she had made it clear that she was not offering a reconciliation. This was business. "Here's your break, kid, at last," she said. "Get over to the Alan Steele office pronto."

When he confronted Steele, Hank was most of all aware of the gray eyes that seemed to see everything. Steele seemed to be holding something in reserve, probing, measuring, giving Hank a polite once-over while, in a modulated voice, he invited him to sit down, offered him a cigarette, urged him to make himself comfortable. The smile was warm but the eyes were cool, and Hank had a feeling that this preliminary scrutiny was personal, extraneous to the business at hand.

A MOMENT'S suspicion crossed his mind. Perhaps this hadn't been Eva's idea. But Steele reached for a manuscript and began talking with enthusiasm of this new production he was about to launch. "It's a good part, Ellit. Not the lead, but so good that it might make a hit—depends on how it's played. At the worst, it could put a young actor on the map. Would you object to taking a quick look at the first scene and reading for it now?"

"Not at all," Hank said. But the question he didn't want to ask was burning in his mind. "How did this happen, sir?" he said. "Who recommended me for this job?"

"Why, your wife."

It almost spoiled everything, Hank thought. You jumped through hoops to make contacts, and your best turned out to be your closest.

Steele seemed to sense what he was thinking. "Look here, Ellit," he said. "She recommended you, but there it stops. If I don't think you're good, all the recommendations in the world won't help you. If I engage you, it'll be because I think you're right. Have we got that clear?"

Hank felt reassured. It would be on his own steam, then, if it happened. And a few minutes later, when Steele had left him to read over the scene, his disappointment vanished completely. Maggie had been so wonderfully right:

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it was a perfect part for him—intense, colorful, even violent. Steele was right too. This was the break. It was indeed a part you could make a hit in, and be remembered by, so that the next job would come more easily, and the next. It made the dream come perceptibly closer.

Steele came back just then, introduced the author and the director, and the audition began. . . .

When it was over, they looked confused. Some of it had been fine, they said. The suggestion of fire—they could see it; it was there. But the reading had been uneven. His inexperience showed and, frankly, they wondered if they could trust him. They thanked him then, and said they'd let him know.

There were two days of silence, of not hearing: days of leaving numbers wherever he went, in case Steele's office called; of checking with Eva, who said, "No, they haven't been in touch. They're seeing other boys. Take it easy"; of thinking about the part, seeing himself in it; of being hopeful and despairing; of wanting to call Maggie and not calling Maggie; of knowing that Maggie was as anxious as he.

On the third day he could telephone Maggie and he did, though when she answered he had almost no voice to talk to her. "Hello, it's me . . ."

"Hi."

"It's set. They just called me. I squeaked through. I'm in!"

"I know. I knew this morning." And then, like a blessing, she said: "How wonderful! Oh, Hank, good luck!"

"*You* did it. *You* made it happen!"

And she whispered: "Hank, I prayed."

"Listen—"

"Yes?"

"Come out and celebrate?"

"When?"

"Tonight!"

"No, Hank."

"Why not?"

"A hundred reasons," she said, and she listed three. "It's too soon to celebrate. And you start rehearsing tomorrow. And there are too many hurdles ahead."

She said it in her reasonable voice, her little-woman-making-the-grocery-list voice.

He remembered her using that tone at other times and other places, and a wave of tenderness came over him.

"Couldn't I see you for just a few minutes somewhere?" he said. "Just to say thank you?"

"Hank, I can't."

"Another date?"

"I made it weeks ago, Hank," she said. "I promised Alan I'd go to the opening with him."

He said nothing aloud while he was saying to himself: Now don't get sore. She made the date weeks ago. She couldn't have known then that this would happen . . .

"Hello? Are you still there?" she asked.

"Sure, I am. Listen, the night *I* open in New York—"

"Yes?"

"Will you save that one for me, baby?"

Her reply was prompt and jubilant. "Will I?" she said. "Oh, will I!"

And he was satisfied, because now he had that in the future too.

SO HE celebrated at Joe's, to the extent of two beers, and this meant great self-control. Hank's good luck seemed a talisman to all his friends; they wanted to drink with him, to toast him, to slap him on the back and then stand off and gaze at him as if he looked somehow new.

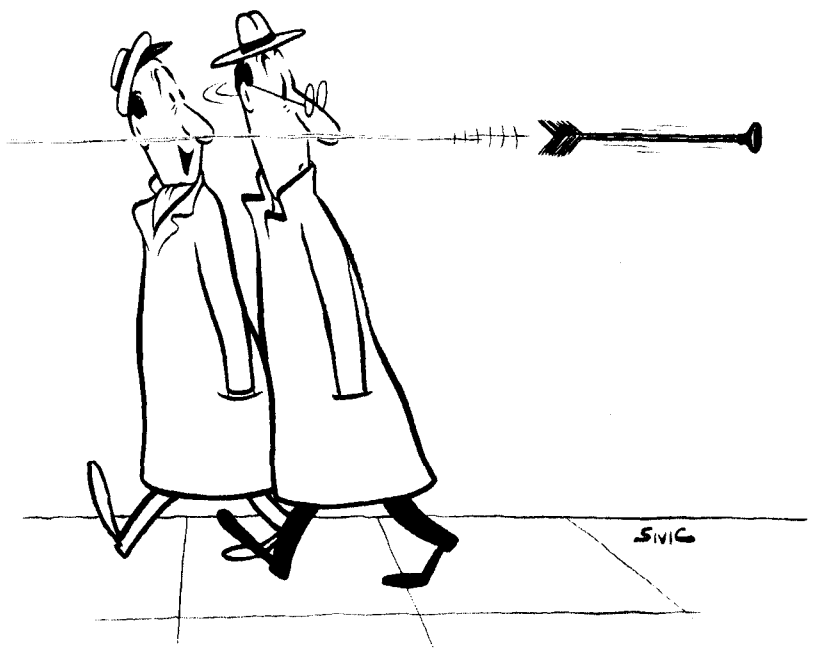
Just as he was about to leave, Red MacFarlane arrived, lugubriously drunk, and announced with shattering effect that he had finished with the theater.

They disbelieved him, they told him he was kidding. Red MacFarlane, the authority on how to get on—Red, who knew the ropes and had it all worked out—*Red* giving up? Then what about themselves, their faces seemed to say. What about us?

Red was hunched over the bar, staring at the grain of the wood. "I've had it up to here," he said. "The whole rat race. I'm washed up."

They looked betrayed. They looked outraged. Why, they wanted to know. Why?

And Red counted off the depressing reasons on unsteady fingers. Unemployment—constant, deadening unemployment. And when you did get a job, you could never be sure. They could fire you at the drop of a hat. They could fire you during the first five days of rehearsals, or in New Haven, or later in Boston. And if they didn't



"And we're coming within range of my house, now"

COLLIER'S — SID GORDIN

Better Change Your Formula, Pop!

SEE HERE, SUE! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO RATE THIS SILENT TREATMENT YOU'RE HANDING ME?
IT'S WHAT YOU HAVEN'T DONE ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH, BOB! GET THE FACTS, HONEY, WON'T YOU?
NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WITH GARDOL CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH! FOR GARDOL, COLGATE'S LONG-LASTING ANTI-ENZYME INGREDIENT, MAKES COLGATE'S DOUBLY EFFECTIVE!
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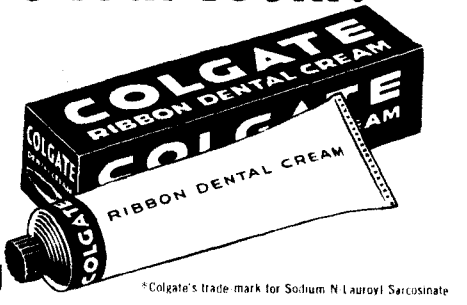

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fire you, you went through the hell of a New York opening and nine times out of ten you woke up to bad reviews and found a closing notice on the bulletin board when you arrived backstage that night. And so you had no job again.

Red looked up and down the bar and singled out Hank. "You'd better do what I'm doing, kid," he said. "Shove out of this town and go back where you came from and get a garbage truck or a carpenter shop or a television store. Anything at all on God's green earth where you can see your tools!"

"What do you mean—see your tools?" Hank asked.

"I don't mean see. I mean feel. Feel 'em in your hands." Red clenched his fists to illustrate. "Know you're not a phony. Know you're not depending for a living on a promise that you're never sure you can deliver on. Just remember the percentages. You haven't got a chance!"

His eyes seemed haunted as he stared around the room. After a moment he shook his head, and without another word he turned and walked out. There was no attempt to stop him, and no comment when he was gone.

Hank waited through the silence, and then he left too. But I've *got* work, he said to himself. I've *got* a job. And this is only the start. Some people make the grade. It doesn't have to be like that.

But it didn't do much good. He couldn't recapture the feeling of wanting to celebrate.

FROM the start he felt something was wrong. Uncertainty about him was heavy in the air. The director, the author and Steele himself seemed relaxed and sanguine about the other members of the company; but there was a tightening, a special wary silence whenever Hank began to read a scene.

"I don't want to upset you," the director said at one point, "and I know it's too early to expect a performance. But the play does hang on the audience's being convinced of your intensity."

Hank asked to try again.

"You misunderstood me," the director said when he had finished. "I didn't mean more voice—I meant a flow of emotion that should surge out of you and cause you to say what you do. I feel you pumping it up now and being afraid you may go too far."

After Hank's third try the director said, "That's better . . ." But he still sounded doubtful.

More and more as the week went by, Hank wondered if Red MacFarlane hadn't been right after all. There was too much at stake: the part itself, and all it would mean if he could play it: the feeling of having to buck the disapproval of his employers; the obligation to succeed, after Maggie had recommended him. All these factors, which should have been incentives, proved to be obstacles. Even while the director, trying the new tack of encouragement, was saying, "Now we're getting somewhere—*now* it's taking shape," Hank knew in his heart that he was still rehearsing with something held back, and that while he was more glib in the part, perhaps, he was no better.

On the fourth day of rehearsal, he thought he saw Maggie sitting in the rear of the auditorium in the black shadow of the balcony. He couldn't be sure. Too often in the past months he had felt his heart miss a beat as he recognized Maggie approaching him, only to discover as he drew nearer that he had lost his breath over a total stranger.

But the chance that it was actually she completely unnerved him. He tried to do the scene from memory and failed miserably. Even the next time through, with his part in his hand, he misread words, he forgot cues, he behaved in general as though he had never heard of the play before. The director, frowning, said, "What's the matter, Ellit? What's wrong?"

Then whispered conferences began —director and author, author and Steele—and Hank felt the sweat cold on his forehead. Looking out front he saw that the girl who might have been Maggie was no longer there, but in his eagerness to redeem himself he did little better. It was a pity, because the performance he gave alone every night in his narrow room at the residence club had all the poise, the fire, the inner sense of rightness that he needed so desperately now.

Then it was the fifth day: the day of decision, the final, all-out effort. It was just one more strain to add to the others.

He should have known what was happening. If it had been happening to somebody else, he'd have seen it all clearly enough. As it was, he sensed a difference in the atmosphere, but he drew no inferences, he didn't understand. Why did the director ignore him completely when he went through his scenes? There were no comments, no suggestions, nothing. And yet, at other times he was surprisingly polite. And the actors—some of them were remote, as if they hardly knew him; others were solicitous and friendly in a way they had never been before.

Even at the end of the rehearsal he hadn't figured it out. The actors put on their coats, said good night. There was a general movement toward the door, and Hank, still puzzling, turned to the director, who was standing at the foot of the temporary stairs that led from the auditorium to the stage.

"What's the call for tomorrow?" he asked.

"We'll let you know," the director said. Later Hank would remember the special look of regret and compassion that came over his face.

Then on the way out, in the stage-door alley, Hank found Alan Steele waiting for him. That was puzzling too. Producers didn't wait in stage-door alleys. "Ellit, I want to talk to you," he said.

"Yes, sir?"

The producer frowned and coughed. "We—we don't want you to open in this play. I'm very sorry, boy," he said.

THEY were very comforting at Joe's, where news of his dismissal had preceded him. They said it happened all the time, that it happened to everybody and that it would never hurt quite so badly again. They even found silver linings, and pointed out advantages. It was better to be fired in the beginning than afterward, they said, and asked him to think how it would feel to be fired out of town. And suppose the management was right: suppose he *wasn't* good in the part. Wasn't it better to find that out now than to open in New York and get bad notices?

Hank nodded. "Yes," he said. "Thanks. Yes, you're right." But it was only a rather blunted, token agreement. Mercifully, his mind was dulled. He felt like a punchy fighter, walking around groggy from a blow that hadn't yet begun to hurt.

A shred of perception would come to him and float away before he could quite grasp it. At one moment he thought vaguely that he could detect something like relief in his friends' eagerness to make him feel better, as though they were welcoming him back, with excessive hospitality, to the company of failures. "Here," they said, "have a drink. Hey, give Hank a drink!"

But he said, "No. No, thanks," and stood there, thinking of Maggie. He wondered where she was, because hers was the only comfort he wanted at that moment. Maybe he would call her. It wouldn't be the celebration they had planned, of course, but she too was surely disappointed and perhaps he could make her feel better.

And then Hank heard Red MacFarlane's voice.

So Red hadn't left town after all. He was seated at the far end of the bar, and his back was turned. He was drunk and loud and emphatic, and he was saying, "I could have told him five days ago! Did he really think Steele would keep his girl friend's husband in the cast?"

It seemed to Hank that the people and the bar were moving backward away from him, and the next moment he was out on the street.

Thought came to him slowly. Little by little the jigsaw bits of memory and inference fell into place, the hints he had refused to pick up, the conclusion, obvious to everyone else, that he had balked at reaching. He recalled how Maggie, just the other night on the telephone, had said, "I promised Alan that I'd go to the opening with him . . ."

His mind went back to the time when Steele had given Maggie a reading, and then a job, ahead of a hundred others who were better qualified. And it was a job in his home, not his office. Had the affair started then? Before that—before Maggie had even left him? Was it, perhaps, even *why* she had left him?

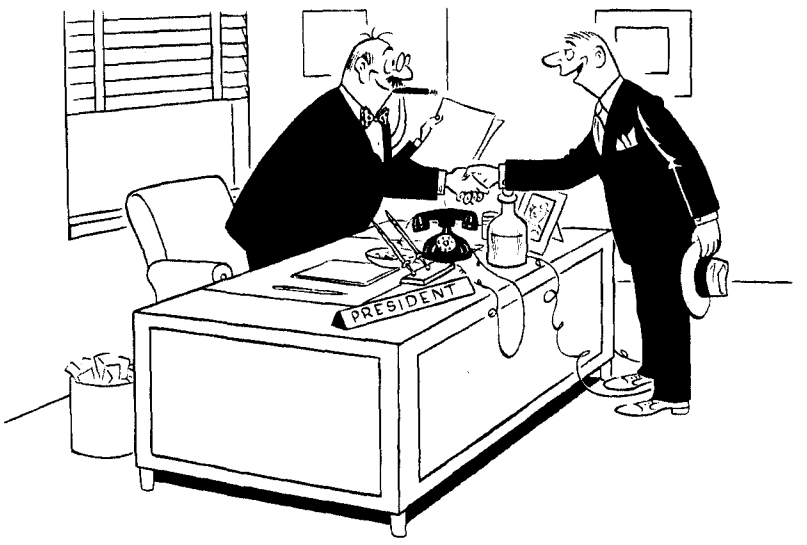
THEN, in this new perspective, he thought that even the fact that Maggie had recommended him for the part in the play spoke eloquently against them. Steele had acceded, hadn't he? As a sop to her? As a reward? Knowing all along that it was only a temporary concession?

Hank clenched his fists and walked on. He was a married man without a marriage, an actor without a job. Perhaps there was more connection than he knew. Perhaps he'd still have had the part if during the last five days he had had Maggie by his side, to listen, to criticize, to calm him—if he had been able to feel that togetherness, which alone made him feel whole. Or was he kidding himself? Was he thinking of the innocent past when Maggie had loved him?

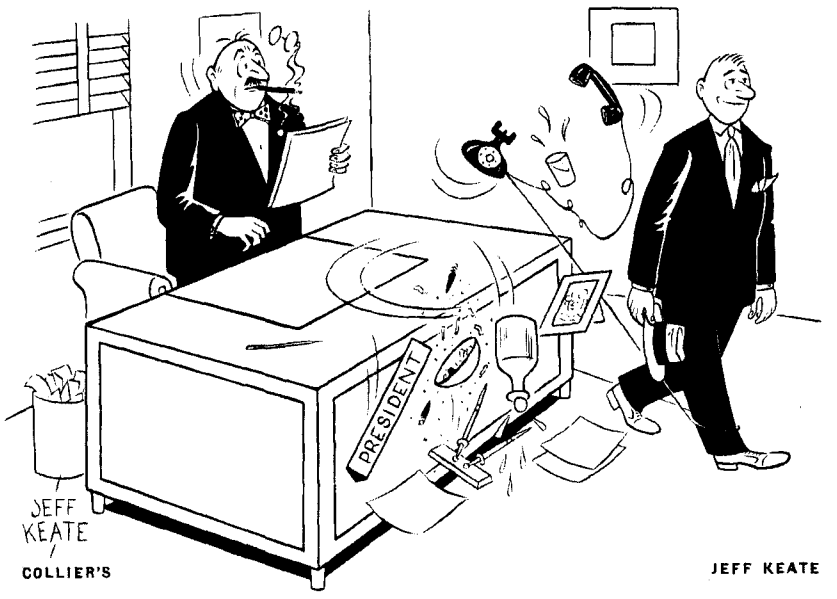
A moment later he had stopped walking. He had a sensation of something choking him. He loosened his collar. He took a deep breath. He knew what it was: rage, tightening the muscles of his belly and thighs, clamping his throat like a claw. He had suddenly thought of Maggie loving Alan Steele.

He turned and hailed a taxi and got in. . . .

The doorman said no, it was too late, he couldn't go up, he'd have to be announced. He tried to bar Hank's way with one hand while he plugged in the house telephone with the other, but



"Thanks, Mr. Damon. I'm sure you'll never regret hiring me"



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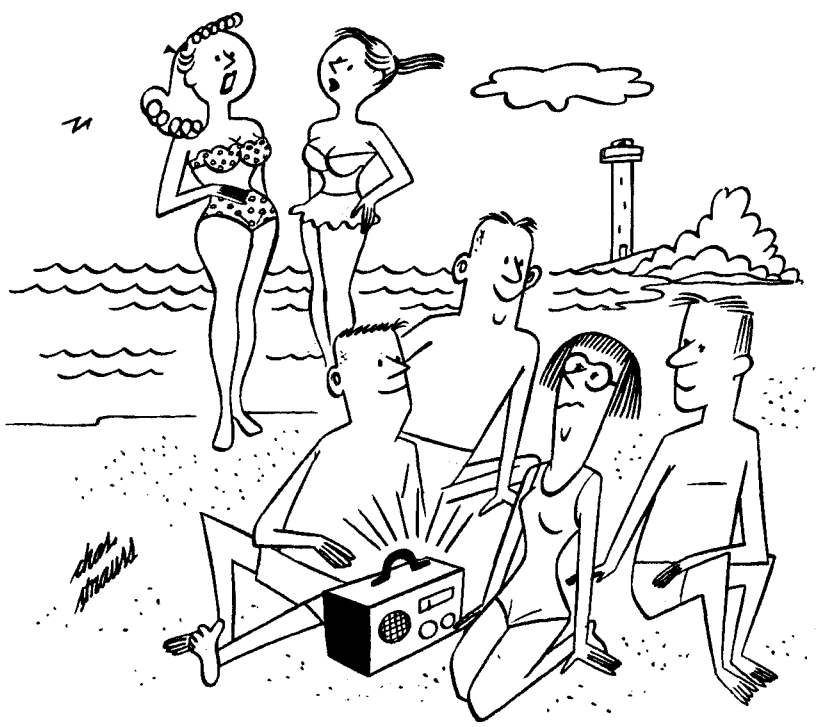

"I spend $17.95 on a snappy new swim suit and she gets all the men just by tuning in on the ball game"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES STRAUSS

Hank saw it was the penthouse floor and that was all he needed. He got past the doorman and into the elevator, and when he emerged on the penthouse floor, Steele, apparently having been warned, was there to meet him.

He seemed puzzled and impatient. He recognized Hank with some surprise, grumbled a little about all this unexplained excitement, and then, peering at him, said, "What's the matter? You look ill . . ."

He said it with real concern, but Hank wanted no sympathy from the author of his double humiliation. He brushed past him angrily into the quiet apartment, walked down the wide, dark corridor, and in the high-ceilinged living room turned to face Steele, his feet apart, his white-knuckled fists ready.

Steele was getting angry. "Don't you realize what trouble you could get into?" he said. "Suppose I were to call the police and—" But he stopped; a sudden new light came into his eyes, and now he sounded chiding and gentle, as though he were talking to a child. "I do know how upsetting this is," he said. "I know from my own experience. And believe me, we didn't want to do it."

"What?" said Hank. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm trying to tell you that I did the best I could. There just isn't any way to fire people kindly."

Hank had to control an angry impulse to laugh. "Is that why you think I came?"

"Why else? What do you want?"

A nerve in Hank's eye began to twitch, and his voice was almost inaudible. "My wife," he said, and then more clearly, "I came to get my wife. Where is she?" And now he was shouting as he took a threatening step toward Steele: "Where is she?"

But the producer was as calm as if he were innocent. He studied Hank's face for a long moment. "You're making a fool of yourself," he said sadly, at last. "How did you ever get hold of an idea like this?"

"Everyone seems to know it but me!"

"To know what? That I'm having an affair with Maggie?"

"Yes!"

"Who's everybody? Who told you?"

"People have been trying to tell me for months. Someone said tonight that's why I was fired. They said naturally you wouldn't keep your girl friend's husband in the cast!"

You could count to three or four in the silence. Through the heavy curtains, you could hear the wheeze of a bus on Madison Avenue around the corner. And then Steele said, very simply, "You poor kid. And you came to get her? You came *here* to get her?"

"Yes, and to beat hell out of you."

"Well—no use my protesting. I'd be saying the same things if I were guilty. Come with me." He led the way to a door and opened it. "My bedroom. No, look," because Hank had hesitated at the threshold. There was a photograph of a beautiful woman, vaguely familiar to Hank, on the dresser. Maggie wasn't there.

HANK'S conviction wavered. He felt his rage begin to drain away. But he was slow to give up an idea on which he had lavished so much anger, and he said, "But this doesn't prove—"

"And this," Steele said, opening another door, "is where Maggie works." There were filing cabinets, a typewriter table, a desk. And on the desk, where she would see it whenever she looked up, was Hank's photograph.

"Perhaps *now* you'll believe me," Steele said.

And Hank answered, "I—I think I'd better sit down if you don't mind." Back in the living room he felt exhausted. "Mr. Steele," he said after a moment, haltingly, "I'm sorry—I don't know how to tell you—"

"Forget it," Steele said. "You know I'd begun to wonder if you loved her. At least you've answered that. You haven't discussed this with Maggie, have you?"

Hank shook his head.

"Good. Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

As Steele snapped the lighter, Hank looked up at him and saw, in the sudden illumination, that the producer's face was haggard, melancholy. "Listen, Ellit," Steele said. "You'd better have the whole story. These relationships are never clean-cut, or black-and-white. I think your Maggie's one of the

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most beautiful women I've ever known. When I first saw her, she somehow touched me. Her ambition reminded me of my own—when I was her age and yours—and so I gave her that reading. All right. That's the way it started. Something in her appealed to something in me. It flattered me to take her out—to be seen with anyone so young and beautiful. And I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit that the idea of making love to her crossed my mind—more than once." He smiled then, briefly, kindly. "But if you object to that," he said, "you'll have to beat up the whole world of men who meet her, or even see her, and that isn't practical."

HANK said nothing, and Steele continued with a sigh. "There's no reason in the world for me to tell you this. But it wasn't morality that discouraged me. No signs saying Thou Shalt Not barred my way. Rather, it was first a simple matter of chronology: I'm old enough to be her father. That's a cliché, I know, but it stopped me. Not without some unhappiness, but it did stop me. And the other reason—"

"Yes?"

"There's no point in making love to a woman who loves another man."

"But who won't live with him," Hank said. "Who won't even see him."

"I'd do something about that if I were you. I'd do it pretty soon."

And suddenly the exhaustion was gone. "Yes," Hank said, "you're right!" He got up and hastily shook Alan Steele's hand.

"Wait a minute." There was a new expression, half quizzical, half excited, on the producer's face. "You're not going yet."

"But—"

"Sit down. Ellit, have you any idea why you were let out of the play this afternoon?"

Hank looked at him sharply. "Why? Because I wasn't any good, I suppose."

"Do you know why you weren't any good?"

"Look—oh, please, Mr. Steele, now, now—"

"You have talent," said Steele, inexorably. "A lot of it. But you weren't any good because you were a phony. You worried the whole time about the impression you were making. You never for one moment thought of yourself as the character—it was always you, pretending, tacitly asking us out front, 'How am I doing?' "

Hank frowned. What was Steele up to? Was he digging back at him, out of annoyance at the accusation he'd made? The problems of acting seemed remote and trifling now. He had had his big chance and muffed it. Maybe Red MacFarlane was right. Maybe he too should give up. Anyhow, all that really mattered was Maggie, and he was impatient to get to a telephone.

But Steele was saying, "Maggie told me you had what it took: intensity, guts, violence—"

"I guess she was wrong."

"Are you sure?"

Hank frowned. "You just said—"

"A phony, yes, but I was talking about rehearsal. You were quite different—here—ten minutes ago."

"I was sore."

"Sure you were sore. You cared." He leaned forward. "Do you think you could play the second-act scene that way? Could you forget all about how you *seem*—and just *be?* Could you stop worrying about your profile and your voice—and just become a guy who's got something to say and not hell or high water is going to stop him? The way you were a while ago?"

COLLIER'S **"I can't complain about Helen's clothes bills"** J. G. FARRIS

Reluctantly Hank was listening. Yes, he thought, this was what acting was all about. "You didn't bother to straighten your tie," said Steele. "Look at it—it's still off to one side—and your hair is mussed and you look like hell. But you convinced me—and that's what really matters. You were wrong, but did you let that stop you? You had to say it, didn't you? You *would* have beat me up, and I felt it. If you can act like that, you've got a career. If not, you'd better give it up now."

Hank shook his head. "How can I tell?" he said.

"You can't. Not tonight, anyhow." Steele got up and put out his hand. "But you might turn up at the theater tomorrow. We'll give it another try."

HANK knocked on Maggie's door, quietly, insistently. One light had burned out in the corridor, which smelled of dust and disinfectant. He waited and knocked again.

"Yes?" Maggie's voice was faint, alarmed.

"It's me."

"Oh—wait a minute—" Then she opened the door. "Oh, Hank," she said, "are you all right? I've been so unhappy. So worried . . ."

"I—I brought some coffee," he said, and offered her the cardboard carton.

"Come in."

She turned on the bed light and closed the window, while he tossed his trench coat on the desk. Maggie said, "You must have got my message . . ."

"Your message?"

"Eight of them, I think. I tried to telephone you as soon as I heard. I felt so awful for you."

She had obviously been asleep. She had no make-up on. She was wearing the yellow negligee he must have seen a hundred times, and her gold hair was tangled, and to Hank at that moment she was lovelier than she had ever been, or even than his memory of her. But when he tried to kiss her, she pushed him away. She was gentle about it, but she didn't want him close.

So he took the only chair in the room from its place at the incongruously ornate little desk, and turned it around so it faced the bed.

Maggie sat on the red blanket, sipping coffee. You're my wife, Hank thought, and we sit here like strangers, as far apart as this tiny room will let us be.

But after a moment he told her his news, and she said very simply, "Oh, how wonderful!" But then she asked him how he had come to be at Alan Steele's in the first place.

"Because of you," he said, and told her about that.

"Oh, no, Hank, you didn't! Was he furious?"

"He was damn' nice about it. He said at least it proved that I love you."

He waited while she sat very still, looking down at her coffee. Then she said quietly, "I guess he hoped you did, for my sake. You see, he knew I was in love with you."

"Was?"

"Am."

"My darling—"

But before he could get up and go to her side, she was shaking her head, speaking in a curiously arresting, rather dull voice—repeating tiredly, it seemed to Hank, a hopeless conclusion she had reached a long time ago. "Being in love isn't enough," she said. "Even loving isn't enough. You're on your way now, Hank. You'll be doing what you've always wanted to do." She spread her palms and let them fall again limply into her lap. "I've done a lot of thinking. This is the way you'll be happiest. Without me." Against his cry of protest she shut her eyes briefly, and then went on: "That's why I think it would be better—if we were to call it quits—now—without any more talk."

He was on his feet before her; there was a moment of silence while he gathered his forces. Then he said to her, "Maggie, will you listen to me for a minute—till I get through what I have to say? Without interrupting?"

ODD, he thought, that he was able to be so controlled. He meant every word as he plunged into the sentences that he had formed and half rehearsed between Steele's and here. But he was pleading his case without self-abasement; and for once in his life he knew he wasn't acting. "Maggie, I'm—I think I'm growing up," he said, "changing. Right from the start I was betting on the wrong horse—and now I'm going to try to be a reformed character if

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you'll let me. Or even if you won't . . ."

With great daring he stole a glance at her, but her serious eyes told him nothing. She was neither accepting nor refusing him. She was simply listening.

"You see, it was all kid stuff," he went on. "Maybe you knew, or suspected it, but I didn't. It was like a kid dreaming of being a fireman when he grows up, or a streetcar conductor or a pirate. And I went at it the wrong way. I thought there was somebody with a magic key—or that there were a lot of somebodies, each of whom could open doors for me. I—I guess I saw myself being passed from one to the other, like up a flight of stairs, and at the top was what I wanted for you and me. But I turned into a pretty cheap guy while I was waiting to climb those stairs, so naturally I lost you."

HE GLANCED at her again. She quickly looked away. This encouraged him to go on. "Maggie, my love, my love: I got this job through you, and Steele seems to think I might make the grade. But that isn't really important. What matters is you and me, for the rest of our lives. But don't you see: now we can do it—"

She looked at him sadly, remotely. "Do what, Hank?"

"Get back to work on making the dream come true. Pick it up where we left it, and go on. It won't be as fast as I thought, or as easy. But it can still happen. We can still have a happily ever after, Maggie—if you'll come back to me."

Maggie shook her head. "There's never a happily ever after," she told him softly. "There's always trouble. I don't think it ever stops as long as you're alive. You've got to keep pushing, that's all. Winning sometimes, losing sometimes. Making out on the whole pretty well, though perhaps not as well as you hoped."

"But making out," he said, as softly, "together?"

"I'll try to tell you what I mean." Her eyes, which didn't look at him, were very wide with the effort of phrasing her thought. "In that dream of yours—of ours, because I shared it—you wanted me to be Lynn Fontanne, didn't you? And I tried to be. But now I've learned something. I don't want to be Lynn Fontanne—or Lilli Palmer or Helen Hayes or Judith Anderson. Do you know what I want to be? I want to be me."

He started to interrupt, but she went on: "And I think I've learned what being me consists of. I wouldn't want to be a burden or a millstone or anything like that, and so after I've told you, you can decide—"

He could have decided right then and there, but he bit his lip and swallowed and waited, while her gentle voice, with its edge of whisper, went on: "I think I just want to be your wife," she said. "Mrs. Henry Ellit. And that's all. The wife of whatever you turn out to be, and I don't really care whether it's an actor or a football coach or a soda jerk. I want to keep your house, even if it's just a room, and buy your groceries and cook your meals. And once in a while I want you to take me out in my very best dress, so I can look at everyone else and think: Aren't I lucky? He's mine. I want to help you do whatever you want to do. That's the job I want—the kind of co-starring I'd like. Being your wife and the mother of your children . . ."

He smiled, and tried to assume a bantering tone, but his voice wouldn't behave. "Oh, you've worked all that out too."

She nodded gravely. "Three," she said. "Mostly boys." There was a long silence; at last her blue-gray eyes were looking at him, questioning. "Now it's your turn, Hank," she said. "You have to decide."

He didn't answer, not in words. He put out his hand and drew her up to him. His lips touched her forehead, slowly followed the curve of her eyebrows, kissed her eyelids and the tip of her nose . . .

WHEN the telephone jangled it was as startling as if they'd been asleep. He reached for it, but she got there first. "Yes?" she said. "But— Yes, I know, but—" Then she covered the mouthpiece and turned to him, astonished. "It's the desk clerk. He says I've got to get the man out of my room at once."

Hank grabbed the telephone. "Listen, you," he said, and the voice that had been intended for Romeo was a little uneven now, a little rougher than beautiful, and very real. "My name is Henry Ellit. I'm Mrs. Ellit's husband. I'm also the father of her children, and I don't plan to leave this room till tomorrow morning."

He hung up then, and kissed her mouth. It was like being home again, after a very long journey.

—ROBERT WALLSTEN

COLLIER'S

"Mind nagging me a little?
I'm starting to fall asleep"

BILL YATES

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Underwater Fun

By HOWARD COHN

Skin-diving for beginner starts on less than ten dollars in equipment. Mask permits clear visibility. Fins provide much greater forward thrust

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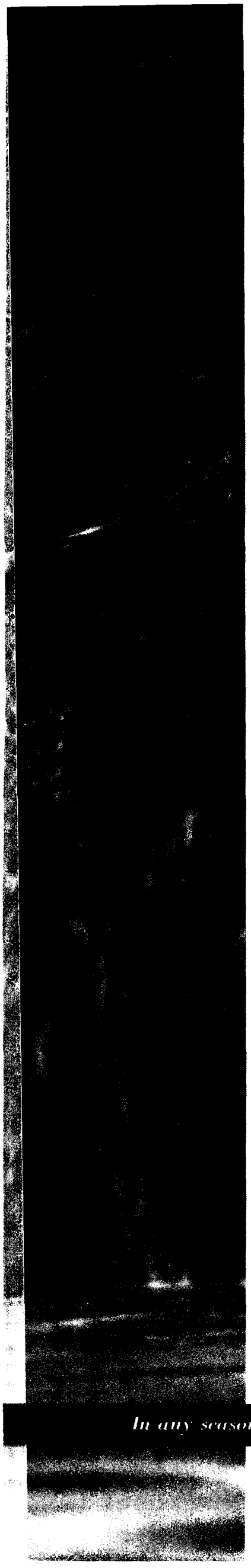

HOWELL CONANT

HOWELL CONANT

Equipped with $125 worth of gear, spearfisherman is ready for coldest water. Gauge on left arm registers depth of water to 220 feet

IT'S a measure of the surging popularity of skin-diving that an underwater billboard now hugs the ocean floor off Key Largo, Florida. The sign, painted on concrete, urges submerged swimmers-by to purchase additional gear from a shop near Miami.

Skin-diving was almost unknown in the United States before World War II. Today a leading distributor of masks, snorkels and spear guns reports that by conservative estimate one of every ten American swimmers owns at least one piece of skin-diving equipment. And the equipment? Manufacturers are now adapting just about everything imaginable for underwater use. There are underwater compasses, underwater flashlights, even underwater bicycles.

But the fun's available on any budget. A skin-diver still needs only a two-dollar mask and a three-dollar pair of fins to go sight-seeing underwater. Add a rigid-plastic snorkel tube for as little as a dollar seventy and he's able to cruise indefinitely with his head down in the water. A simple spear for about eight dollars makes him an underwater hunter.

At the other extreme, the heavy plunger—aquatic and financial—seeks extra pleasure with gilt-edged gear. He buys spring- or gas-powered guns that send a spear through a fish 35 feet away. He photographs sea life with a specially cased camera and buys a cold-water suit that enables him to dive in any temperature. From the snorkel, which must be used close to the surface, he turns to tank-type breathing equipment. These "lungs" permit him to remain at great depths for as long as two hours.

Howell Conant, a photographer assigned to take pictures for these pages, became a skin-diving addict during his first plunge. "On my first dive," he says, "I plunged through layer after layer of blackness with a camera in my hand and fear in my heart. Then suddenly I was on the bottom. I looked up and the world was bright and clear. All I wanted to do was rush to the surface and tell everyone how wonderful it was."

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In any season on any budget, there's a thrilling world filled with exciting sport below the water's surface

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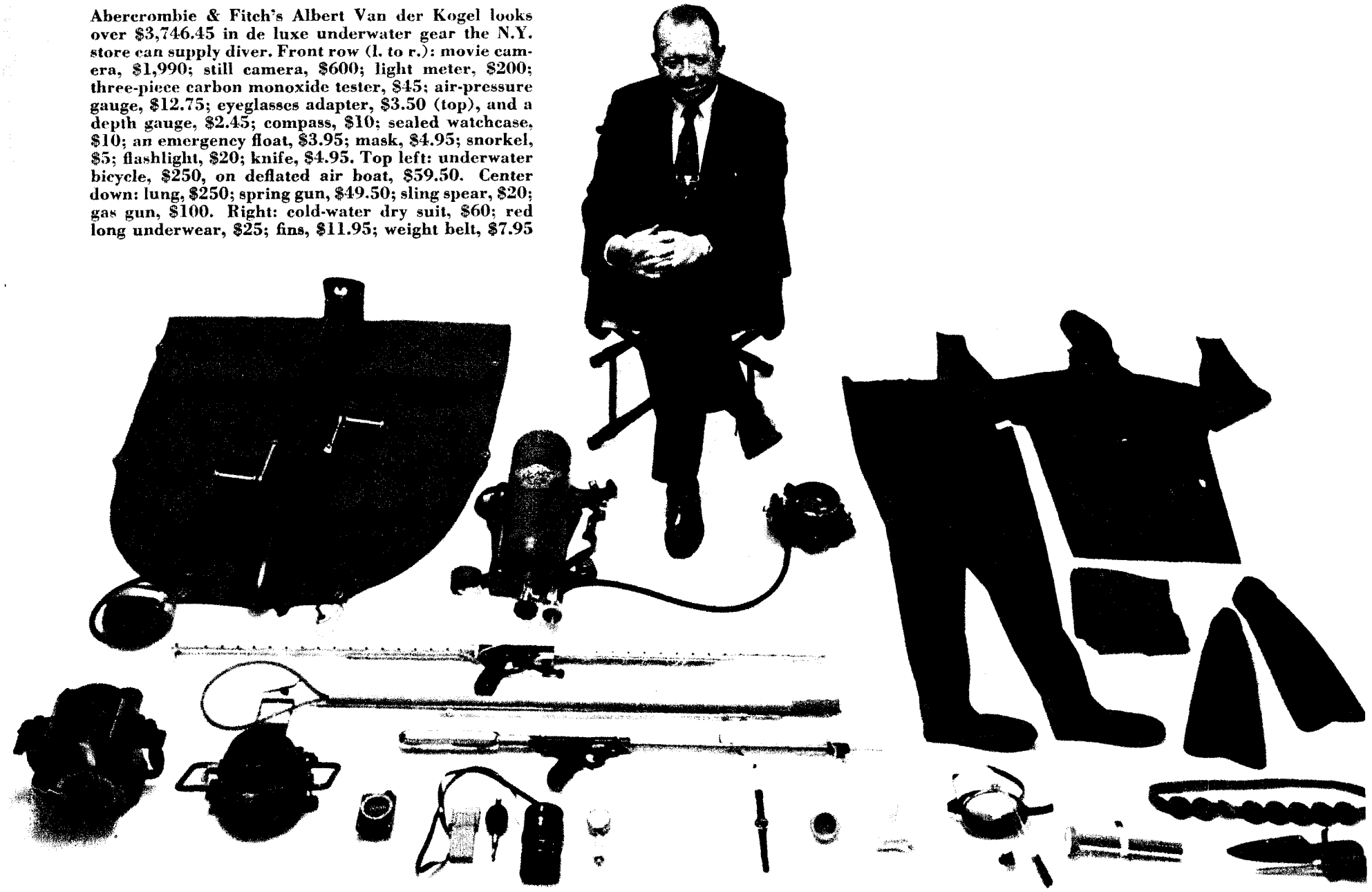
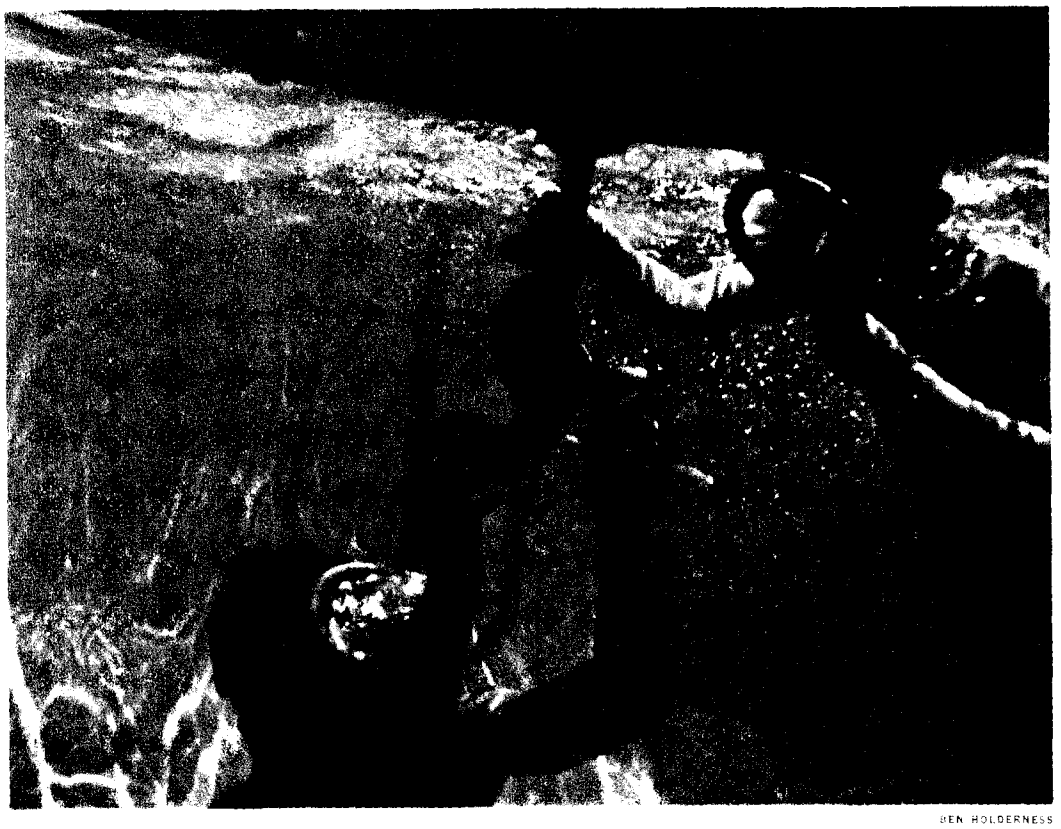


Abercrombie & Fitch's Albert Van der Kogel looks over $3,746.45 in de luxe underwater gear the N.Y. store can supply diver. Front row (l. to r.): movie camera, $1,990; still camera, $600; light meter, $200; three-piece carbon monoxide tester, $45; air-pressure gauge, $12.75; eyeglasses adapter, $3.50 (top), and a depth gauge, $2.45; compass, $10; sealed watchcase, $10; an emergency float, $3.95; mask, $4.95; snorkel, $5; flashlight, $20; knife, $4.95. Top left: underwater bicycle, $250, on deflated air boat, $59.50. Center down: lung, $250; spring gun, $49.50; sling spear, $20; gas gun, $100. Right: cold-water dry suit, $60; red long underwear, $25; fins, $11.95; weight belt, $7.95



BEN HOLDERNESS

Bart Jacob (l.), an experienced diver from Bedford, N.Y., helps John Holderness, ten, clear the boat propeller. Jacob speared a 250-pound grouper this year off Florida

What's the prize attraction in skin-diving? Ben Holderness, Collier's consultant in the preparation of this feature, offers an attractive explanation. He credits it to the thrill of mastering an element. "I don't know who has more fun," says Holderness, whose ten years in the sport qualify him as both a pioneer and an expert, "the beginner who uses fins to power across a pool for the first time, or the expert exploring an old wreck buried in the ocean. I find I get almost as much of a kick playing follow-the-leader with youngsters along a lake bottom as I do spearing fish off the Florida Keys."

But for most long-time skin-divers, the excitement of fishing with a spear is the big lure. There are few underwater moments to equal the thrill of a perfect shot, whether the quarry be a 100-pound shark or a five-pound lake carp.

Today's spearfisherman has his choice of a variety of weapons. The most popular, and least expensive, are spears either thrust by hand or propelled, bow-and-arrowlike, by a strong rubber band. In the hands of an expert, they are accurate at up to ten feet and just as deadly as the longer-range and easier-managed spring- or gas-powered guns with trigger mechanisms.

The spearfisherman rarely uses a lung. Instead, he searches for his quarry while snorkeling close to the surface. Once a worthy game fish is spotted below, the fisherman takes a deep breath, dives for the sea bottom and waits. The curious fish soon comes closer. When it gets within range—and most fishermen wait until it's no more than a yard away—the spearfisherman fires. The aim should be high up, just behind the gills. A spear there hits

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There's pleasure from just kicking your way under a pool to exploring a wreck buried in the ocean depths

the spine, killing the fish instantly and leaving the meat undamaged.

Because of the year-round warmer weather, and the variety and size of its sea life, Southern coastal regions offer the most exciting spearfishing. The waters around such places as the Florida Keys, Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean Islands always abound with groupers, snappers, barracuda, sharks, moray eels and sting and manta rays. The West Coast also provides fine spearing opportunities, but the fish are more migratory there because of the colder waters. Whatever the location and however popular an area may be, skin-divers say the great growth of the sport has not made game fish more wary. "You're still likely to shoot into a school of fish anywhere," said one veteran, "and come up with a pair of three-pounders on a single spear."

Skin-diving skill is acquired gradually. A beginner, wearing mask and fins, rarely is able to submerge more than ten feet and usually comes up puffing within 15 seconds. It takes several weeks of practice before he can hold his breath more than a minute and go down to a depth of 30 feet or so, which most teachers call a sensible limit for the average diver.

However, the great interest in skin-diving and spearfishing does not mean that the underwater world is for everyone. According to one medical authority, diving is so strenuous a pastime that a person should be free of ear, nose and sinus disorders and have no history of heart trouble before he takes it up seriously.

If you recognize your own physical limitations and follow one common-sense rule, skin-diving can be as safe as a romp on the beach. The rule: Never dive alone. Always have at least one partner.

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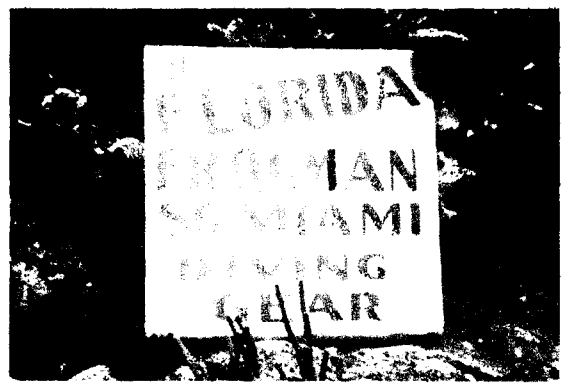
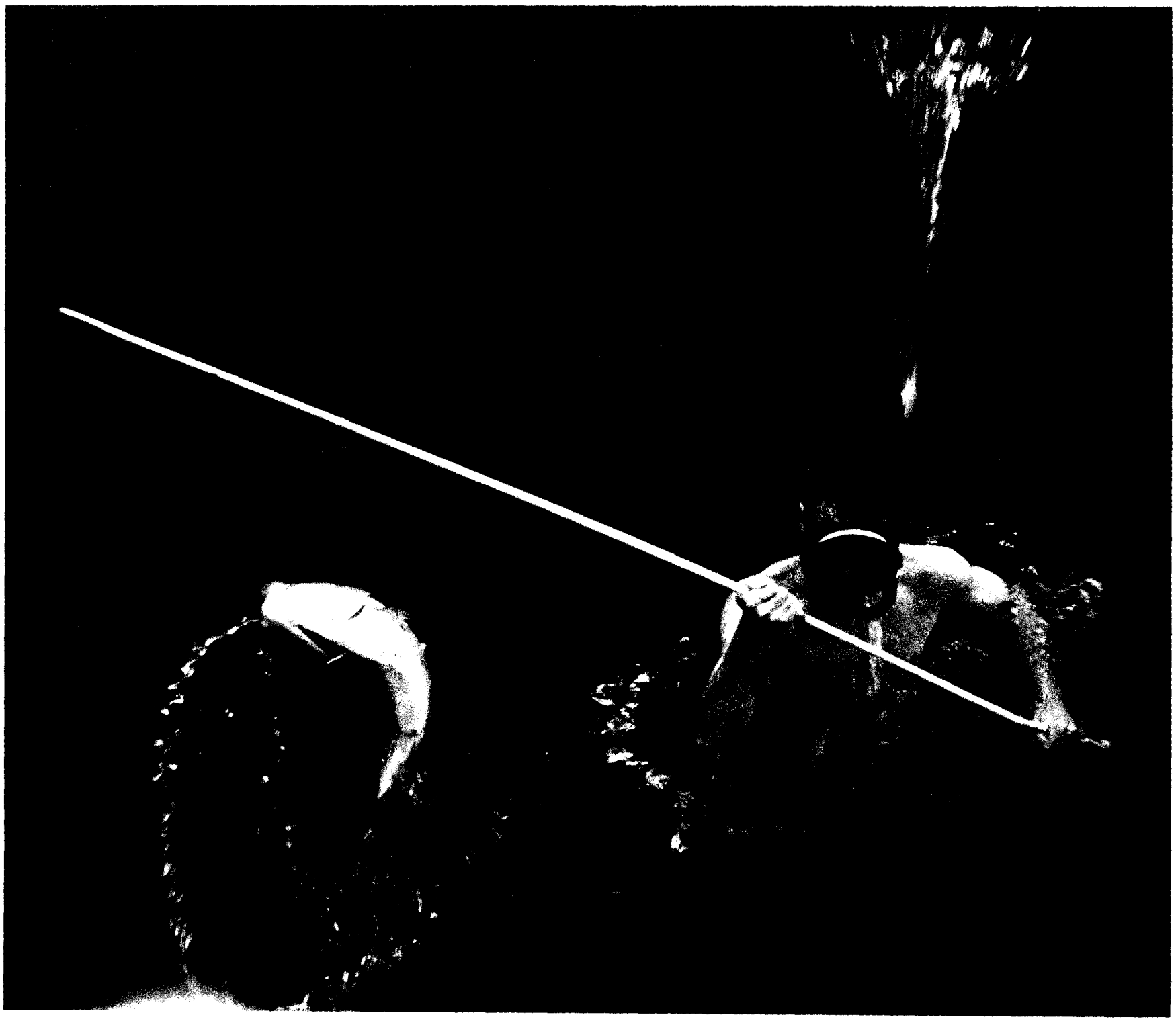


JERRY GREENBERG

Skin-diving has grown so big there's a sign on ocean bottom off Key Largo



HOWELL CONANT

Shooting a spray of water through his snorkel, Ben Holderness heads for shore with ten-pound striped bass. He landed the fish in Long Island Sound, near Rowayton, Conn. The fiber-glass spear is used like a lance. Barb is detachable so speared fish can swing freely on line

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Cold-water suits are making skin-diving an all-season sport

The biggest recent development in a sport that features almost daily innovations in equipment is the marketing of outfits which permit underwater devotees to pursue their sport regardless of water temperature. A cold-water suit, together with compressed-air lungs, greatly extends the diver's range of activities and also causes a sizable dent in his wallet. The suits vary in price from $50 to $90; the lungs from $125 to $325.

Experts warn beginners not to try either until they have had considerable diving practice. "Compressed-air and oxygen equipment, especially, requires considerable training in their use," says Ben Holderness. "The experienced diver, for example, knows how to recover his mouthpiece if it slips out and the breathing tubes fill with water. He simply raises it overhead and pressure from the tank forces the water out of the intake tube. Then he quickly replaces the mouthpiece and rolls on his left side where he blows the exhaust tube clear. Now he only has to swallow any little water remaining and go on his way.

"The newcomer, on the other hand, often thrashes about wildly and ineffectively in this situation. More important, he panics and forgets that all of his problems could be solved if he took off his weight belt and kicked his way to the surface."

Cold-water suits come in wet and dry models. The wet ones, usually made of a foam plastic, purposely permit seepage and use the water as a warming agent; the water which leaks through absorbs body heat quickly and stays warm because the suit is so well insulated. Wet suits are best used in water from 55 degrees up.

Dry suits are heavier, made of rubber and completely waterproof. They protect the diver in temperatures right down to freezing. Warmth depends on the amount of clothing—usually long underwear and heavy sweaters—he wears underneath.

The availability of cold-water suits has begun to revolutionize the sport. Skin-diving clubs, once limited almost entirely to temperate waters, are springing up in Maine, around the Minnesota lakes, and on Puget Sound in the Northwest.

Any season . . . any budget. It looks as if the full depths of underwater fun have yet to be explored. ▲▲▲

ROBERT KEAGLE

Protected by rubber suit, Langley Smith, of Minneapolis, takes a winter dip through ice

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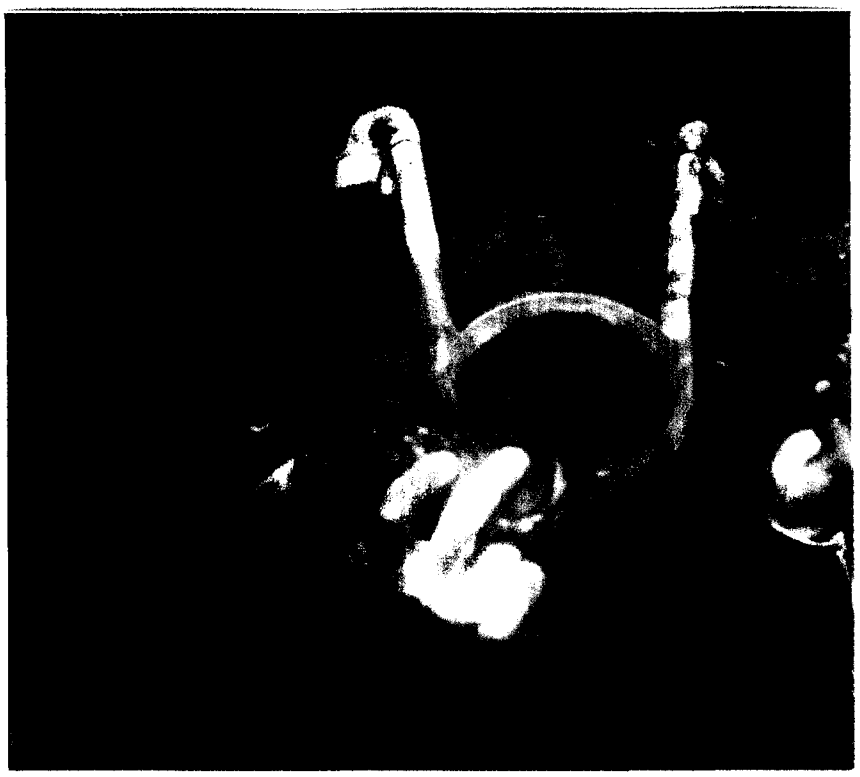
Straddling the giant shark he just speared, Lucky Casner, Miami, Fla., starts maneuvering it to surface so the fish can be lifted into a boat

ED FISHER



BEN HOLDERNESS

Bill Gambee, of Lynbrook, N.Y., brings up lobster near Ogunquit, Maine. Gambee was comfortable in 46° water

BEN HOLDERNESS

Bart Jacob, and partner Susie Croot, of Miami, examine speared quarry firsthand. It's a ten-pound barracuda

Wearing wet-type diving suit, Terry Cox pries abalone loose in chilly depths off Catalina Island, California

E. R. CROSS

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Why Britain and

A veteran foreign correspondent

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

London

THIS is a year of change in Western Europe. From the iron-curtain border on the Elbe to the Mother of Parliaments on the Thames, the political patterns set by World War II and the spasmodic attempts at peacemaking that followed are shifting. In Bonn the Germans gravely consider opening diplomatic relations with Russia and adopting a more independent attitude toward the West. In Paris the French search not for their ancient glory but for a path out of the difficulties the imperial past has imposed on the timid present.

But nowhere are the changes more marked or more important to the future of the West, than in this old, gray city astride the old, gray Thames. What is happening in London and in Britain affects the Anglo-American alliance—the unwritten, invincible association that gives meaning to the words "free world."

Given wisdom and restraint in Washington and London over the next year, the alliance will benefit. But wisdom and restraint cannot be taken out and dusted off only when British leaders go to Washington or Americans to London. They must be applied constantly. If they are, all will go well. If they are not, if isolationism or nationalism wins in either capital, then the alliance and all the nations that look to it for leadership will suffer.

The character of the alliance is bound to change because Britain is changing. During the last decade, the alliance theoretically has been one of equals. But actually the tremendous military strength of the United States, backed by unchallenged industrial supremacy and a booming economy, has given successive Washington administrations the dominant voice.

The pre-eminence of United States power still exists and will continue. But relatively the position of Britain is improving. This country will not return to the position of dominance it enjoyed before World War I; the staggering losses of World War II, financial and economic quite as much as military, will never be made up. However, Britain today is physically stronger and economically more independent and stable than it has been for a decade. There is hope, vigor and enterprise.

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"Given wisdom and restraint in Washington and London over the next year, the alliance will benefit . . . If isolationism or nationalism wins in either capital, then the alliance and all the nations that look to it for leadership will suffer"

the U.S. Are Drawing Apart

ooks behind the controversies that are splitting the West

By DREW MIDDLETON

The nation's new physical strength is emerging with the accent on jet bombers, guided missiles and an expanding system of weapon research. Europeans know that the United States is the stronger power. But British air power is, here and on the Continent, a visible sign of a reviving nation.

On the economic side, a new confidence is stirring the great mass of the British people. They give the impression of a nation whose faith has been restored—and, most important, restored by the people's own efforts. No dictator has had to tell them what to do. The new spirit is reflected in the increasing amount of what anywhere else would be called "economic pioneering." Here, in the capital of understatement, Britons says: "We are changing things a bit."

There are flourishing new industries; plastics, to name one. There are production fields in which Britain is determined to take or hold the lead, such as jet and turbojet engines. There are new styles and techniques in the engineering industry. There is a sweeping program for the development of atomic power for industrial uses.

British Salesmen Show New Confidence

North of the Tweed, there is a great scheme afoot to bring the Highlands back to life through a combination of hydroelectric power, reforestation and light industry. In Wales and in Scotland, new industries are being introduced to avoid the old dependence on a single product. From Britain, salesmen are going out with more confidence than they enjoyed five years ago to sell the new products.

But there is no complacency over the present measure of economic recovery. Each gain made by a foreign competitor is analyzed. Trade groups study ways to achieve larger, cheaper output, and national organizations combat waste in industry. The last 15 years have taught many lessons. The one the British are least likely to forget is that they must pioneer, invent and improve if they are to stay in business as a mercantile and industrial people.

Comparing the Britain of 1938 and 1939 with the present, I feel that the nation today is more alive and vigorous than in the days before World War II. It is more realistic, tougher, less complacent.

As Britain's national attitude is changing, so too is its leadership. The statesmen and soldiers who helped win World War II are leaving the stage one by one. Even the greatest of them, Sir Winston Churchill, who only a few weeks ago visited Washington for talks with President Eisenhower in an attempt to shore up sagging Anglo-American relations, is preparing to depart as Prime Minister. He is expected to hand over his portfolio to his heir apparent, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden.

Eden will come to the head of the Conservative government and Conservative party confident, experienced and enterprising, just when the nation itself feels confident, experienced and enterprising —and, equally important, when it feels slightly discounted in the United States.

Under Eden, Britain will be a stronger but more contentious ally than she has been during the last 10 years. Because Eden is a confident veteran of foreign affairs, because the younger men of the Conservative party now moving toward the top are more vigorous in presenting and advocating the British view than their predecessors, and because they represent the new confidence abroad in a resurgent Britain, this country will be more independent in its relations with the United States.

The men who will rule Britain with Eden—among them, Chancellor of the Exchequer R. A. Butler and Minister of Housing and Local Government Harold Macmillan, who probably will take over Eden's present job of foreign secretary—believe that their country's strategic importance, strength and political experience entitle it to a greater share in ordering the affairs of the free world.

Americans may doubt the validity of the British claim. They should not doubt its sincerity. Nor should they think that this desire for greater independence represents a move toward breaking up the alliance. The British, excepting a few extremists of the left and right, support the alliance wholeheartedly. But they think it will be better with dual controls.

Their attitude may infuriate Americans. But before our anger runs away, let us remember that Britain is the second strongest power in the free world, a world in which the scientists and the diplomats of whom Britain is proud are as important as production figures.

Approaches to World Problems Differ

Even when the British were not asserting themselves as much as they are today and will be in the future, their approach to world problems frequently clashed with that of the United States. So long as Britain is an ally, there will be more such clashes.

In fact, it is Britain's independence, her sense of national identity, her skill in remaining the center of the Commonwealth during a decade of change that make her a valuable ally—just as it is France's loss of identity and cohesion as a nation that have reduced her importance as a partner in the free world.

Understanding rather than vituperation is the key to making the Anglo-American alliance work —and no understanding is possible without a recognition of the British approach to world problems. In particular, Americans must recognize Britain's view of the great trial of strength between the free and Communist worlds, around which all international affairs revolve.

Let us begin with a simple point. The British think Communism will survive in Russia and China. To Britons, crusades against Communism under present circumstances seem only to rally these two strongly nationalist peoples behind the two Red governments. At the same time, however, the British agree that the combined strength of the Communist bloc, based on the central partners, Russia and China, must be reduced because it throws the world out of balance.

The British don't want to go to war to reduce this strength. They suspect that, despite chest-beating on the part of some militant politicians and

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political generals, the United States doesn't want to go to war either. What the British want to do is to reduce the Communist bloc's strength by detaching Red China from the U.S.S.R.

They reason that China is a fertile field for divisive effort because, as the economic inferior of the Soviet Union, she must depend on Russia for her industrial plant, agricultural machinery and military equipment. The British are convinced that the Russians are not providing either quantitatively or qualitatively enough resources to transform China into the independent, modern state she wants to be. For example, Chinese steel production today is estimated to be less than 1,500,000 tons.

Chinese Rulers Are Resentful

This position is galling for Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and the other rulers of the nation of 600,000,000 people. These chieftains regard themselves as the equals in the hierarchy of world Communism to Premier Malenkov and Foreign Minister Molotov in Moscow and, like the Russians, they surround Marxism with a strongly nationalist atmosphere.

At both the recent Berlin and Geneva international conferences, the British found evidence of profound differences between the two Communist governments. They believe that if Moscow attempts to maintain Russia's present economic superiority over China, these differences will deepen. They argue that Russia cannot change her course, for she, too, is a strongly nationalist state; the emergence of China as a modern industrial power would create a new situation in Asia and the chief sufferer would be Russia.

In the British view, the existing situation favors Red China's defection from Russia. The defection may come, the British believe, if the West maintains diplomatic relations and a thriving trade with Peiping. But even then, they say, the task will be long, arduous and delicate.

Britons are aware of the risk that in re-establishing trade with China they may be building up an aggressor. It is a calculated risk, however, and one which they believe must be run if the larger objective of enticing China out of her alliance with Russia is to be approached.

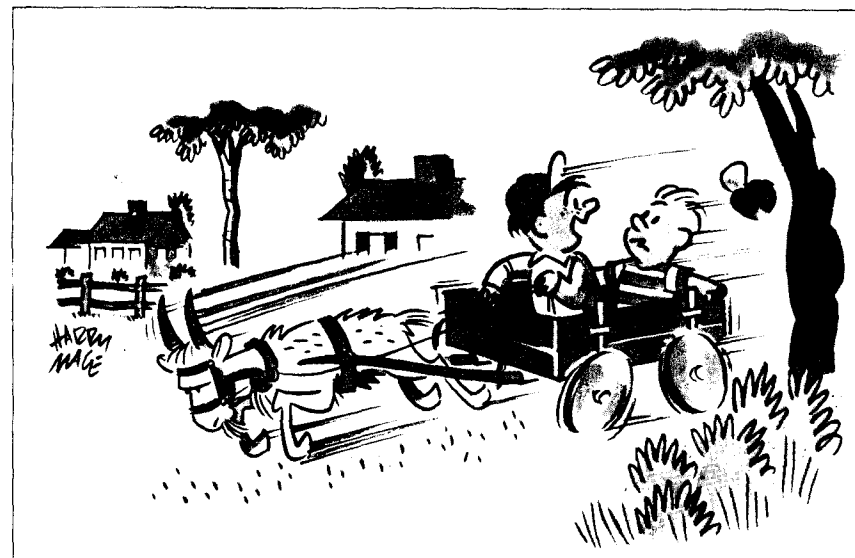
The United States refusal to establish diplomatic relations with China and its continuing support for Chiang Kai-shek are disapproved in this country because, to the British, this policy tends to solidify rather than to weaken the Sino-Russian alliance.

The British are convinced that their analysis of the methods by which China can be diverted from aggression is more practical and realistic than the policy advocated in Washington.

They also believe that their attitude toward the new democracies of Asia—particularly toward what the British call the Colombo Powers, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia—is more practical and realistic than that held in Washington.

The British have no great affection for India's Prime Minister Nehru and little admiration for some of his policies. But, they reason, he is there—and he should not be bullied for two salient reasons.

First, such pressure would strengthen Nehru's power and possibly push him further to the left; or, second, it might displace him and give the Indian Communists their chance. Under these conditions, the British work with Nehru in the hope of swinging India behind whatever defense system the West may establish to contain Communist expansion in Asia.



COLLIER'S — **"Don't be nervous . . . we're safer than anybody else in the neighborhood!"** — HARRY MACE

COLLIER'S — **"Just received a radio message from the home field, Corporal—your three-day pass just came through"** — STAN FINE

Once more, the British are saying that their policy is not what they would like to do, but what they can do.

Generally, British and American policies have been closer in Europe than elsewhere. But here, too, there are fundamental differences of approach.

To strategists in Britain, no less and perhaps more than to the generals of the Pentagon, a German contribution to West European defense is of primary importance. The British approved the European Defense Community (EDC) as a means of rearming Germany although this action has been and will continue to be under severe criticism in both the Conservative and Labor parties.

In fact, no one in Britain, from the cabinet down, liked the idea of rearming the country that twice in a generation has nearly defeated the United Kingdom. But in British eyes the realities of the situation demanded it—and the EDC arrangement seemed the best solution. Actually, the EDC plan represented a compromise.

As an alternative to a new German national army, it provided for the incorporation of armed German units in a European army along with troops from France, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg.

Nations Wary of EDC Treaty

As this is written, however, there seems little prospect that the EDC treaty will come into force in the near future; France and Italy have not ratified it. British leaders urgently want the United States to work out with them alternative ways to rearm Germany, but so far Washington has been holding out for the EDC and bringing pressure especially on France to complete action on the pact.

In the British military view, sighs for the obvious virtues of the EDC will not get German divisions in the field. Because the world situation remains tense, they therefore feel a second-best means of reaching the goal should be found and adopted.

Throughout British thinking on these and other problems they face with Americans, there runs a strain of controlled optimism. If the West is strong enough and trade relations exist, they argue, there is no reason why agreement on at least minor problems can't be reached with the Communist bloc.

Churchill has often advocated a high-level meeting with Soviet Premier Malenkov and President Eisenhower to discuss a world-wide settlement. But such a meeting is Churchillian policy rather than British, and if the conference is ever held it will be due to his powerful impulse.

Britain's official view seems to be that if a relaxation of world tension can be brought about through a series of lower-level negotiations, many on subjects of minor importance, ultimately an area of agreement will be reached wide enough and firm enough to serve as a base for a world settlement.

Washington officials, and indeed some Britons, contend that this theory is illusory, that the Russians and the Chinese will not allow negotiations to go that far. Advocates of the theory reply that theirs is a better policy than isolating the two powerful Communist states, thus fostering their unity, and a more constructive policy than rattling the hydrogen bomb.

These British policies naturally are designed in Britain's interest. But those who make them and are charged with carrying them out feel that they are also in the interests of the Western World. Americans must expect that the British views will be put with still greater force and vehemence by a Conservative government headed by Eden than by the present one under Churchill. But to consider this contentiousness as anti-Americanism would be inaccurate. Nations advocating their own policies within the free world are not necessarily anti-American.

There is a very real danger, however, that any return of the Labor (Socialist) party to power would be accompanied first by a far more strident insistence on British policy than any Conservative government would attempt and, second, by an easy transfer from this insistence to a wholesale anti-Americanism. To sensible men, the choice for Britain is sharply restricted. But some of the people who follow the banner of Aneurin Bevan, leader of the Labor party's extreme left wing, are not especially sensible. Powerfully moved by pacifism, evangelism and isolationism, this section of the Labor party would not hesitate to advocate British neutrality in the event of a major policy dispute with the U.S.

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vith the United States and steer a neutral course

What are the possibilities of the Labor party coming to power? And, if it should, would it be run by Bevan's left-wingers or by the moderates led by the aging Clement Attlee?

The mandate of a British government runs for five years. Unless it is defeated on a major issue in the House of Commons, or wishes to appeal to the electorate at an especially favorable juncture in national affairs, the present Conservative government will be in office until 1956. The expected replacement of Churchill by Eden as Prime Minister will not necessitate a general election.

Britain's Unpredictable Voters

If the government had called for a general election during the first six months of 1954, all the signs pointed to a Conservative victory by a greater majority than in the 1951 election. But under modern conditions in which events abroad or minor adjustments in living conditions at home can exert an important, even a decisive, effect on election chances, few judges would guarantee a Conservative victory three months hence.

The Conservatives themselves are convinced that they will win an election this year, next year or in 1956. They see no reason why the economic improvement should not continue and the position of Britain in the world rise.

Labor members of Parliament are not as sanguine. The realists among them, largely from the ranks of the moderates, fear that so long as Bevan has a chance to grasp the leadership of the party, the neutral voters who belong to neither major party will shun the Labor party. These voters might accept the moderate Socialism of Attlee, but they would reject the extremism of Bevan.

Therefore, until the struggle for leadership of the party is settled, the Labor movement is not in a favorable position to fight an election. But the divisive effect of this struggle should not blind Americans to the powerful support which Socialism enjoys in this country.

The Labor party polled 13,949,000 votes and won 295 seats in Parliament in the election of 1951; the Conservatives polled 231,000 fewer votes but won 321 seats. The Labor political machine is big, experienced and, backed by the trade-unions, wealthy. Labor politicians of both wings are tireless speakers, writers and workers. On the left wing, at least, they have embraced a number of causes highly charged with emotional fireworks.

Of these controversial issues, the most important, and the one about which Americans will hear the most in the future, is German rearmament. Bevan's bid for leadership at the party conference this autumn will be based largely on his opposition to arms for the West German republic.

In this aspect of his challenge to Attlee, the fiery Bevan has the support, if not the admiration, of thousands of other Socialists who are fervently against German rearmament. Bevan and a good many others conveniently forget, of course, that the Labor party four years ago approved the preliminary agreement to rearm Germany. Their lapse of memory enables them to condemn German rearmament as "United States policy forced upon Britain."

The Bevanites go on to accuse the United States of misdeeds and misconceptions in China, Indochina and the Middle East. Frequently they conclude that Britain would be better off if the alliance with the U.S. were broken and Britain proceeded independently.

Such thinking springs, as in fact does much of formal British policy making, from the hard realities of Britain's position in the world.

Consider that position in the age of the hydrogen weapon. Not long ago a scientist at Birmingham announced that in his estimate not more than six of these weapons, perhaps only two, would be needed to eliminate Britain.

To the people of Britain, therefore, a new war emphatically would pose a question not of victory or defeat, but of what small percentage of the population would survive. Although neither a Conservative nor a moderate Labor government would knuckle under to the Communist bloc, both parties are convinced that under present conditions Britain's margin of survival would be alarmingly small—if, indeed, it exists at all.

The Bevanites read in this situation the reason for avoiding alliance with the "aggressive" United States—or, in fact, with anyone else—and walking alone between the free world and the slave. The realists of Whitehall see in it the basic reason for a policy described as "peace through strength."

This policy explains many of Britain's current actions. In the interests of building strength, she is certainly spending an inordinate amount of money on defense, especially on nuclear weapons, jet bombers and guided missiles. In the interests of keeping the peace, her diplomats and merchants are spending much time and energy to encourage diplomatic and economic exchanges with Russia and China.

I have recounted some of the British attitudes toward the central problems of our time. They certainly are not all acceptable to Americans. But they are ideas largely produced by thoughtful, experienced officials who, in advocating their own nation's interests, should not be considered anti-American.

U.S. Sentiment Misinterpreted

Just as in the United States there is a lack of appreciation of British problems and attitudes, so in this country there is a lack of knowledge of American sentiments. The tremendous impact of the Korean war upon the American public, the grave psychological shock administered by the Communist victory in China and Russian intransigence in international affairs, the abiding belief among Americans that their way of life does ultimately promise more for the people of the world than any other, the continental psychology of mid-America—all these are understood by only a few in this country.

But recrimination and abuse hurled at long distance across the Atlantic should never blind Americans to the realities of Britain. Here is a nation at the center of a world-wide Commonwealth and Empire. It is this nation that gives the Commonwealth and Empire reality and importance. If realism is to be the basis of Anglo-American relations, then here are 50,000,000 hard workers, enterprising, inventive and competitive. Here are good fighters in the air, on the ground and in the sea. Here is a doughty population almost impossible to panic. Here are resources of the mind and will beyond anything available to us as allies elsewhere in the world.

Benjamin Franklin once told Americans that if we did not all hang together, then we would assuredly hang separately. Today his remark might be applied to the free world. It is something to keep in mind while the forces of anti-Americanism and Anglophobia have their say. ▲▲▲

Collier's for August 20, 1954

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Escape from Fear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

failure? No, that seemed unimportant. Of sickness? Of death? No. He was simply afraid—afraid of nothing and of everything. He had many friends in the city, yet he seemed always to be lonely; he had plenty to do, yet he seemed always to be bored.

He had of course known men to crack up in this suppressed and devastated city, now become something between a madhouse and a prison; rotten with suspicion, espionage and abduction, its very air seemed to infect the human soul with gangrene. Sometimes he felt as if a pattern of disaster were closing in on him. He had tried crowding his life with a full program of exacting business and spending his evenings in cafés and night clubs, but nothing helped.

He closed the folder of blueprints and tried to think of the evening he had planned at the Simpl with Louise. He had known Louise since his arrival in Vienna a year ago, and recently he had gone out with her in a kind of desperate regularity. Despite her brassy manner, her heavy-eyed hard face and piled peroxided hair, he liked to be with her; she made him forget himself.

HARKER picked up the telephone and dialed her number. "Louise, is that you?"

"No, sir. The maid speaking. Can I take a message?"

"It's Mr. Harker. You might remind your mistress that she's dining with me tonight. The usual place."

He hung up and glanced at his watch. It was half past twelve—still early, but he had to get out of the office. He picked up his hat and went out. As he passed his secretary she reminded him: "There's your border card to collect."

That at least he had not forgotten. Timber was the first prerequisite of the Wittfeld scheme; they could not move a step without it, and it was hard, damned hard, to find.

"I'll pick it up this afternoon." He tried to make his answer casual. . . .

After lunch he walked down to Russian Headquarters on the zonal border, a graystone building dominated by an outsize flag. As he crossed the vestibule and started to enter the main hall, a Soviet guard barred his way. "Halt! What is your business?"

Harker drew up with a start. "I'm collecting a border card. I've been here before—upstairs."

"The department's moved now." The sentry indicated a door farther down the corridor. "Over there."

The official in the Border Permit department was in no hurry. Harker was handed a number of forms to fill in, and when he had completed these, he was kept waiting for half an hour before being called to the clerk's desk.

"Age?"

"Thirty-two."

"Married or single?"

"Single. But you already have these facts on my application form."

The clerk ignored the interruption.

"Place of birth?"

"Concord, New Hampshire."

"Spell it for me."

Interminably the questions continued, while the clerk filled in still more forms.

"Why do you wish to enter Soviet territory?"

Soviet territory, thought Harker, with a sudden surge of anger. "I'm going in for timber. Not because I want to go. Understand? Timber—wood. There isn't a balk of it around here and I need forty thousand cubic feet."

But the official only looked at him stolidly and Harker's anger lapsed as quickly as it had come, leaving him pale and shaken.

At last he was handed his permit and told that the formalities were concluded. Momentarily relieved, he went out and took a taxi to his apartment overlooking the Hofgarten. He had slept worse than usual the previous night and hoped for at least an hour's rest; but when he lay down, his mind kept echoing the words he had overheard at the office: ". . . going to pieces."

At eight he got up, dressed and took a cab to the Simpl. The soft, rose-colored lights, the satin *décor* and lively music seemed to promise to lift his spirits. He went to his usual table in the corner, and greeted Paul, the waiter, a sentimental old Viennese with whom he had struck up a friendship.

By half past eight, Louise still had not arrived. Aware that she made a cult of unpunctuality he decided to begin dinner without her. By nine thirty he had finished and, although the dance floor was now crowded with couples, still there was no sign of Louise. What could have delayed her? he asked himself gloomily. He had counted on seeing her tonight, on being taken out of himself. Summoning Paul, he ordered another drink.

Paul looked at him questioningly, with a sad smile that made Harker explain, "You know me, Paul. I can never drink too much. But I need a bracer. I've got to go to Gmünd tomorrow."

Paul's expression altered. For a moment he was silent, his eyes on Harker's unsteady hand. "Couldn't you send someone from your office?" he said in a moment. "You're—you're not up to it."

"I've got to go," Harker said angrily. "Don't you see that if I give in—" He broke off abruptly, his hands tightly clenched.

Again there was a pause. "I'm sorry, sir," Paul said finally. "I spoke only for the best. No offense meant."

The old waiter turned quietly and busied himself at another table. I've got into the habit of alienating everyone, Harker thought bitterly. Then, as he raised his head he saw Louise appear at the entrance to the restaurant. She was a flashy girl, heavily made up, but pretty and with an excellent figure. She was wearing a strapless gold-spangled evening dress and a fox stole.

But it was neither her figure nor her dress that held Harker's eyes. She had an escort, a young, good-looking Austrian whom he knew by sight. He accompanied her to a reserved table, where Louise left her stole and bag, and then they crossed to the floor and began to dance. Presently they drew near and, as they passed, Harker stood up. "Louise." He forced a calmness he did not feel. "I thought you were dining with me tonight."

"Did you?"

"Of course. We arranged it last week. Didn't you get my message?"

For an instant he saw her eyelids flicker, and then she gave him a hard look with her steel-gray eyes. "You must have had the wrong number," she said, and her partner led her away.

Shaken, Harker sat down at his table. So Louise too was deserting him. She meant nothing to him, really, but they had had some good times together. Did she too believe that he was finished? Or was she merely another unwitting accomplice in this plan to wreck his faith in himself? Whatever the explanation, it meant that now there was no one at all he could trust. . . .

COLLIER'S

"Hold the revision on that South Pacific job, Barney. They've just wiped out another island"

CHARLES E. MARTIN

"Good evening. Mind if I join you?" Harker looked up and saw that someone had already sat down at his table. "It's you, Arnold," he said, and found he was actually glad to have company.

Arnold Thulemahler was a neat little Czech in his middle thirties, with thin black hair, prominent spaniel-brown eyes and a receding chin. Harker had once tried to discover his profession or business—without success—and had since assumed that, like so many others in Vienna, he was obliged to live by his wits.

Arnold knew most of the people who counted in Vienna, not well but slightly, could arrange an introduction to anyone from high commissioners to diamond smugglers. He was, for all his faults, a likable little creature and indeed Harker had special reason to be grateful to him. Late one night, when returning from the office just after his arrival in Vienna, he had walked straight into a gun battle between the Austrian police and a gang of dope peddlers. Shots spattered the wall behind him, and he was in serious danger of being hit, when a little man, appearing from nowhere, pulled him through a recessed doorway to safety. It was his first introduction to Arnold Thulemahler, and the man had quite possibly saved his life.

"Well, Arnold, what's new?" Harker spoke without interest.

"The Reds have just walked out on another conference. Fourth in five weeks. They don't want an agreement—they want Austria, all of it, the . . ." He lapsed into an unprintable Czech phrase of abuse.

"You don't exactly love them, do you, Arnold?"

"You'd feel the same if they'd grabbed your country."

"I had a sample of their manners this afternoon—down at Russian HQ. And I've got to go into the Eastern zone tomorrow."

"You got a permit?" Arnold's eyebrows lifted. "I thought they'd clamped down."

"I got it through Mikernik."

"Mikernik? How come?"

"You know I sometimes sit in as economic adviser at the four-power talks. He's one of the Soviet delegates."

"I met Mikernik once at a sherry party. Didn't strike me as a man who'd hand out favors. In fact, I wouldn't trust him an inch."

"I don't. But Consolidated needs timber in a hurry. It's scarce everywhere but the Eastern zone. Mikernik knows one of the big lumbermen. If the deal comes off, he'll doubtless get his cut."

"How far are you going?"

"To Gmünd."

ARNOLD stiffened, then put his glass down on the table. "Gmünd?" he echoed, in a strange voice. "I'd give ten years of my life to get to Gmünd."

"Why?"

"To see my girl of course," Arnold said with feeling, "my fiancée. You've heard me speak of her before."

Harker remembered now. He had heard the story at least half a dozen times. Arnold and she had been neighbors in Moravia and grown up together. Then came the Russian coup of 1948. Arnold had barely escaped to Vienna; his fiancée, less fortunate, had been held in Red-occupied territory. Somehow the story had always failed to move Harker, because Arnold's yearning for his sweetheart did not prevent him taking up with a constant succession of attractive Viennese girls. Yet now there were tears in the little man's eyes.

"The last I heard of her was eighteen months ago. She and her family left Moravia and moved down to Gmünd. They had relatives there."

He broke off, ordered another drink,

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and then leaned forward. "We've always been close friends, Bryant. Look up my fiancée when you go to Gmünd. If she's still there, try and bring her back to Vienna."

"What!" Harker exclaimed, really startled. "You don't know what you're asking! It simply can't be done."

"Think of her dragging out her life in a police state," Arnold said.

"Think of me dragging out mine in a police cell. It's impossible, I tell you."

"You wouldn't say that if you saw her. Look, here's a photo."

How damned persistent this fellow is, Harker thought wearily. Summoning Paul, he settled the bill and got up to leave.

"Wait a moment," Arnold said, and he deftly slipped the photograph into Harker's breast pocket. "There—allow me. And if you can't do more, at least look her up and bring me news."

NEXT morning Harker overslept and made his train with only seconds to spare. With difficulty he found a first-class compartment and took a seat in the corner near the corridor. The train drew out of the station, past the allotments and stereotyped suburban villas, and slowly gathered speed.

Presently they were out in open country and Harker glanced around at the other occupants of his compartment. There were four. Directly opposite sat an elderly man wearing dark glasses, who had come into the compartment after the train was moving. His face was heavily lined, his clothes worn and creased, yet curiously he had a fresh carnation in his buttonhole and his thick silver-white hair was immaculately groomed. The other seats were occupied by three stocky middle-aged men dressed in striped suits, one with a fake diamond pin as big as a nut in his tie. From the Balkans, Harker guessed: Hungarian businessmen, very likely, who'd been on a few days' spree in Vienna. But the appearance of normality within and without the train offered little comfort; he knew that in crossing the frontier he had arrived on a new planet, where nothing was what it seemed.

He lighted a cigarette and, suddenly feeling an urgent need to escape from the compartment, he slid open the door and stepped into the corridor.

Presently he became aware of two men smoking at the other end of the corridor, who glanced at him from time to time. One was short and stocky, with the thickset head and fat neck of a peasant; the other was thin, of less coarse grain, with an aquiline nose and rimless glasses. They were dressed in identical gray raincoats. Harker recognized the type: MVD men; he had been expecting them to appear, as they had done on his earlier journeys behind the Curtain. Before, he had always found it mildly ridiculous that Soviet special police should be posted to watch every stranger, a sign of weakness that a state should feel itself challenged by the mere presence of a foreigner. Today, however, he experienced no amusement or contempt. Although he had already presented his passport and permit at the station, he searched his pockets again to make sure he had not mislaid them.

At noon, when the first service of lunch was announced, Harker started toward the diner. After a few minutes, as he had anticipated, the two men appeared and seated themselves at his table. The thin man nodded to Harker. "Are you traveling far?" he asked.

"To Gmünd."

"That's odd," the heavy man replied, feigning surprise. "My friend and I are also bound for Gmünd. We are wool merchants, going to inspect stock. My name is Garovitch; my friend here is called Ramovsky."

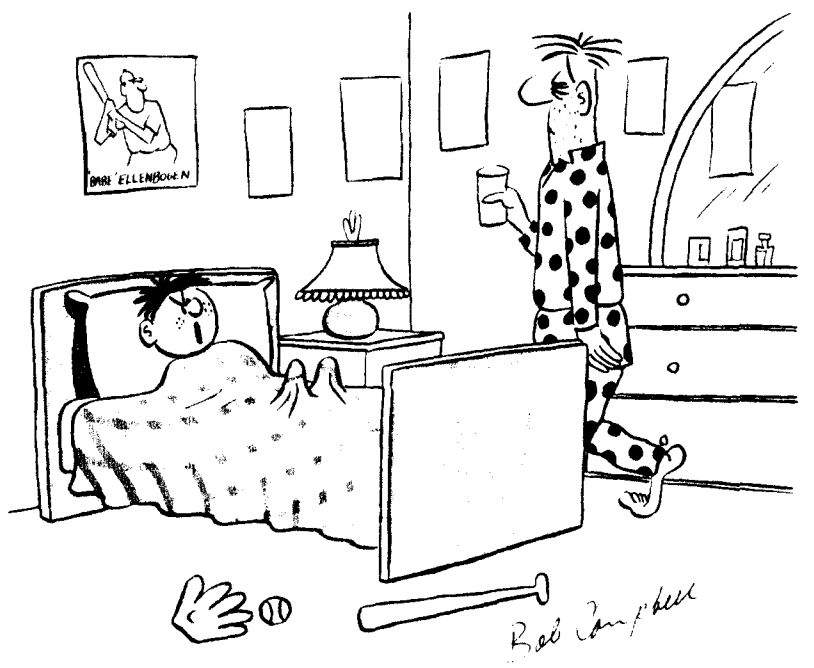
"I expect we shall see something of you there," added his companion in a more cultivated voice, while Garovitch laughed thickly at their private joke.

Soon the diner filled up with Soviet officers and other uniformed officials. The overheated car made Harker's head ache. He felt uneasily that the two agents were observing everything he did. He pulled out a handkerchief to mop his brow, and as he did so something fell on the table: evidently a card or odd scrap of paper, he thought. Ramovsky picked it up, studied it officiously and showed it to his companion. Then he handed it back.

"Is this yours?" Ramovsky asked with affected politeness. Harker took the thin card. It was a photograph of a girl with short blonde hair. Then he remembered the previous evening's conversation. This must be the photo of which Arnold had spoken.

"The young lady is a friend of yours?" Ramovsky asked amiably.

Harker was on the point of saying



COLLIER'S "Did you let it run?" BOB CAMPBELL

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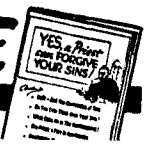

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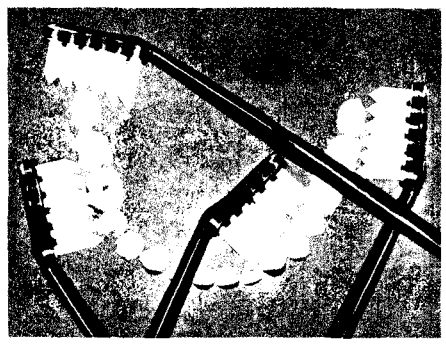

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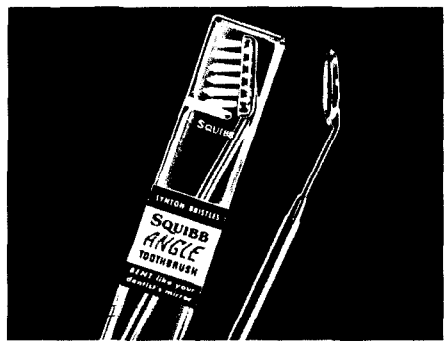

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no, but he checked himself. These men would consider it not only absurd but suspicious that he should be carrying the photograph of a perfect stranger in his pocket. He nodded. "Yes, she is."

"May we inquire her name?"

Harker recalled what Arnold had told him. "Fräulein Durych."

"Ah, not an American."

"No, she's Swiss." That was safe and would end the conversation.

The waiter set dessert before them. The two agents began a discussion in Russian. They seemed to have forgotten Harker's presence. What were they saying? He cursed his inability to understand.

A FEW moments later they again broached the subject of the photograph. "Excuse me," murmured the agent named Garovitch. "My friend seems to remember a girl like that some years ago in Czechoslovakia. Are you certain she's not a Czech?"

The train thundered through a tunnel, underlining the apparently casual question. Then darkness again gave way to sunshine and stubble fields.

"She's Swiss," Harker said. "So far as I know."

"So far as you know?" Again the two men exchanged a glance. "But a moment ago you told us she was a friend of yours," said Garovitch, his small eyes twinkling.

I have contradicted myself, thought Harker, breaking out in a cold sweat. From a mere traveler, someone to be watched out of formality, I have become an object of suspicion, a man with a secret. He felt sudden, irrational anger against Arnold for having put the photograph in his pocket.

Abruptly, without waiting for coffee, Harker paid his bill and, ignoring the studiously polite farewells of the two men, set off for his compartment. As he walked back through the swaying coaches, he realized that the waiter, Paul, had been right. What a fool he had been not to follow the old man's advice. He was in no condition to undertake a journey like this.

He reached his compartment. The three Hungarians were asleep, waistcoats unbuttoned, the one with the diamond tie pin snoring loudly. The elderly man opposite him had produced a heavy book and was rubbing the tips of his fingers over the brownish pages, each perforated like a cheese grater. For a moment Harker was puzzled, and then it dawned on him that the man was blind and was reading Braille.

He tried to guess from the man's face what sort of book he was likely to be reading. He had a powerful-looking head, dominated by a hooked nose and bony jaw; the corners of his lips were drawn down, giving his face the inscrutable appearance of a mask. As though sensing Harker's inquisitive look, the old man's thin lips parted in a humorless smile. . . .

The train arrived at Gmünd an hour late. The blind man, who had donned a dark coat and black Homburg, was met by a smartly dressed youth, leading a fine Alsatian dog. After a brief exchange of words Harker saw the old man grasp the dog's harness and walk resolutely down the platform.

Harker hailed a taxi and drove to his hotel, the Kulm. Rain began to spatter the pavements as he entered the dreary, palm-filled entrance hall. A clerk in an alpaca jacket gave him a false, obsequious smile. "Mr. Harker? Yes, we have your room reserved." It was a synthetic welcome, Harker realized, artificial as the paper roses on the reception desk. After he went through the usual lengthy form-filling, a porter took him up in a dilapidated elevator to his room, an ostentatious barracks with Empire furniture, and plaster cherubs on the ceiling. The atmosphere of decayed splendor, of pretentiousness come down in the world, seemed to reflect his own mood exactly.

After the porter had left, Harker stretched out in an uncomfortable lounge chair. He never felt so alone as in a hotel bedroom, with its painfully impersonal atmosphere. Yet even this sense of solitude, he realized, was a delusion. He got up abruptly and went to one window. The two MVD men who had been on the train were pacing the street opposite, each carrying a black umbrella. Behind them, out of sight, there might be others. Even the watchers, under this regime, were watched.

He looked at his watch: seven thirty. He had the whole evening to kill; his appointment with the timber merchant was not until tomorrow morning. He dismissed the idea of going out for a walk and picked up a magazine he had brought with him. But he found it difficult to concentrate and after a few minutes he put it aside.

The room with its smug-faced plaster cherubs and shabby purple hangings, faded where they caught the sun, seemed to him an ornate cell where he was serving a sentence of solitary confinement. Somehow or other he must get away from it that evening, away from his anxiety and doubts. He would go and drink—but at once he checked himself. At all costs he must retain what little control he still possessed.

Almost instinctively, he felt in his pocket and took out the photograph Arnold had given him. The snapshot had been taken slightly out of focus, so that the girl's face appeared hazy. It was finely modeled, with high cheekbones; the eyes were large and expressive. They seemed to Harker evocative, but of what he wasn't sure—perhaps of an ideal he had once had, always shattered by the women he had known. Yet this face had more than the mere quality of beauty—it held sweetness and honesty as well. Harker smiled bitterly, remembering Arnold, and put the photograph away.

But he found he could not get the girl's face out of his mind. What had Arnold told him of her—that her family had moved to Gmünd eighteen months ago? If they were still here, he might see her for himself. He tried to recall Arnold's words, but for the most part he had scarcely listened. No one was more boring than a man rhapsodizing about his fiancée. Fräulein Durych—he remembered only her surname. Arnold had always referred to her as his sweetheart.

ACTING on an impulse, he thumbed through the local telephone book: *Durych, Madeleine* was the only entry under that surname. He dialed the number. A woman's voice answered.

"May I speak to Fräulein Durych?" he asked in German.

"Who is calling?"

"A friend."

There was a pause. "I'm sorry, she doesn't live here any more."

For a moment he was taken aback. Then he said, "You don't happen to know her new address? I'm anxious to trace her."

"She left no address. I'm afraid I can't help you."

He was about to hang up when the woman said abruptly, "Wait. You are a friend?"

"Of course."

"Fräulein Durych is a professional singer. She takes engagements at a cabaret. I can't tell you more." There was a click as she cut him off.

He hung up and, after a moment's thought, went downstairs to the receptionist's desk. "Is there a musical show in town?"

"The operetta company does not arrive from Vienna until next month," replied the clerk.

TIZZY

COLLIER'S

"I'm using psychology to get William to take me to the movies. I'm buying the tickets"

KATE OSANN

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"What about night clubs? Restaurants or cafés with cabaret shows."

"There are several in Gmünd. Unfortunately we have no complete list. But I can recommend the Central. My brother is manager. I'll phone through and book you a good table."

"Who's singing there?"

"Olivia del Oro, a South American."

"No one else?"

"No, sir. You'll enjoy the Central. My brother—"

Harker walked away. He was damned if he'd go back to that cell of a room. Outside he called a taxi and told the driver to make a tour of the cafés and restaurants.

THEY set off along the main boulevard, continued up and down the dim side streets. The majority of the places were small and dreary, with two-piece bands and grandiose names like the Adlon and the Rio Grande. None of them advertised the singer he was looking for.

Toward half past ten the driver drew up to the curb and looked back sulkily at his fare. "Nothing more?" asked Harker.

"Only the Atlantis—on the way to Weitra. Three miles out." The driver shrugged. "It's an old-fashioned place. You wouldn't find much there."

Harker hesitated. Finding the girl seemed to him now a test case. Even such a slight success would give him a lift. "Let's go," he said.

Presently they drove up in front of a low, half-timbered inn, surrounded by shrubbery of laurels. About a dozen cars were parked outside. And there, at the entrance, lighted by an overhead globe, was a placard advertising the appearance of two performers. At the sight of it, so unexpected, Harker felt his heart give a sudden bound: the second name was that of Madeleine Durych.

He paid the taxi driver but told him to wait, and then he entered the roadhouse. It had not been misnamed. The coat-check girl was got up as a mermaid, with long hair, shell earrings and a spangled tight-fitting blue dress. The large room was sketchily designed to represent the bottom of the sea, with white, green and blue the predominating colors. But there was a dingy air about the place—the walls were peeling, the curtains worn, the cutlery tarnished; clearly it had seen better days.

About half the tables were occupied, and Harker took a seat near the left wall in fair view of the stage. He ordered supper and a bottle of Pilsner. A juggler, dressed as a sailor, was performing with considerable skill, but Harker viewed his act with impatience. He glanced at his watch. Eleven fifteen. He called over a waiter.

"Has the singer come on yet?"

"She's due in ten minutes or so, sir."

The juggler lay on his back now, tossing up balls faster and faster with the soles of his feet. This proved the climax of his act; presently he finished and took his exit amid perfunctory applause.

The band played a flourish, and from the wings walked a girl in a strapless black-velvet gown. Harker identified her instantly. It was as though she had stepped out of Arnold's photograph onto the stage. The smile was the same, and so were the oval face, the hollowed cheeks and the wide-set gray eyes.

She began to sing *Diese Gefallen*, an Austrian song that was then having a great vogue. Her voice was clear and pure, with a natural warmth of tone. Next, accompanied only by a plaintive guitar, she sang a German version of Blues in the Night. Then, turning to a gay number, her mood immediately became spirited. Studying her face in the play of spotlights, Harker understood why Arnold had spoken of her with such feeling.

After singing a final number she went backstage, returning to take several bows. Harker summoned the waiter. "Does she sing again?"

"No, sir. She does only two turns. The one at nine is with Gustaf—he's the juggler. Pity you missed that—it's worth seeing. That's her second act you've just heard." He paused and then added significantly, "She leaves immediately after."

"You mean she'll have gone now."

"Yes, sir."

Harker felt a stab of disappointment. He had meant to go backstage and introduce himself as a friend of Arnold's, but now it was too late. Perhaps it was as well. Nervously he recalled the maxim of all travelers in the Eastern zone: never speak to strangers; don't even look at a woman. Yet, having finished his supper and paid the bill, a sudden impulse broke through his apprehension. He told the waiter to hold the same table for him at nine o'clock the following evening.

HERR SCHORNER, the timber merchant with whom Harker proposed to deal, came at dawn the next morning to drive Harker out into the country. Schorner proved to be a short, paunchy man of about sixty, with sad watery eyes and three chins. He wore a solitaire ring on each hand, the bands hidden by layers of fat, so that the stones seemed to be set in his flesh. He showed himself offensively courteous, and Harker distrusted him almost at once.

As the car zigzagged into the hills, Schorner discoursed vociferously on Soviet iniquities and the unendurable conditions in Eastern Austria. It came as a relief to Harker when, toward noon, they reached their destination.

The forest was of oak and beech, extending over an area of several hundred acres. At one end lay a covered yard, adjacent to a large modern sawmill. Harker and Schorner got out and together examined a dozen sample stacks in different sections of the yard. It was first-rate timber. Harker concealed his satisfaction until Schorner named a price: one hundred five schillings per cubic foot.

"One hundred and five! You can't mean it!"

"I'm prepared to sacrifice my profit" —an ironic smile tightened Schorner's lips—"for the sake of friendship."

"No one in his right mind is going to buy timber at that figure."

"Then do not buy it. But don't be too impulsive in your decision, Harker. There's no alternative, you know." Schorner paused, allowing his words to take effect. "Don't you want to set yourself right again with New York—after the Salzach fiasco?"

"How do you know about that?"

"I have friends."

Harker hesitated, fighting his anger. "I'm prepared to pay eighty schillings," he said finally. "That will give you ample profit."

"You heard my terms."

Harker swallowed hard. No other sources of timber were available to him, either in Eastern or Western Austria. He must deal with Schorner or lose the Wittfeld contract. "Look, Schorner," he said finally, "my absolute limit, for

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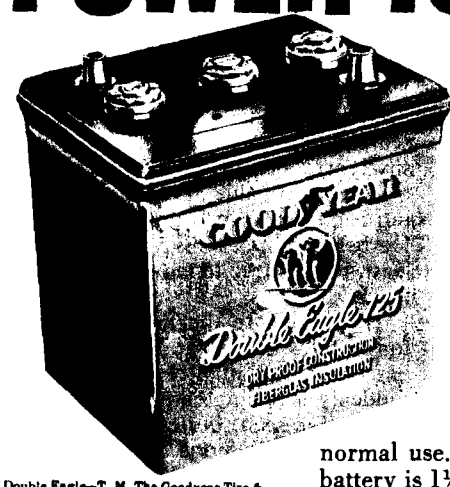

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Schorner smiled slowly, held out a white flabby hand. "I'll take it."

In the car again, starting back toward Gmünd, Schorner said soothingly, "This may be just what you need to set you on your feet again."

Harker did not answer. His failure to secure the wood except on Schorner's terms filled him with anger, shame and a crushing sense of helplessness. I'm finished, he thought.

Back in his room at the Kulm, Harker found—as he had rather expected—that his belongings had been searched during his absence, and clumsily rearranged. He had left no papers or objects of value at the hotel, but the intrusion on his privacy annoyed him. He began to pack his valise. Now, at least, he was free to leave this accursed town.

He picked up the telephone to ask for his bill when, all at once, he remembered the Atlantis. He paused, and suddenly a feeling came over him, totally unforeseen, quite out of keeping with his recent mood. He decided to spend one more night in Gmünd.

Half an hour later he entered the Atlantis and was shown to the table he had reserved the evening before. The place was only sparsely filled—it seemed an off evening—and the general sense of frowzy emptiness depressed Harker. He ordered a brandy and moodily watched the few couples circling on the dance floor. Time passed with interminable slowness, but at nine o'clock the band played a flourish and a young man, whom Harker recognized as Gustaf, the juggler of the previous night, walked onto the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, smiling engagingly at the apathetic audience, "I have pleasure in presenting to you my talented colleague, Fräulein Madeleine Durych, in her internationally celebrated act: Mind over Matter."

MADELEINE DURYCH came on from the wings, dressed in the same black velvet, but seeming, Harker thought, pale and listless.

Gustaf—a pleasant-looking type with ruddy cheeks and unruly brown hair—proceeded to explain their act. The audience would offer various personal articles for identification and Fräulein Durych, blindfolded, would name them.

The band played an off-key flourish, while guests fumbled in pockets and bags. Soon a variety of articles was laid out on the tables. The band faded out and the lights were dimmed. Gustaf went to a table in the center of the room and lifted up a glittering object. "What have I here?" he asked.

"A key ring," Madeleine replied.

Gustaf approached another table and lifted a glass tube. "What are these?" he demanded.

"Aspirin tablets."

A faint scatter of applause proved that she was correct.

It's the old thought-reading act, Harker told himself, older than vaudeville itself. Gustaf was telling her the object he was holding by the form of his question, indeed from his manner; it was apparent they had worked the routine together for many months.

Yet Harker's curiosity was aroused; he was eager to meet Madeleine. When the performance came to an end, he took out a card and wrote on it: *I am a friend of Arnold Thulemahler. Will you join me for dinner?*

Summoning the waiter, Harker asked him to deliver the card. The man went backstage and a moment later returned. "Any reply?" Harker asked.

"No, sir."

Disappointment rushed over him. For ten minutes he waited, and then concluded that she had turned him down. But as though to prove his hasty judgment mistaken, a moment later he saw her cross the dance floor and come up to his table.

"Mr. Harker?" she said. "I am very pleased to meet you." She spoke in German, but with a strong accent that Harker took to be Czech.

She looked about her, surveying the entire room before sitting down opposite him. "So you are a friend of Arnold's?" He noticed that her grammar and pronunciation were faulty. "Dear Arnold—please give me news of him."

Harker did so as best he could, putting a favorable complexion on Thulemahler's undertakings. The girl frequently interrupted, either to ask the meaning of a word or to repeat a phrase she had not understood. Harker's German was adequate to the daily routine. but he found it difficult to carry on a long conversation in the language, while Madeleine was evidently more at home in Czech.

There was, despite her effort at cheerfulness, a definite sadness in her voice and manner. She spoke very little during the first two courses, and though she answered his questions, she seemed strangely preoccupied.

"Arnold said you're from Moravia," Harker said finally.

She nodded and pushed back a strand of her soft blonde hair.

"Tell me about your life there."

She looked at him closely, as though questioning his purpose, and then, hesitantly, she began: "My father used to own land near Prerov. Green rolling country, with pinewoods. I loved it." She paused, her dark gray eyes suddenly wistful and remote. "In nineteen thirty-eight, when the Nazis marched in, my father refused to co-operate, as they called it. They made life more and more difficult for him and by the time war broke out he was a political prisoner. We children worked with Mother and kept the farm running."

"You had a rough time?"

"Toward the end it became difficult. There was not enough to eat. We couldn't buy even potato bread. In nineteen forty-five, when peace came, my father was set free. Men returned to work on the farm, and everything got a little easier. But three years later the Reds took over. It was quicker with them. Most of our land was confiscated, and we came to Austria."

"Straight to Gmünd?"

HER glance was clear and direct. "Yes. My father has a cousin here. For a few weeks we stayed with him, while we were finding work. In the evenings my mother gave me singing lessons—she had sung professionally when she was young—and I found a part-time job as a singer in one of the small cafés . . . But I'm boring you."

He shook his head. Listening to her story, told simply and without complaint, he found himself deeply moved. He had met many girls as attractive as she, but none with the same frankness of expression, none whom at first sight he felt instinctively he could trust.

"I like your dress," he remarked to end a pause. "Do you always wear black?"

She lowered her eyes. "A year ago my parents, my brother and sister were all arrested and deported to Russia. I have had no news of them since."

"I'm sorry," Harker said hastily. "It was thoughtless of me."

Suddenly Madeleine turned deathly

COLLIER'S **"His wife is a lovely woman. She shouldn't have any trouble getting another husband"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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pale, and for a moment he thought she was going to faint. Then he noticed that her eyes were fixed on a spot behind him, at the entrance of the restaurant. With a sudden movement, keeping her head averted, she got to her feet. "Will you excuse me, Mr. Harker? I must leave at once. Thank you for all your kindness."

Without waiting for his reply, she crossed the dance floor quickly and disappeared behind the wings of the stage.

Puzzled by her sudden exit, Harker turned around. He saw that a man had just entered the restaurant and was being led to a side table. At first, in the dim light, Harker could not distinguish his features, but when the newcomer turned to take his seat, Harker saw him to be an elderly, white-haired man wearing dark glasses, accompanied by a handsome Alsatian dog. It was impossible to mistake him: it was the man who had sat opposite him reading Braille, on the train from Vienna.

Why, Harker wondered, should Madeleine be so frightened of a blind man? The question was answered for him when suddenly he saw the two MVD agents come in and sit down at the blind man's table. His heart missed a beat and the ringing in his ears drowned all other sounds. He felt a violent impulse to leave. On the verge of pushing back his chair, he checked himself. He had already incurred suspicion over the photograph: he must not increase it by panicky action.

Summoning the waiter he ordered another drink. The three men were now conversing in low voices, and occasionally glancing in Harker's direction. What had the blind man to do with Garovitch and Ramovsky? He seemed to address them in a tone of authority. Harker observed the two with increased foreboding. He could feel his heart thumping high up in his chest. It had been an act of madness for him to come to this place.

WHEN he looked up again the two MVD men were on their feet and approaching him. "Do you remember us?" asked the squat Garovitch. "We are the wool merchants who shared a table with you on the train."

Harker gripped the table edge hard for support. "What do you want?"

"May we join you?" asked Ramovsky, pulling out a chair for himself. Harker saw no way of refusing, and he made a motion of acceptance.

"We have come merely to give you some advice," continued Ramovsky. "There are several thousand girls in Gmünd, with any one of whom you are at liberty to dine. But we suggest, as friends anxious for your welfare, that you should see nothing more of Fräulein Durych."

For a moment surprise and a quick flare of anger got the better of Harker's alarm. "I find that suggestion quite unreasonable. She will think it very ill-mannered if I fail to say goodby."

"You should not attempt to communicate with her in any way whatsoever."

"Why? What's the reason for all this?" Harker demanded. "In the West we don't behave like this."

"Perhaps not. But here we have excellent reasons for everything we do. It has come to our ears that Fräulein Durych is suspect. She has been under observation for some time and before the end of the week will be under arrest. It would therefore be inadvisable—highly inadvisable in your own interests—for you to see or write to her."

Harker looked from one to the other. The MVD men sat erect in their chairs, smoking, studying his reaction. The acrid aroma of their cigarettes hung about the table like a gas. "What has she done?" he said.

The two agents exchanged a glance. It was Garovitch who answered. "There is no harm in your knowing. She belongs to a family of large landowners who refused to co-operate in the collective schemes. Last year they were concerned in a political plot and had to be isolated. Madeleine Durych happened to be away and was merely given a warning. Instead of heeding it, she has continued to spread the same infectious bourgeois ideas."

"Is that sufficient to warrant arrest?" Harker said.

"More than sufficient," replied Garovitch blandly.

RAMOVSKY concluded the interview. Rising to his feet, he said sardonically: "We want you to get safely back to Vienna. There is an express train tomorrow at four o'clock in the afternoon. See that you take it."

When the two agents had left his table Harker remained motionless for perhaps five minutes. Then he signaled his waiter and asked for a brandy.

For the first time in many weeks his thoughts were entirely off himself. What could he do for the girl? Should he send her a note of warning? At the present moment, under the eyes of the two agents, that would be insane. And even if he did get word to her, alone and closely watched in a strange country, she could not hope to avert arrest. What other course lay open? Could he try to get her back to Arnold? Impossible. That was precisely the request that he had scornfully turned down in the Simpl at Vienna.

Once again he dismissed the idea, but it came back insidiously and with redoubled force. Although he fought against it, he saw clearly that the only way he could help would be to take her to safety himself.

Use your common sense, he told himself; don't be a damned sentimental fool. He called for the check, paid it and, without glancing at the three men, went out of the restaurant and took a taxi to the Kulm.

I'm not an agent, he told himself when he got back to his room, I'm a businessman. If I try to help this girl I'll only land her in worse trouble and get myself arrested in the bargain. On this note, he tried to fall asleep. But he had reckoned without the memory of Madeleine. In the darkness she seemed close to him and her quiet voice lingered in his ears like a reproach. What would he tell Arnold when he returned? "Your fiancée was arrested just after I left. I was forewarned, but there was nothing I could do." He despised himself enough already. Heaven knew, and if he left this girl to her fate he would have good reason for a lifetime of self-contempt. Before dawn came and he fell asleep, his mind was made up; he knew that he must help her. . . .

At ten thirty he woke, exhausted as though he had been struggling for his life. In the light of day he saw his resolution for what it was: a wild gamble by an unskilled player, a shot in the dark with an unsteady hand.

How did one plan an escape in a foreign country whose language one had not even mastered? For half an hour he sat inert, chain-smoking and drinking cup after cup of black coffee. Finally the stimulants took effect and ideas began to form in his mind. Both

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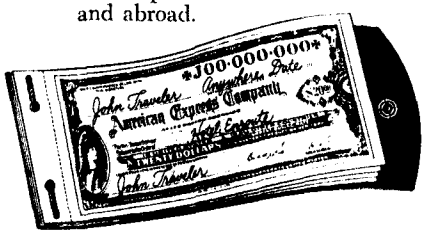

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he and Madeleine were being watched. If, for example, he were to attempt to board the Vienna train with her, the two of them would be stopped and arrested; as a Czech under suspicion she would never be granted permission to travel west of the Curtain. To return directly to Vienna, then, was clearly out of the question. They would stand a better chance on the frontier between the Western and Soviet zones, where they might be able to elude the MVD and where the possibilities of deception would be greater. Once in the American or British zones, it would be simple to return to the Western sector of Vienna by air.

THE *first essential was clearly a car.* He looked through his billfold: he had less than two thousand Austrian schillings, insufficient to buy even a secondhand vehicle. He had counted on a stay of no more than two days and for that reason had not brought a larger sum. Yet their best hope lay in crossing the border by car.

He went down to the front desk. "Is there a car-hire service in Gmünd?" he asked the clerk.

"There's a taxi service."

"No. I want to hire a car I can drive myself."

"Impossible. There is no such establishment here."

The clerk was eying him oddly, evidently sensing something unusual. A brilliant start, Harker thought.

He left the hotel and sought out the attendant at a garage nearby. "Do you hire out cars?"

The man looked at him with distrust and shook his head.

"Know anyone who does?"

"No," the mechanic said and walked away, muttering under his breath.

In lieu of a better plan, Harker walked across the town to the northern outskirts where, two nights before on his tour of the cafés, he had noticed a number of small garages. But at each of these he drew a blank. Police regulations were strict; moreover, cars were scarce and no dealer wanted to risk the loss of a vehicle with a high market value.

He was half inclined to abandon the idea, but a strange new obstinacy made him continue. At the corner of a back street he found a small garage with nothing except its decrepit appearance to distinguish it from the others he had visited that day. In the office a bald, bespectacled old man was sitting before a charcoal stove, heating soup in a pot.

"I want to hire a used car for a few days," Harker said.

The man did not even glance up. "Impossible."

"I'll pay well—and leave a deposit."

The old man glanced up quickly but said nothing.

"Oh, the hell with it!" Harker spat out the words in English and started toward the door. "Keep your gold-plated limousines!"

Removing his spectacles, the garageman peered after him. "American," he said. "Might be able to help you."

Following Harker into the yard, he pointed to a gray 1939 Opel, with a rear fender that had been smashed in and only half repaired.

"It's against the law, but I might let you have this. It's a beautiful job. You won't find a better car in Gmünd. You can drive it for three hundred schillings a day, two days paid in advance, plus a six-hundred-schilling deposit."

Harker looked gloomily at the wreck. The price was murder, and his

COLLIER'S "You and your secluded seashore spot!" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

hotel bill had yet to be settled—but a car was indispensable. "I'll try it out," he said.

With difficulty Harker started the engine. The smell of oil from the exhaust told him the condition of the cylinders, and the chassis swayed and rattled even before he threw in the clutch. But after making several tours of the yard, he felt that the Opel would get him to the frontier.

"All right," he said to the garageman. "It's a deal."

What was the next step? He dared not take the car back to the hotel. He drove into the industrial section of the town and, reassured that he had shaken the MVD men, he picked the dingiest bar he could find, parked close by in a vacant lot, and went quickly inside.

The bar consisted of a single sawdust-strewn room. Above the row of multicolored bottles a selection of pin-ups had been fastened to the wall with adhesive tape. From the radio came the strains of a Strauss waltz, and the barman drummed his fingers on the counter in time to the music.

"I'm a traveler in cotton goods," Harker said. "You don't mind if I leave my car outside your place for a couple of hours?"

The barman shook his head.

Harker ordered a beer, and as he sipped it he came to a decision: if only he could get papers for Madeleine, everything else would be easy. "If I were to lose my passport," he asked casually, "is there anyone around here who could fix me up?"

The barman's eyes widened, and then became shifty. "I don't know what you mean."

"Someone with a talent for duplicating official documents," Harker explained. "I'm willing to pay."

There was a silence, a second of indecision, and then the man straightened and vigorously shook his head. "It is better not to speak of such matters. One may be overheard. I should like to help you, my friend. But it is too dangerous."

Harker saw that the man was badly frightened. A forged passport had been too much to hope for. Reluctantly, he decided to drop the matter.

He left the bar and walked to the center of town. Here he bought a large-scale road map, which showed the limits of the zone and the posts along it. Then he went to his hotel and asked for his bill to be got ready. He told the desk clerk he was checking out at three thirty, to take the four-o'clock express for Vienna. Something in the clerk's expression, a change in his manner, told him that this information would soon be carried to official headquarters.

Up in his room he packed hurriedly and then began to study the map in detail. He was not satisfied until he had the route clearly in his mind: due south, through the Greiner Wald, for fifty miles; across the Danube near Melk; then southeast through Schwarzau along the foothills of the Alps to Aspang, five miles from the border. From there they would cross to the British zone. He reckoned the total distance at 180 kilometers—almost 112 miles.

This task completed, he put the map aside and looked at his watch: three o'clock. Gazing out into the street, he saw that there was apparently no one on guard. Probably they figured he was going and would now leave him alone.

But suppose the two agents had seen him hire the car? They might have guessed his plans and already had Madeleine arrested. Even if she were still at liberty, how did he propose to get her across the border? He would pick her up that evening at the Atlantis before her first appearance. He had thought of warning her in advance, but decided against it as being too dangerous. Besides, he did not want her to do anything to indicate she was about to leave suddenly.

AT THREE THIRTY he took his valise and went downstairs to settle his bill. He had meant to walk through the town to the parked car but, to his dismay, he saw the two MVD men waiting outside the hotel. Abruptly he set out for the railway station.

What was he to do? Conscious that they were following him, he felt his body sag, his mind refused to function. In ten minutes he was at the *Bahnhof,* his ticket had been checked and he stood on the platform. The train came in. The two agents were a few paces behind him. Under their guarded scrutiny, he got into a compartment, stowed his valise on the rack and sat down in one corner. He thought: This is predestined; I am not to blame. I made the effort and I have failed. I am going back to Vienna.

Suddenly it dawned on him that the men were not coming with him. Their objective was merely to see him safely dispatched on this nonstop express—undoubtedly they had other work to do in Gmünd. As the train pulled slowly out of the station he dashed into the corridor, threw open an opposite door, and jumped clear, down onto the next tracks. Before the last coach wound around the curve, he had reached the shelter of the other platform.

—A. J. CRONIN

(This is the first of three parts)

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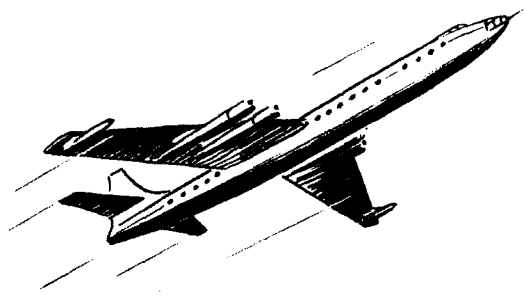

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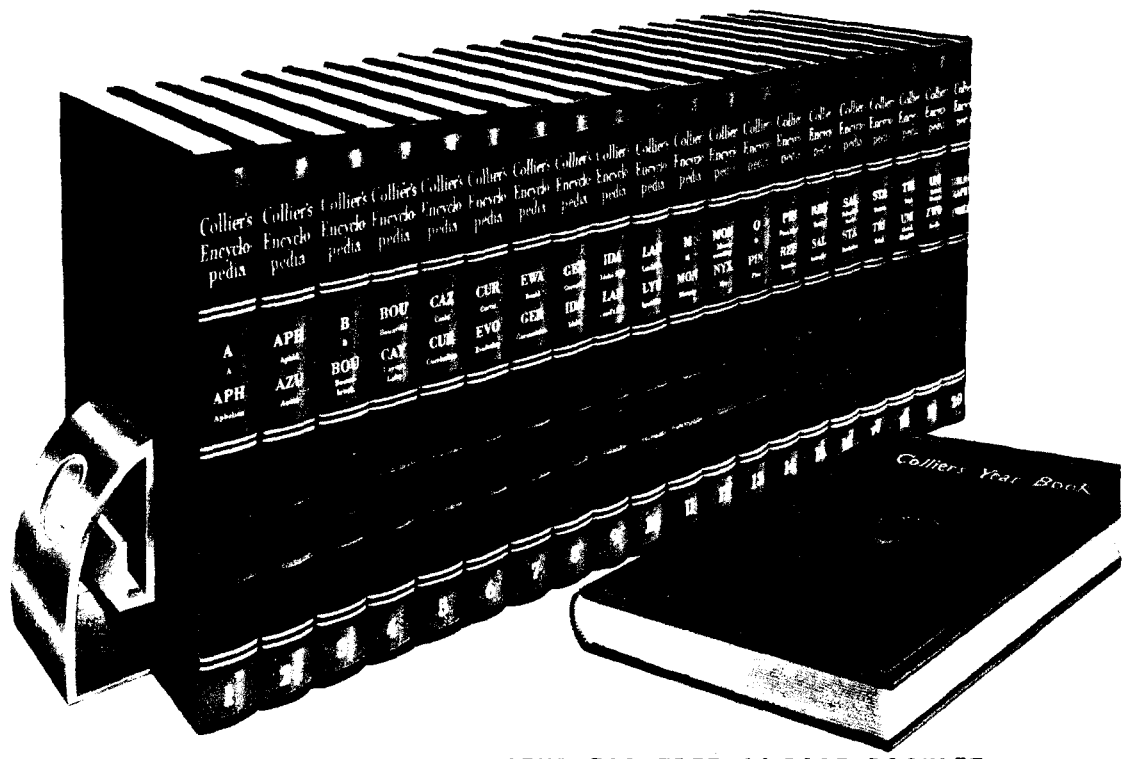

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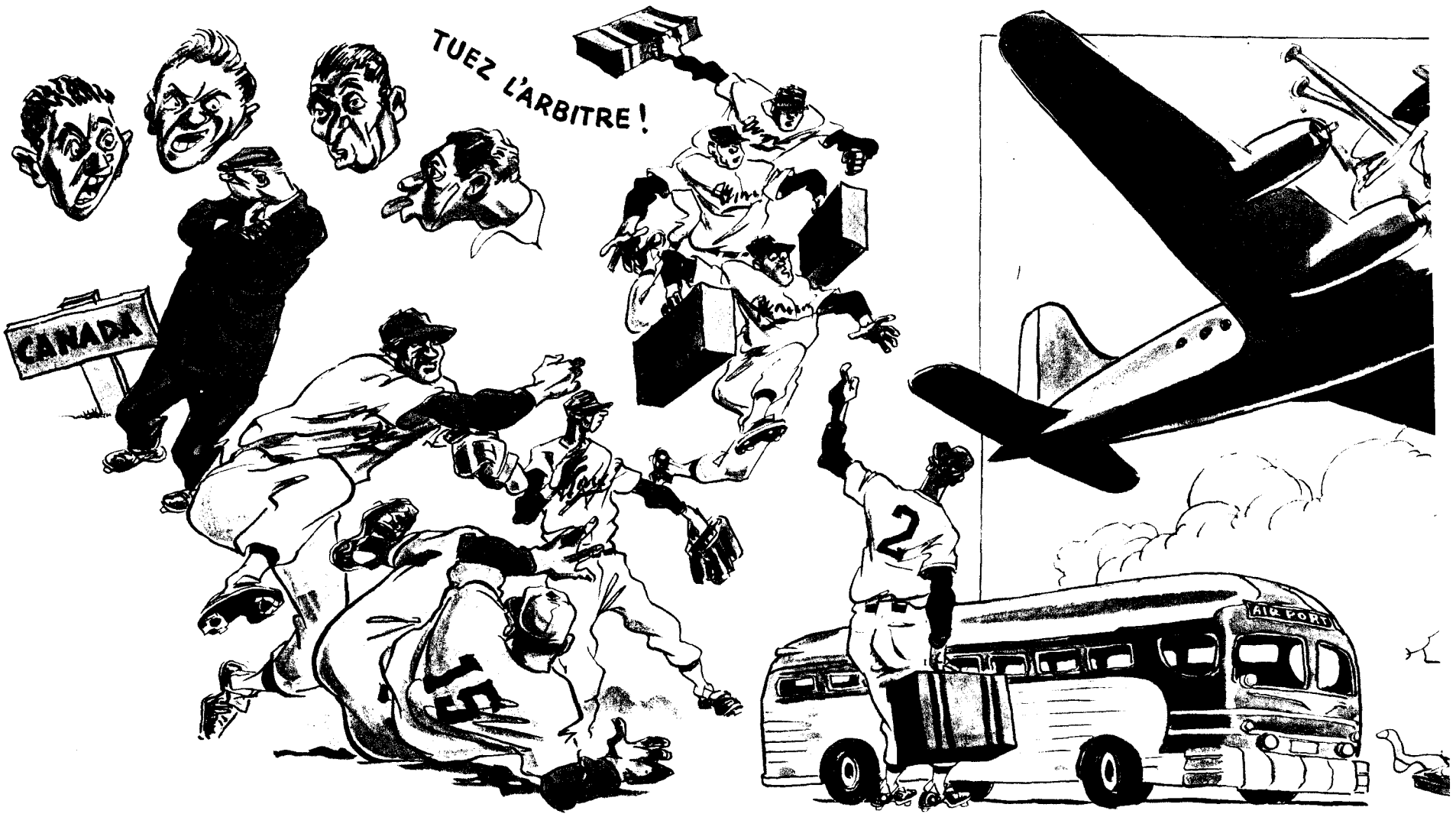

Baseball in 3 Languages

International League umps are cussed in French, Spanish and American. It's the game

ALL a ballplayer needs to get by in the International League these days is the ability to hit the curve ball and to go without sleep. It also helps if he has a smattering of Spanish, a soupçon of French, a fondness for plane rides and the digestive processes of an anaconda.

There's never been such a league. Originally, the International League claimed a right to its title by harboring three Canadian and five United States cities on its roster. This year there have been some changes. The circuit now has one Cuban entry (Havana), three Canadian teams (Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa) and four United States teams (Rochester, Buffalo, Syracuse and Richmond)—thus making it possible for International League umpires to be abused in three languages, a distinction they probably would be glad to forgo.

Frank J. (Shag) Shaughnessy, president of the International League and father of the play-off system now in almost universal use in the minor leagues, had to adopt desperate measures to launch his league on this 71st season. Springfield, Massachusetts, fell by the wayside after attracting (if that's the word) only 85,281 cash customers for all of 1953, and Baltimore withdrew after it obtained the American League franchise of the St. Louis Browns. That left Shags with six clubs and a million headaches.

In a bold stroke, Shaughnessy added Havana and Richmond. Those clubs have helped keep the league afloat. Richmond, averaging 5,000 fans per game, claimed to be the first minor-league team in the United States to pass 100,000 paid admissions. Hardly had Richmond's president, Harry C. Seibold, made his claim when Roberto Maduro, Havana president, announced that *his* club was the first minor-league team in the Western Hemisphere to reach *150,000* paid admissions.

With Richmond and Havana added to a league whose southernmost franchise previously had been Baltimore, travel and scheduling have been major problems. The league resembles the legendary old vaudeville circuit of Baltimore, Philadelphia and El Paso—in which El Paso was used to break the jump between Baltimore and Philadelphia. Richmond is roughly 400 miles from its nearest neighbor, Buffalo; Havana is another 1,000 miles from Richmond.

Harry Simmons, secretary of the league, didn't have much time to draw up a schedule, since it was mid-January before the franchise shifts were approved. To save transportation costs, opposing clubs visit Richmond and Havana only twice, playing a total of 11 games in their two five-day stands. That kind of scheduling can cause complications. The Buffalo Bisons, which were rained out four times during their first visit to Richmond, had to play nine games in five days on their second trip there.

As excellent a job as Simmons did with the schedule, it couldn't have been carried through without air travel. The Wright Brothers' invention suddenly became as important to the International League as Abner Doubleday's. Just to give you an idea, around one o'clock of a morning in early May, half the league found itself sitting at the airport in Syracuse, waiting to go elsewhere. The Richmond Virginians and the Bisons, having completed a series in Buffalo, had shared a plane to Syracuse. When they arrived, they found the Syracuse Chiefs and the Cuban Sugar Kings waiting at the airport. The Virginians and the Chiefs then piled into one plane for a trip to Richmond and the Sugar Kings and Bisons boarded another to fly to Havana.

Not all of the ballplayers—or the sports writers, either—are keen about soaring into the wild blue yonder. President Shaughnessy was questioned at a press conference about the wisdom of putting two of his ball clubs into one plane.

"Suppose something should happen to that plane?" he was asked.

Shags pondered a moment. "In that case," he said, "I guess we'd have to go back to a six-club league."

Buffalo has had some unhappy experiences with plane delays. Once the Bisons left Buffalo at midnight and didn't get to Havana until two fifteen the next afternoon, more than five hours late. Then, returning from Havana after a night game, they reached Richmond four and a half hours behind schedule and boarded the bus which was to take them to the hotel for some much-needed rest (they had been up for more than 24 hours)—only to discover that the bus wouldn't start. They had to get out and push.

Naturally, the traveling is roughest on the long Cuba-to-Canada jumps. Here's a typical tale of woe, told by outfielder Ray Coleman, who started the season with Havana but later was traded, somewhat to his relief, out of the International League to the Texas League.

"We left Havana with the Rochester Red Wings and reached Miami an hour later," said Coleman. "Then we had to go through customs. Then we boarded another plane for New York, which we

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

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By TOM MEANY

reached four hours later. There was another plane change, and then we flew to Rochester, where we dropped the Red Wings. Then we took off for Toronto, to open a series. But before we could get to the hotel for some shut-eye, we had to go through customs again.

"In that league, the guys don't worry so much about their batting averages. Most of them will feel that they've had a great year if they're still alive by the end of the season."

In 30 years of traveling with ball clubs, including a Dodger-Yankee exhibition series as far away as Caracas, Venezuela, I don't think I've ever had a rougher time than I did some weeks ago when I accompanied the Montreal Royals on a typical swing from Richmond to Havana to Montreal. I picked up the club on a Saturday night at the Richmond airport. The restaurant there was closed and the players had to divide forces and eat at two small roadside diners. Furthermore, there were no facilities for feeding the four Negro members of the team, and manager Max Macon had

The mad scramble that results from league's rugged schedule is shown top left to bottom right. With French-Canadian threats ringing in their ears, players take off for Miami, Fla. —and U.S. customs. Emplaned again, they land in Cuba where, after another bout with inspectors, they get to hotel—without food or sleep—barely in time to leave for game. "In this league," a player said, "guys feel they've had a great year if they stay alive"

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to pick up sandwiches and milk for them. The players had had their last big meal about nine hours before, and what they picked up at the counter joints had to last them until breakfast at the Hotel Nacional in Havana about ten hours later.

The plane left for Miami at 1:45 A.M. and took a little more than four hours to reach there. Then there was a delay of about three hours before the 58-minute trip to Havana. Again the airport restaurant was closed.

Bus More Perilous Than Plane

At last we reached Havana, and after Cuban customs was cleared, a bus took the ball club from Rancho Boyeros Airport to the hotel, a trip which somehow seemed more perilous than the plane flight.

It was 9:30 A.M. when the squad reached the registration desk at the hotel. Manager Macon informed the players that the bus for Gran Stadium would leave at twelve thirty—for a Sunday double-header. "They'll be calling us the Montreal Somnambulists," said Dixie Howell, the catcher.

Rocky Nelson, a first baseman turned back to the Royals by Cleveland, decided against going to bed. "Three hours' sleep would kill me," he declared. "I might never get up." Catcher Charley Thompson, who had been sent from Brooklyn to Montreal along with pitcher Joe Black, claimed that, counting cat naps on the plane, he'd had 20 minutes' sleep all told.

Nevertheless, Montreal managed to split the double-header, with Black pitching a fine game in the nightcap.

A few days later, in its getaway game, Montreal played Havana to a 10-inning scoreless tie. The game was called at 11:30 P.M. to allow the Royals to catch a plane, but for some reason the plane didn't leave until 1:15 A.M. Next stop, Miami. After customs,

"If it's a good party why isn't your mother blowing her top?"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

another couple of hours passed before the plane took off for New York. Then, at New York's Idlewild Airport, there was a change of planes and another wait of an hour, followed by the flight to Montreal, the clearing of customs at Dorval Airport and the arrival, at about 2:00 P.M., at the hotel. A game scheduled for that night had thoughtfully been canceled. Macon grinned and said he'd generously decided not to hold a workout that afternoon.

"A workout!" muttered one of the players incredulously. "What does he think we've just had?"

Both Shaughnessy and Simmons are planning next year's schedule so as to leave an open date on either side of the hops to Cuba—an innovation which is expected to improve not only the players' health but also their nerves; a brush with Havana's baseball *fanáticos* is apt to be a frightening experience for those who haven't had time to steel themselves.

I had seen the Habaneros in action before, at exhibition games in the spring and in their own winter-league games, but this was my first experience with them since their team was elevated to Triple A status (the highest ranking in the minors, unless you take the "open" classification of the Pacific Coast League seriously).

"Now you push the halves together and smooth out the frosting . . ."

COLLIER'S — JACK CHISM

The Foul That Started a Fracas

In one game I watched, 21 fans were jailed for throwing cushions, and Havana manager Reggie Otero and coach Johnny Welaj were bounced by the umpires. The cushion-heaving started when umpire Joe Linsalata, a Brooklynite who backs up for nobody, called a drive by Havana's Clint Hartung foul after it cleared the left-field barrier. There were two on and Otero couldn't have been more indignant if his pocket had been picked. When order was finally restored and the disturbers of the peace hustled off to the calaboose, Hartung slammed the next pitch to dead center for a triple. Whereupon all the nonjailed fans promptly roared, "Foul!" at the top of their lungs and began whistling shrilly, the whistle being the Cuban equivalent of the Bronx cheer.

Hitherto, the French-speaking fans of Montreal have been said to have the lowest spectator boiling point in the league, but this year sports writers covering the Royals awarded the palm to

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...playing ball in a jungle," one player said

the fans of Havana. "It's just no contest," says Lloyd McGowan, who has been following the Royals for the Montreal Star for some 25 years.

Butch Bouchard, the great hockey player of Les Canadiens, went along to Havana on the trip I made with the Royals, and he agreed. He was still talking about the Cuban fans weeks later. "I thought hockey fans were excitable," he said, "but I never saw anything like those fans in Havana."

"How do you think they'd react to a fast, physical-contact sport like ice hockey?" I asked.

"I hope they never see an ice hockey game," Butch said. "There'd be nobody left alive when the game ended —either in the stands or on the rink."

Reporter Feared the Worst

Lloyd McGowan was in the Gran Stadium press box one day recently when an announcement came over the loud-speaker, in Spanish. "What is it?" he asked uneasily. "A call for the militia?" "No," said a companion who had a loose knowledge of the language. "They're going to give presents to the kids who come to the park next Sunday. I couldn't make out what presents, though."

"Knives, probably," said McGowan.

The Havana fans are home-team rooters first, nationalists second. For example, Chico Fernandez, a Cuban playing for Montreal, gets hooted mercilessly at Gran Stadium.

When they can't tear down the visiting ballplayers, the Cuban fans may turn on their own darlings. During one of the games I saw, Sandy Amoros (then with Montreal, later recalled by Brooklyn) topped a ball down the first-base line. Emilio Cueche, the Havana pitcher (and a big-leaguer in the making, incidentally), fielded the ball and outraced the speedy Amoros to the bag. One fan, after making the expected unpleasant comment about Amoros, turned his wrath on Cueche, claiming that the pitcher was showboating because he had run to first instead of throwing. A neighboring fan dissented by parting the critic's hair with a bottle.

Havana's fans bring gourds and drums to the games and keep up a steady thumping in tom-tom rhythm, creating an effect somewhat similar to the off-stage drum in The Emperor Jones. Dixie Howell, who played winter ball in Havana on several occasions, calls it The Headhunters' Serenade. "It's the closest you can get to playing baseball in a jungle," says Dixie.

In addition to musical noisemakers, the fans use mechanical noisemakers such as klaxons. From time to time, they also indulge in old-fashioned community sings. When the Sugar Kings have men in scoring position, one of the favorites is a number called, I am informed, Open the Door, Dearie. When the home team is trailing, or even when it has lost, a rallying song is You'd Better Sing, Don't Cry. A visiting pitcher belted to the showers is ushered off with a mass waving of handkerchiefs, plus a cheerful little ditty entitled (so I was told) Tut-ankh-Amen for You. The songs, of course, are in Spanish, but I'll bet the lyrics are dillies.

The language problem in the International League is especially difficult for newsmen and ballplayers who speak only English. Just when they're getting used to words like *jon rón* for home run and *lanzador* for pitcher in Havana, they bounce to Montreal where a homer is a *coup de circuit* and the pitcher is *le lanceur*. (Another language note: hot dogs, which are as much a part of baseball in Cuba and Canada as they are in the U.S., are *perros calientes* in Havana and *chiens chauds* in Montreal.)

While the ballplayers sometimes find the enthusiasm of Havana's fans disconcerting, the games actually are well policed—on the field by the umpires and in the stands by President Batista's national police. Open gambling always had been a feature of ball games in Havana, but owner Maduro promised Shaughnessy he would stamp the betting out. He did, simply by seeing to it that 400 gamblers were arrested at the opening game. If there is still any gambling at Gran Stadium it is discreet.

Maduro took a tremendous gamble in making baseball's oldest minor league truly international. To get into the league, Maduro offered to pay the travel expenses of every other team in the circuit between Richmond (the nearest league city) and Havana. In other words, he foots the Richmond-to-Havana round-trip bill for each of the seven other teams (25 men to a team) twice a season. The cost runs about $34,000 for the year, but Maduro points out that his radio and TV rights have boomed so since the club's advancement from the Florida International League (Class B) that he comes out way ahead financially. The games are broadcast daily and telecast three times a week for an annual return of $65,000.

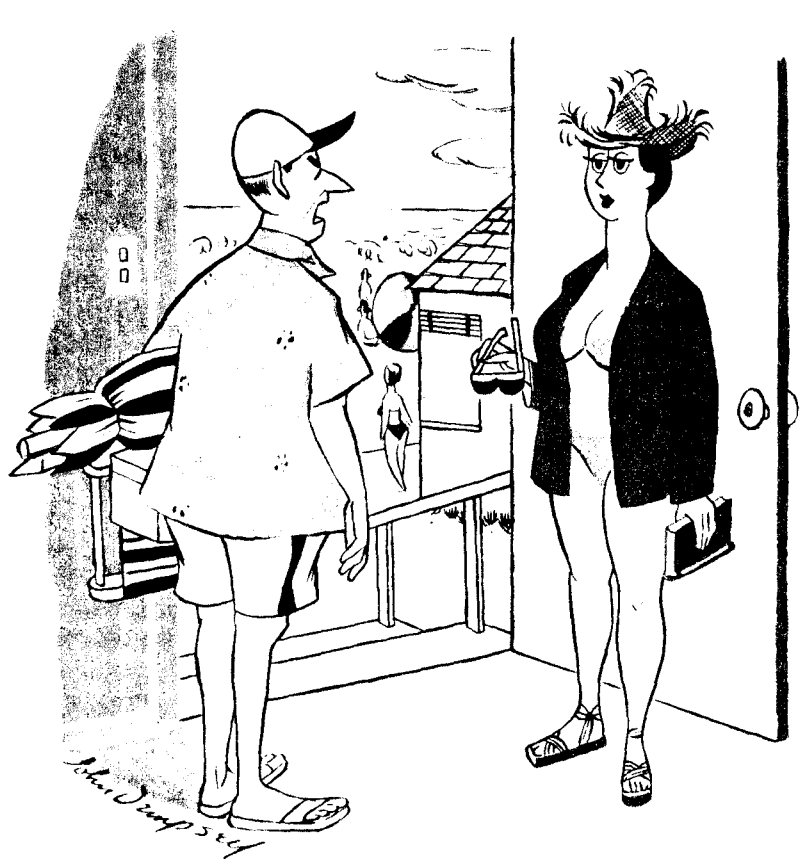
Havana's Gran Stadium is definitely big league. It has an elevator to the press box; a private box for the President of Cuba, glass-enclosed and air-conditioned; a bar and restaurant; an excellent playing field, and a fine lighting system, far superior to that of most minor-league parks. It also has a Western Union representative in the press box, Miguel G. deSoria, who is a triple-threat linguist: he speaks Spanish, French and English.

A Dollar Gets You a Box Seat

The only aspect of Gran Stadium that isn't big league is the price of tickets. The scale goes from 30 cents in the bleachers to a dollar for box seats. Grandstand seats are 60 cents. For double-headers, the prices are upped to 40 cents, 80 cents and $1.40. The box seats were sold out before the season opened.

While Havana and Richmond are manfully holding up their end of the International League's treasury, some of the other clubs, notably Ottawa, have not been drawing well at all. And since Ottawa is owned by the Philadelphia Athletics, whose own vaults are not exactly bursting, there may be further franchise shifts by 1955. Mexico City and Caracas are prominently mentioned. The Venezuela capital is only seven hours and a half by air from New York.

"If Shaughnessy brings Caracas or Mexico City into the league," said one of the players thoughtfully, "the next step should be to move the league's headquarters from Montreal and rent space in the UN Building." ♣ ♣ ♣



"... and some guy'll give a loud wolf whistle. I'll take a poke at him. He'll call his friends, three big guys, and I'll fight them all. I'll go to the hospital. My life'll hang in the balance. Doctor bills, lawsuits, my vacation ruined—and all because you wore that suit"

COLLIER'S — JOHN DEMPSEY

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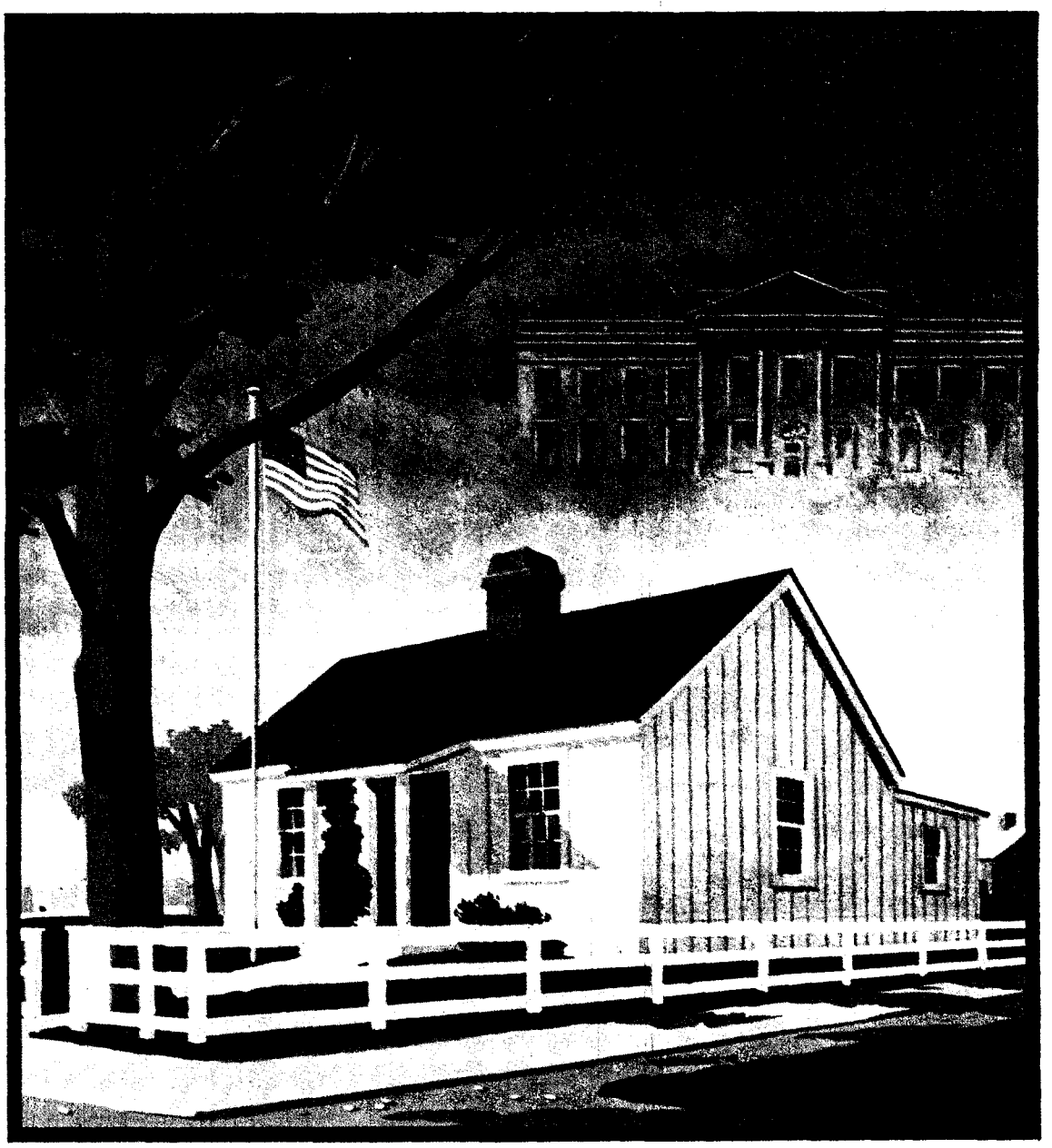

BERN HILL

Herbert Hoover, Citizen

THIS WEEK the citizens of Iowa will observe a holiday in honor of their most famous native son, who also happens to have been one of the most misunderstood and maligned men of our time. Herbert Hoover, born in West Branch, Iowa, on August 10, 1874, will return to his birthplace to celebrate his eightieth birthday in a ceremony which pays a belated but richly merited tribute to a career of public service.

As a young man, Mr. Hoover was a brilliant engineer whose talents were in demand throughout the world. He might have devoted himself to the amassing of a fabulous fortune. But 40 years ago he abandoned his profession and put himself at the service of his country and humanity in general. Since then, for half his lifetime, he has been on active duty or on call in behalf of the nation's or the world's welfare. Even today his schedule is one of unremitting work. He is continuing as head of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government, which has accomplished many notable reforms, economies and efficiencies in governmental operation.

It is inevitable that any person in a long career of public life should make some mistakes and exhibit some weaknesses. Mr. Hoover is no exception. But the starch-collared ogre labeled Herbert Hoover which his political opponents created is not only incredibly unjust but baselessly unfair. The most false and persistent calumny is that he sat complacently by, while the great depression which began during his administration swept and shattered the country.

During the Presidential campaign of 1932, Mr. Hoover made only one reference in a speech to the scapegoat charges which were even then current and which followed him for years: "I shall now say the only harsh word that I have uttered in public office," he said; "I hope it will be the last I shall have to say. When you are told that the President of the United States . . . has sat in the White House for the last three years of your misfortune without troubling to know your burdens, without heartaches over your miseries and casualties, without summoning every avenue of skillful assistance irrespective of party or view, without using every ounce of his strength and straining his every nerve to protect and help, without using every possible agency of democracy that would bring aid, without putting aside personal ambition and humbling his pride of opinion, if that would serve —then I say to you that such statements are deliberate, intolerable falsehoods."

The fact is, of course, that the typhoon of depression had been building up beyond the horizon long before it struck in October of 1929. Four years earlier Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, sensed its beginnings and sought to correct the government's "easy money" credit policies which were stimulating inflation.

It may come as a surprise to a later generation to learn that Herbert Hoover, so often painted by his detractors as an archconservative, was considered a rather dangerous radical by the industrial Old Guard of the 1920s. For instance, as Secretary of Commerce under Harding, he actively and successfully advocated an eight-hour workday when a twelve-hour day was the rule. He was the author of numerous other social and economic changes for which later administrations were not unwilling to take a bow.

After the depression struck, Mr. Hoover inaugurated relief measures, both immediate and long-range, which were carried forward under the New Deal, although he was hampered in the last two years of his administration by a Democratic House of Representatives and by dilatory or obdurate congressmen in his own party.

The legend of the "Hoover depression" was created in the 1932 campaign, and its echoes were still audible 20 years later. Yet Mr. Hoover bore the calumnies without any outward show of complaint, and continued to serve his country generously and unstintingly.

It is perhaps Mr. Hoover's greatest misfortune that a modesty that amounts to diffidence has prevented him from communicating to all his countrymen the genial, humorous, warmhearted personality that his friends know. But it is heartening to see that a lifetime of generous, patriotic service has finally impressed itself on those countrymen, in spite of the façade of apparent austerity which for a time concealed it.

The perspective of years has finally revealed Herbert Hoover to all for what he is—a man to be cherished in a day when "glamor" sometimes serves as a substitute for integrity in public life, a man of wisdom, courage, forbearance and, above all, of humaneness and dedication.

Trouble at Hand

THE POSITION of the United States as the strongest anti-Communist nation in the world carries with it the unmistakable indication that we are our brother's keeper, whether we like it or not. And the recent overthrow of the fellow-traveling regime in Guatemala puts us on notice that we would do well to give more attention to our brothers close to home.

Our government's preoccupation with the problems of postwar Europe led to a neglect of concern for Red activity in other parts of the world. South Korea's invasion and the conflict in Indochina awakened us belatedly to the importance of Asia. Now Guatemala should impress upon us that Latin America is fertile soil for the growth of Communism.

Throughout Latin America, a tiny portion of the population controls the great bulk of the wealth in each country. For most of our neighbors to the south, life is a matter of poverty, illiteracy and, consequently, political indifference. The United States can't simply outtalk the Communists. Until our government makes up its mind to give more attention and assistance to Latin America, both through direct aid and the encouragement of private investment, the danger of a Communist foothold in the Western Hemisphere will continue to threaten.

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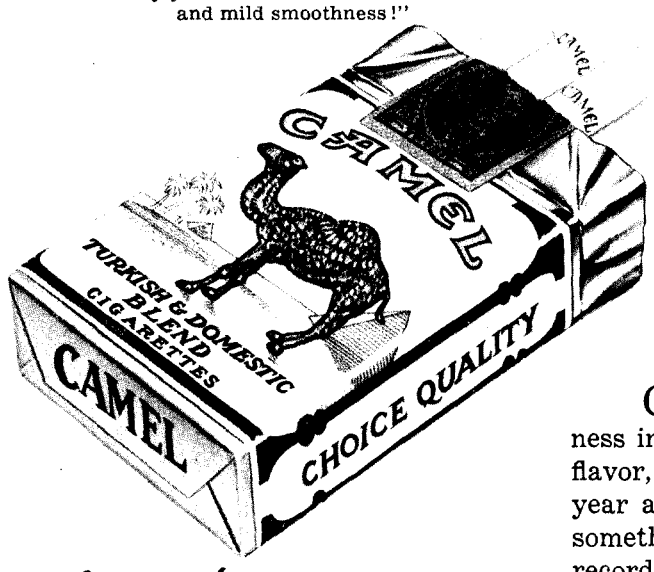

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